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Volume 2

Songs of the Newfoundland Outports

By

Kenneth Peacock

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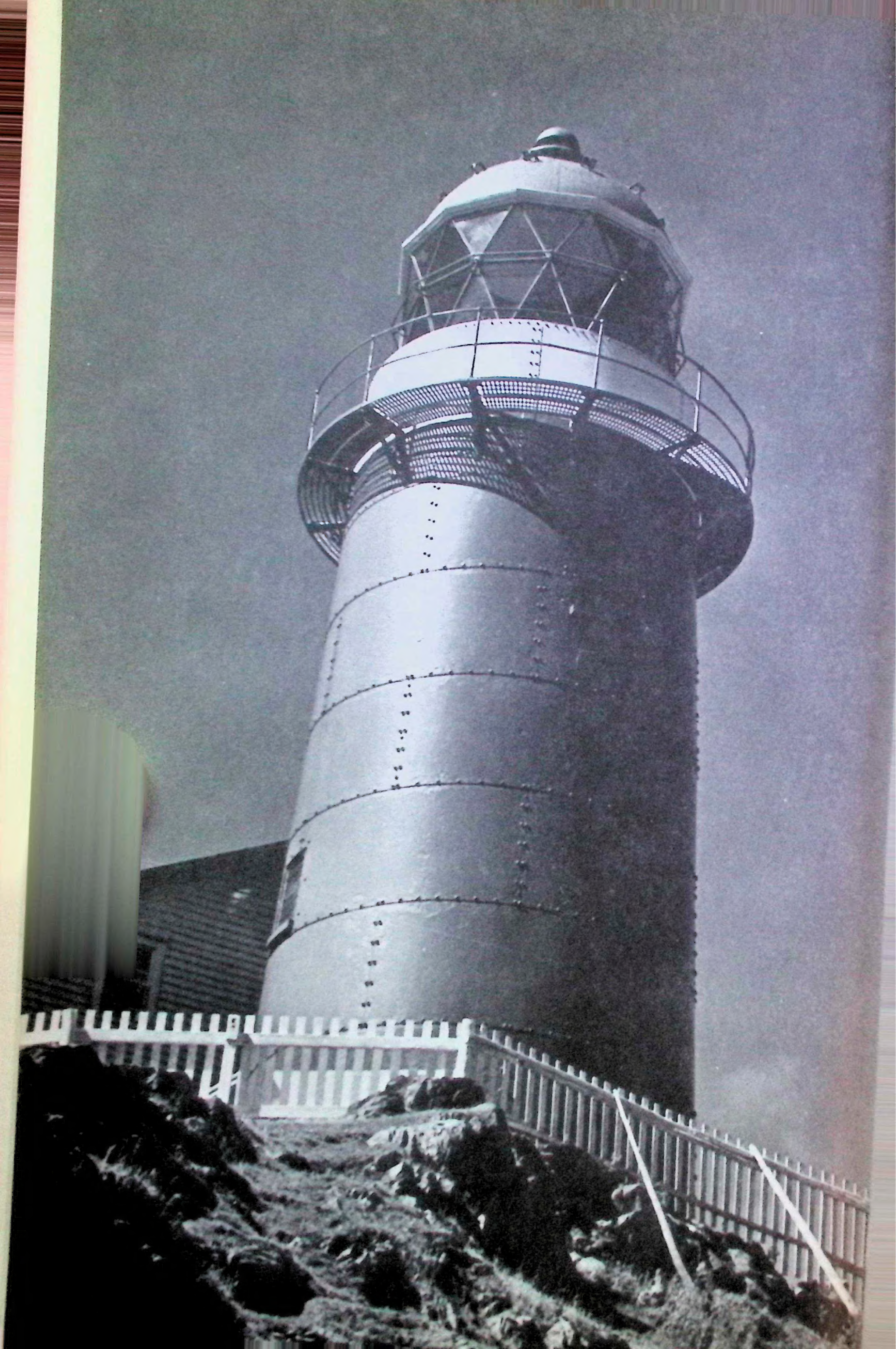
SONGS OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND OUTPORTS



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SONGS OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND OUTPORTS

Volume 2

collected and edited by

KENNETH PEACOCK

melodies transcribed and drawn by the author
photographs by the author

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Une belle récompense

PEA 179 No. 1101
Mme Joséphine Costard
Loretto, juillet 1960

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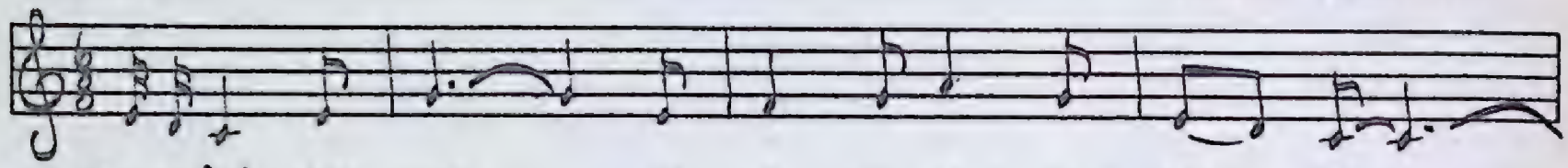
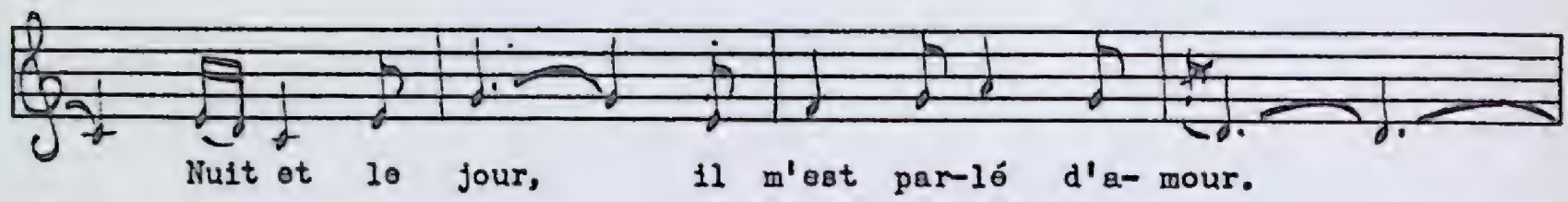
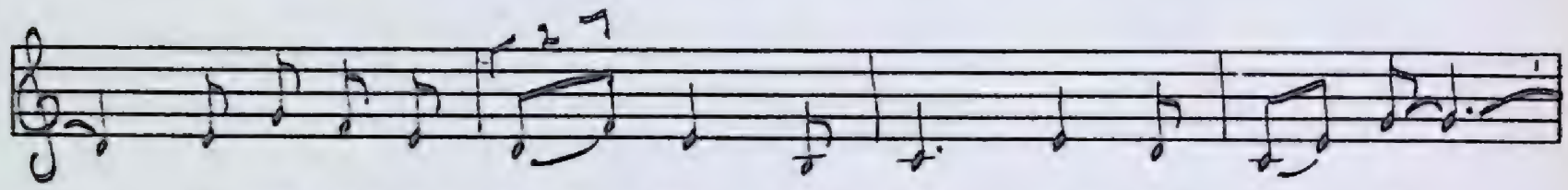
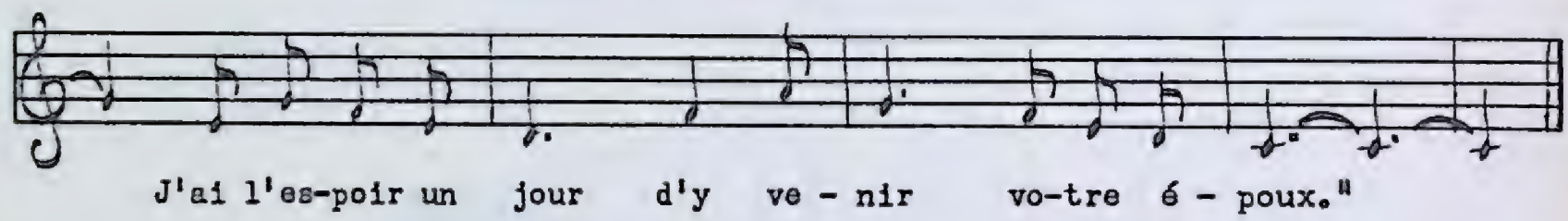








Derrièr' chez nous luy a un capitaine,
Nuit et le jour, il m'est parlé d'amour. } (*bis*)
Il me dit souvent: «Ma Cécil', je vous aime,
J'ai l'espoir un jour d'y venir votre époux.» } (*bis*)

Le jeun' garçon prend amitié d' la belle
En lui disant que «c'est d'main, je partons». } (*bis*)
—Puisque tu t'en vas, cher amant infidèle,
Puisque tu t'en vas, j' te sui'rai pas à pas. } (*bis*)

La bell' s'en fut tout droite sur son père
Pour un ticket pour aller à Paris } (*bis*)
Ell' s'habille en dragon volontaire,
Ell' se monte à cheval comme un vrai général. } (*bis*)

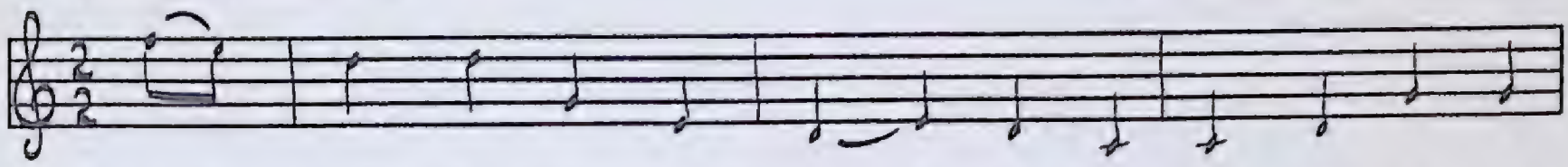
Ils s' sont très battus, l'amant et la maîtresse,
La bell' a mis d'abord son cher amant à mort. } (*bis*)
Le roi lui donn' une belle récompense:
Une épingle en or, c'est un joli trésor-e,
Une mont'e en or, c'est une bell' récompense. } (*bis*)

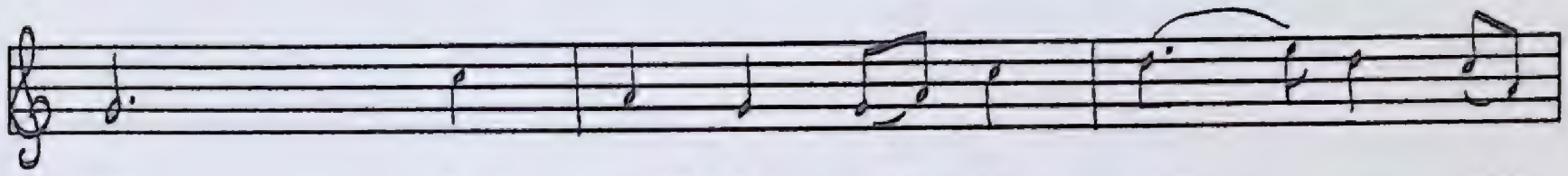
Tous jeun's garçons, ceux qu'allont voir les filles,
N'amusez pas ceus's que vous n'aimez pas. } (*bis*)
Oh! croyez-moi bien, laissez les fill's tranquilles,
Trop d'eux s' sont moqués, on s'en trouve attrapés. } (*bis*)

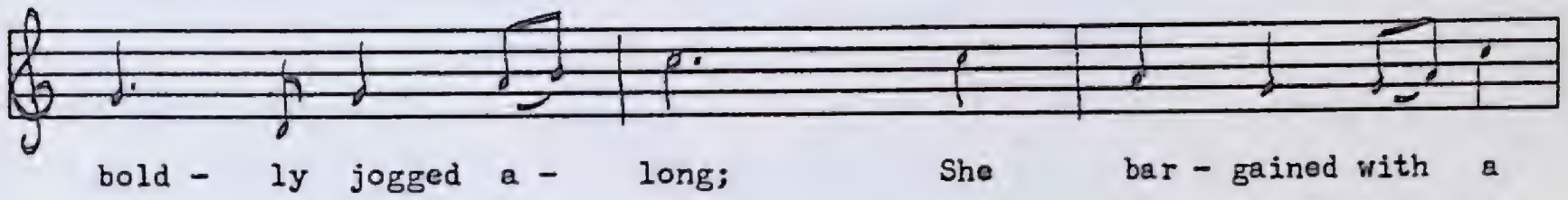
Blue Jacket and White Trousers

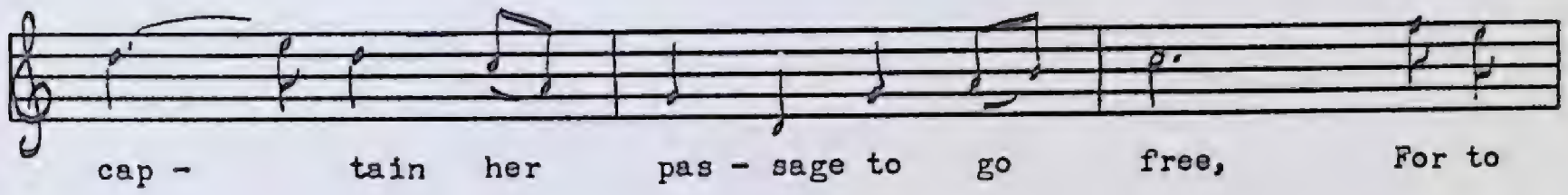
PEA 110 No. 821
Mrs. Charlotte Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1958

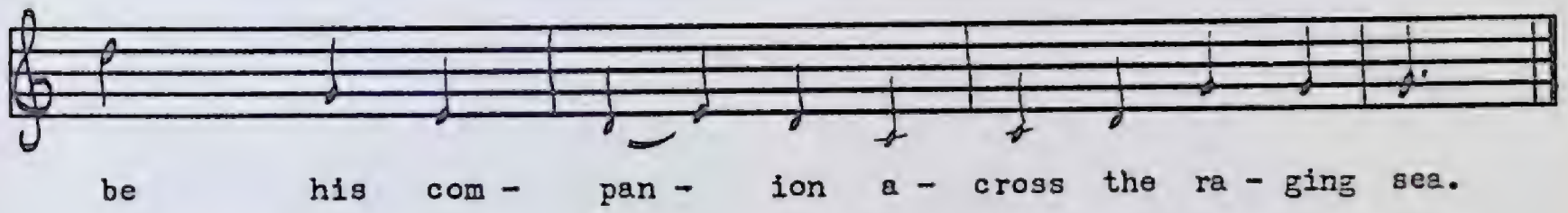
Moderate, steady time











1. Blue jacket and white trousers this fair maid she put on,
   And like a jolly sailor she boldly jogged along;
   She bargained with a captain her passage to go free,
   For to be his companion across the raging sea.
2. When she pulled off her clothes all for to go to bed
   Our captain said, "I certainly wish that you was a maid;
   Your rosy cheeks and ruby lips they do entice me,
   And I do wish with all my heart that you was a maid for me."
3. "Oh leave off talking captain, your talk it's all in vain,
   For if the sailors they do know on us they will make game;
   And when we reach the southern shores some pretty girls we'll find;
   They'll roll us in their arms, to us they will prove kind."
4. It was two or three days after they reached the southern shore.
   "Adieu, adieu fair captain, adieu forevermore,
   Adieu, adieu fair captain, adieu forevermore,
   I was the bravest sailor there was on board and now I'm a maid on shore."

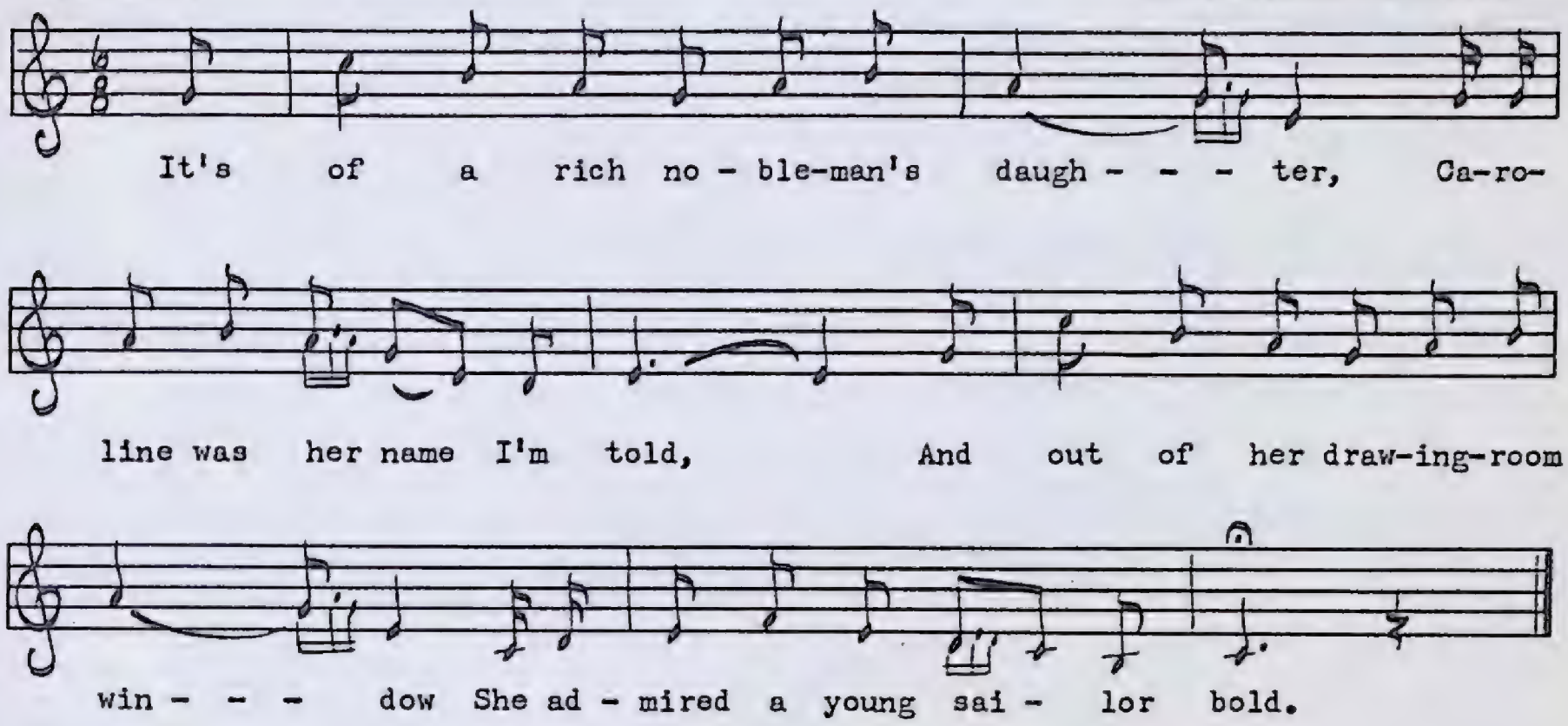
5. "Oh leave off talking lady and come along with me,
I have gold and silver plentiful and you're in slavery,
I have five thousand pounds in gold and you are slavery born,
And if you'll come along with me I'll say that you'll be mine."

6. "Oh leave off talking captain, your talk it's all in vain;
It's for the sake of Jimmy dear I've crossed the raging main,
It's for the sake of Jimmy dear I've crossed the seas with you,
And if I do not find him a maid I'll live and die."

The custom of ships' officers having intimate male companions from among the crew is hinted at in many songs, especially those involving females in disguise. The rosy-cheeked and ruby-lipped cabin boy the captain engages invariably turns out to be of another gender. For a really comic-opera treatment of the theme see *The Handsome Cabin Boy*.

Caroline and Her Young Sailor Bold

MS 20
Chris Cobb
Barred Island, July, 1952



1. It's of a rich nobleman's daughter,
   Caroline was her name I'm told,
   And out of her drawing-room window
   She admired a young sailor bold.

2. Her teeth were so white as the ivory,
   Her hair so black as the jet;
   Caroline took her departure,
   And young William she very soon met.

3. "Young maid, stay at home with your parents,
   And do from them as you are told,
   And never let anyone persuade you
   To follow a young sailor bold."

4. "I'll never let anyone persuade me,
   One moment and then I'll decide,
   I'll ship and go sailing with my true love
   Across the ocean so wide."

5. She shipped as a gallant young sailor
   In her jacket and trousers so blue,
   Three years and a half plowed the ocean,
   Caroline and her young sailor true.

6. Three times out of that she got shipwrecked,
   But she always proved loyal and true,
   From a mizzen to a royal so lofty,
   In her jacket and trousers so blue.

7. Her father went weeping and wailing
And the tears down his cheeks did roll
Until the ship returned to old England,
Caroline and her young sailor bold.

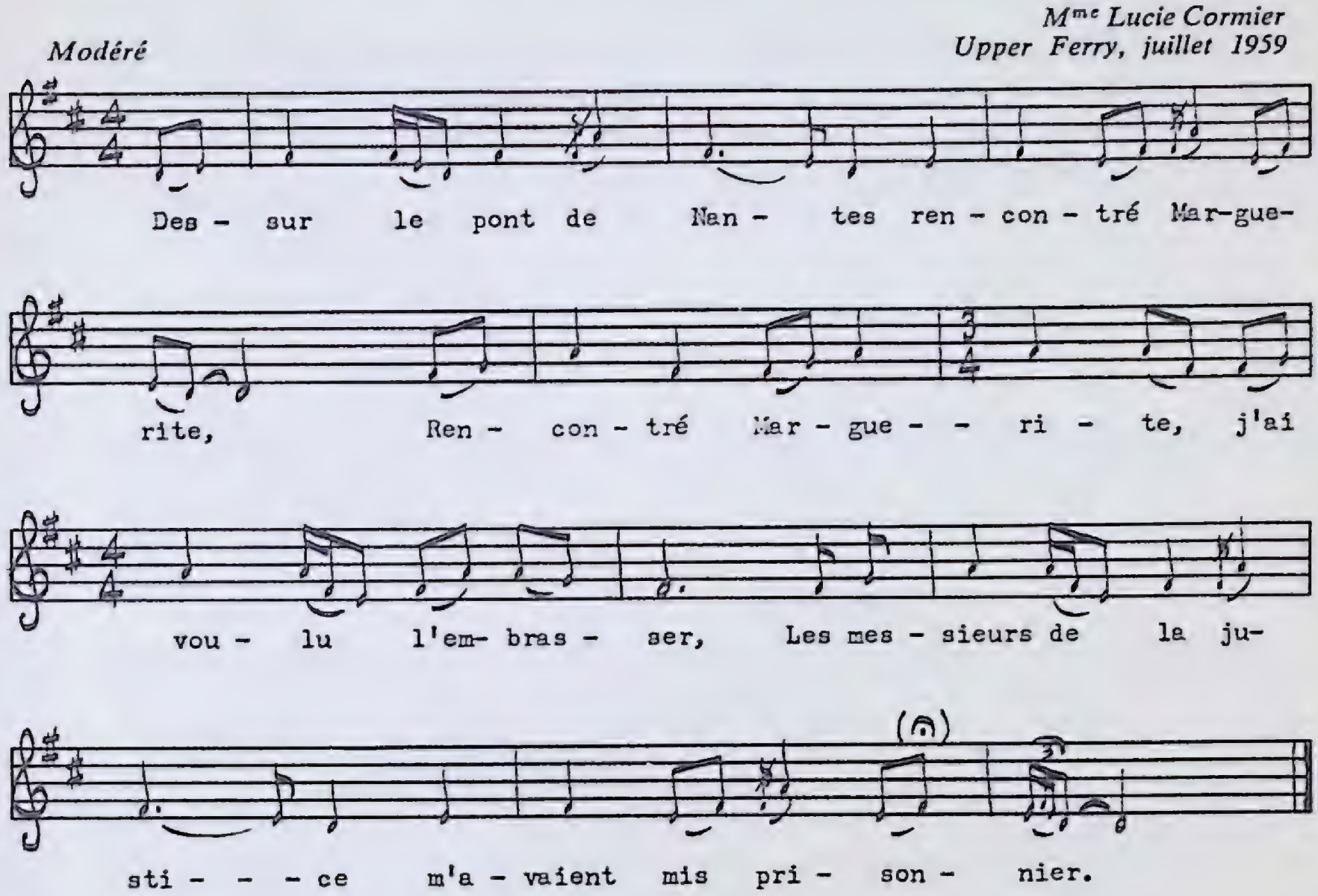
8. "Oh father, dear father, forgive me,
Do not persuade me with gold,
There's only one question I'll ask you,
To be true to my young sailor bold."

9. Her father admired young William
And placed him in large unity,
And if life it is spared until morning,
It's married this couple shall be.

10. They got married on Caroline's fortune,
With twenty-five thousand in gold,
And now they are living in splendor,
Caroline and her young sailor bold.

Dessur le pont de Nantes

PEA 135 No. 928
Mme Lucie Cormier
Upper Ferry, juillet 1959



Dessur le pont de Nantes, rencontré Marguerite,
Rencontré Marguerite, j'ai voulu l'embrasser,
Les messieurs de la justice m'avaient mis prisonnier.

Quand qu' la belle entend dire que son amant i' est pris,
Elle s'habille t-en page, z-en page, se dit-elle,
Parcoura tout' la ville comme un brave garçon.

—Messieurs de la justice, donnez-moi permission,
C'est d'aller voir mon maître qui est dans ses prisons.
—Allez, z-allez, dit-il, n'y soyez pas longtemps.

—Bonjour, bonjour, mon maît'e, bonjour vous soit donné,
Laisse tes habits, laisse, prends les miennes que voici,
Et laisse-moi seulette dans ces prisons, ici.

—Comment faudra-t-il faire pour sortir hors d'ici?
—Vous passerez la tête basse, vous marcherez poliment,
Les messieurs de la justice sont à courir les champs.

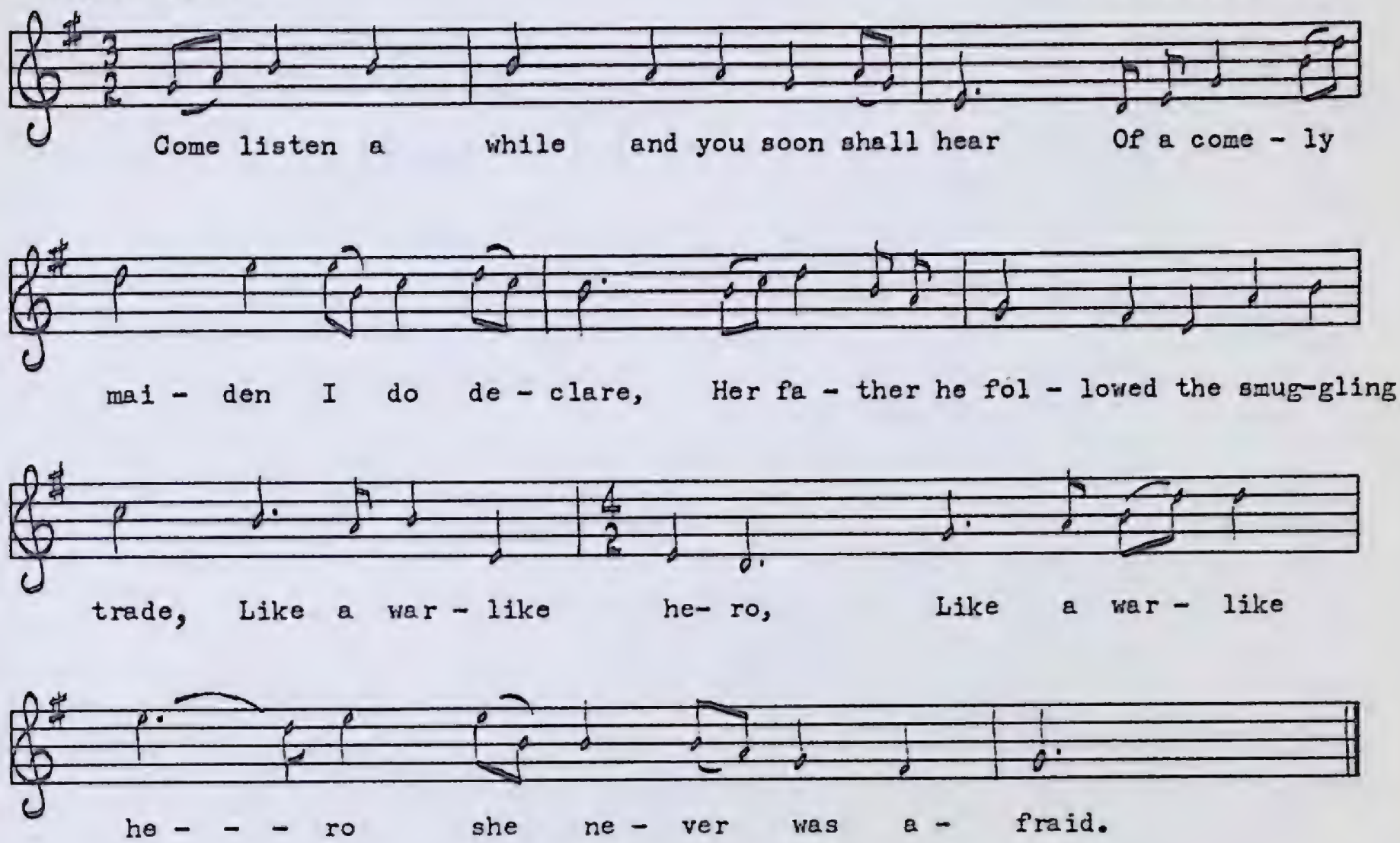
Le lend'main, à dix heures, son procès fut jugé,
A 'té jugé à pend'e, z-à pend'e et enterrer
Dessur le pont de Nantes, au milieu des archers.

—Messieurs de la justice, vous n'avez pas raison,
C'est d'y pendre une fille sous l'habit d'un garçon.
—Si vous êtes une fille, dites-nous votre nom.

—Mon nom est Marguerite, Marguerite, c'est mon nom,
Fille de gentilhomme et de riche maison.
—Si vous êtes une fille, nous vous f'rons visiter
A quatre demoiselles d'une haute qualité.

The Female Smuggler

PEA 189 No. 1135
Mrs. Mary Ann Galpin
Codroy, July, 1960



1. Come listen a while and you soon shall hear
   Of a comely maiden I do declare,
   Her father he followed the smuggling trade,
   Like a war-like hero,
   Like a war-like hero she never was afraid.

2. With two loaded pistols she went on board,
   Down by her side hung a glittering sword,
   In her belt two daggers, well-armed for war
   Stood the female smuggler,
   Stood the female smuggler saying, "I never feared a scar."

3. They had not sailèd long on the deep
   Before they spied oh that Turkish fleet.
   "They are sea-robbers," young Jane did cry,
   But said she to her father,
   But said she to her father, "We will conquer them or die."

4. They beat those robbers and saved their store,
   And they soon returned to old England's shore.
   With her keg of brandy she marched along,
   Did the female smuggler,
   Did the female smuggler and she sweetly sang a song.

5. But the commodore oh from the blockade
He said, "Surrender!" to that pretty maid.
He said "Surrender, or you shall fall."
Said the female smuggler,
Said the female smuggler, "I never feared a ball."

6. Said she then unto the commodore,
"I will bravely fight for my father's store."
She pulled the trigger and she shot him through,
Did the female smuggler,
Did the female smuggler and to her father flew.

7. But she was followed from the blockade,
And in irons strong they put that fair maid.
Next morning when she was brought forth to be tried
'Twas the female smuggler,
'Twas the female smuggler, she stood dressed just like a bride.

8. The commodore he then on her gazed,
To see that fair one he was amazed,
'Twas there he found to his great surprise
'Twas the female smuggler,
'Twas the female smuggler, she had fought him in disguise.

9. The commodore to the jury said:
"My mind won't let me persecute that maid,
I will beg her pardon upon my knees,
For she's a gallant maiden,
For she's a gallant maiden so pardon her if you please."

10. "I will pardon her," the wise judge replied.
Said the commodore, "I will make her my bride."
Now they lived happy forevermore,
Did the female smuggler,
Did the female smuggler with her young commodore.

I am sure a broadside of this ballad must exist, but I have never seen it mentioned in any of the better-known collections. Even without comparative variants, however, one can tell this Newfoundland text is in virtually perfect condition. Everything rhymes, and the story seems complete. Even at the age of nearly ninety, Mrs. Galpin's memory is irreproachable. The tune is very similar to the one used for *The Dark-Eyed Sailor*.

La fille de la garnison

PEA 131 No. 911
Mme Gale
Searston, juillet 1959

Modéré, expressif

C'é- tait z-un jeu - ne gar - çon qui par - tait pour la guer- re, Un jour dit à sa maî - tres - se: "Oh! de- ve - nez-t- a - vec moi, Je vous jure, je vous pro- di - gue que je n'aim - er - ai que vous."

C'était z-un jeune garçon
Qui partait pour la guerre,
Un jour, dit à sa maîtresse:
«Oh! devenez-t-avec moi,
Je vous jure, je vous prodigue
Que je n'aimerai que vous.»

—Ah! jeune homme, je n'irai point,
Je vous le certifie,
Je n'ai que ma tendre mère,
C'est mettre ma mort au cœur,
Toute fille qui va-t-en guerre
Risque d'en perdre l'honneur.

—L'honneur, non, tu perdras point,
Je vous le certifie,
Je vous prêterai ma casaque,
Mon habit à trois boutons,
Mon petit chapeau de paille,
Vous passerez pour un garçon.

—Ah! jeune homme, je n'irai point,
Je vous le certifie,
Je n'ai que ma tendre mère,

C'est mettre ma mort au cœur,
Toute fille qui va-t-en guerre
Risque d'en perdre l'honneur.

Au premier débarquation,
Su' le pont de la navire,
'Gardait-z-en vain en arrière
Voir ses parents, ses amis,
Toute fille qui va-t-en guerre
Risque d'en perdre l'honneur.

Au deuxième débarquation,
C'est dans l'aubergerie,
L'hôtesse qui me regarde,
Elle m'a dit en souriant:
«Je connais par votre mine
Que vous êtes fille des champs.»

—Fille des champs, non, je n' suis point,
Je vous le certifie,
Je n' suis l'enfant de Quedèque,
Garçon de riche maison,
J'ai quitté tou's mes richesses
Pour entrer dans la garnison.

—Si vous êtes Quedèque,
Dès que vous le dites,
Vous metteriez pied sous terre,
Je boirerions de ce bon vin,
Pour nous mettre l'amour en tête,
Je passerais jusqu'à demain.

Madame Joséphine Costard, Cape St. George

La fille soldat de Montcontour

PEA 180 No. 1105
198 No. 1159

Mme Joséphine Costard
Loretto, juillet 1960, septembre 1961

Modéré

Sont tout's les fill's de Mont- con - tour, Nuit et le

[un peu animé]

jour fai-sont l'a- mour. Leurs a - mants qui les dé-

lais - sent, Qui les quittent dans l'em-bar - ras. Tout le mon-de le

di - - - - se Que cette pauvr' fil-le en mou - ri - ra.

Sont tout's les fill's de Montcontour,
Nuit et le jour faisont l'amour. } (*bis*)
Leurs amants qui les délaissent,
Qui les quittent dans l'embarras.
Tout le monde le dise
Que cette pauvr' fille en mourira. } (*bis*)

La bell' met l'habit de fille en-bas
Et elle prend celle d'un garçon } (*bis*)
A l'assemblée, au régiment,
Bien hardiment comme un dragon. } (*bis*)

—Mon camarade, mon ami,
Je veux m'engager aujourd'hui. } (*bis*)
—C'est aujourd'hui qu' je vous engage,
Demain il sera plus temps.
Si vous comptez déserter,
Vous aurez la tête tranchée. } (*bis*)

Je vous le jur', beau commandant,
Que je serai fidèl' au roi. } (*bis*)

Faites-les battre, le général,
Faites-les passer deux à deux,
Que je choisis', mon camarade,
Celui qui me convient le mieux. (*bis*)

C'est un jour en m'y promenant
Mais dans ces bois bien éloignés. (*bis*)

—Qu'e' t'as-tu, cher camarade,
Qu'e' t'as donc tant à pleurer?
Ah! si j' savais te soulager,
Ah! si j' savais te soulager. (*bis*)

—J'avais fait une maîtresse,
Là-bas en haut dans mon pays.
Maman m'a récrit une lettre,
Voilà sept ans qu'elle est partie. (*bis*)

—Mon camarade, mon ami,
Ta maîtresse n'est pas loin d'ici. (*bis*)

C'est moi qui suis ta maîtresse,
Pourquoi me promets-tu de m'épouser?
Si tu nous aimes là,
Contraire au sort nous allons jouer. (*bis*)

Le beau galant rempli d'honneur,
De sa maîtresse il n'en a eu peur. (*bis*)

—Puisque c'est vous qu'est ma maîtresse,
Mettons-nous les armes en-bas.
Allons trouver notr' capitaine,
Notr' aumônier nous mariera. (*bis*)

Tambour major, tombour major,
Tambour major, bats pas si fort. (*bis*)

Le voici là-bas venir.
Un beau bouquet de rosiers
Qu'il tient là-bas, dans la main blanche,
Un beau bouquet de rosiers. (*bis*)

Tambour major, tambour major,
Tambour major, bats pas si fort. (*bis*)

Ils ont été sept ans ensemble
A bord du même bâtiment.
La belle s'est jamais fait connaître
Si elle était fille ou garçon. (*bis*)

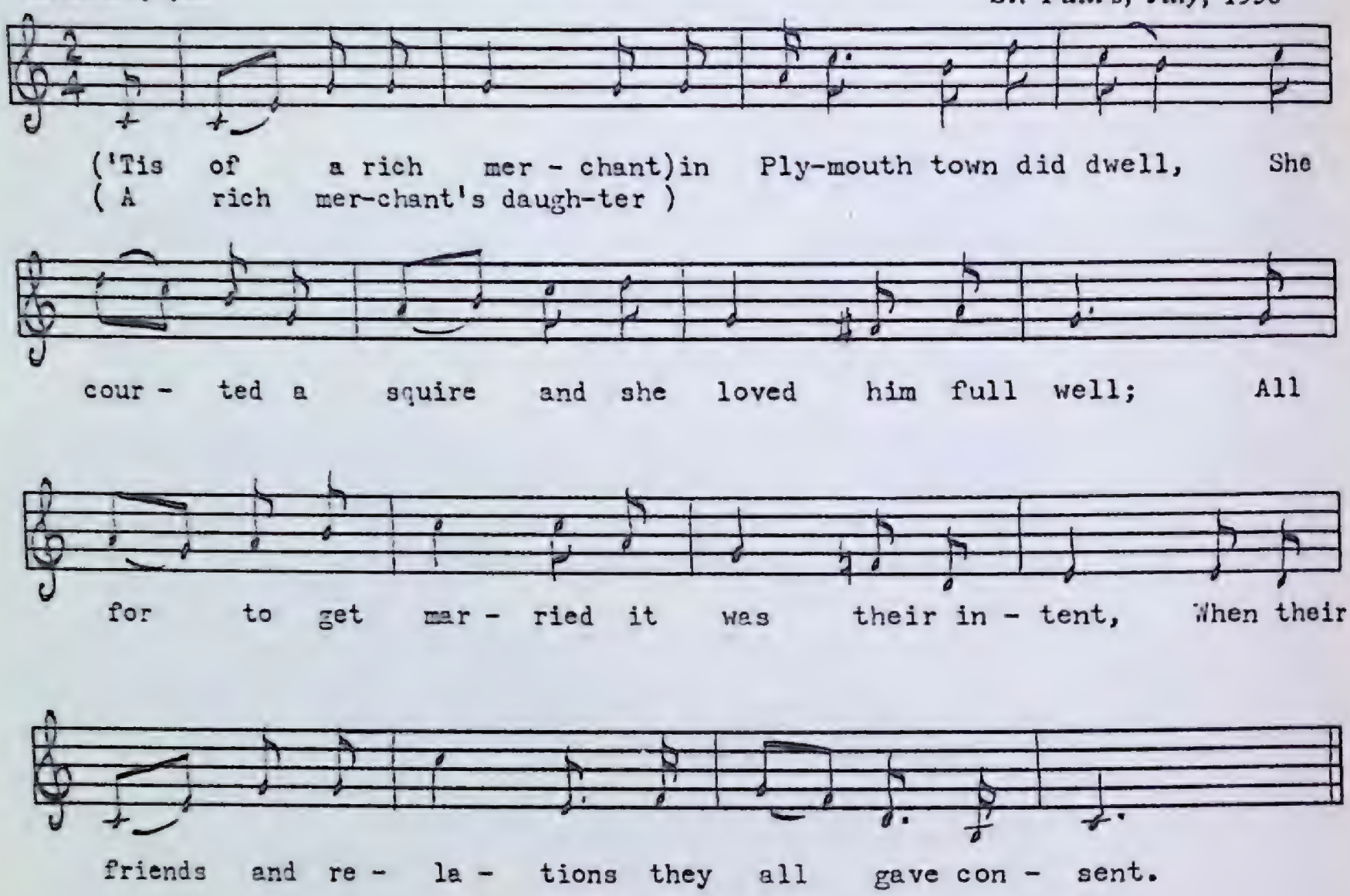
Girls who dress up in men's costumes and follow their lovers to war or to sea are found in both French and English traditional songs. Another common feature to many French and English love lyrics is the seven years (see verse 6) that the lovers are parted. For more background on this latter parallel, see the note on *Seven Years I Loved a Sailor*.

The Golden Glove

(Waistcoat and Britches, or The Dog and the Gun)

PEA 77 No. 681
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1958

Moderately fast



1. A rich merchant's daughter in Plymouth town did dwell,
   She courted a squire and she loved him full well;
   All for to get married it was their intent,
   When their friends and relations they all gave consent.

2. The time being appointed all for the wedding day,
   When the squire went a-choosing his bride-boys to be;
   And when she saw the farmer, "My charmer," she cried,
   "Oh my joy, oh my joy, oh my charmer," she cried.

3. She turned from the squire and nothing more was said,
   And instead of getting married she went to her bed;
   The thoughts of the farmer run strong in her mind,
   And a way for to gain him she quickly did find.

4. Waistcoat and britches this fair girl put on,
   And as she went a-hunting with her dog and her gun,
   She hunted all 'round where the farmer did dwell,
   Because in her heart that she loved him so well.

5. Often did she fire but nothing did she kill,
Till at length the young farmer stepped into the field;
All for to discourse with him it was her intent,
With her dog and her gun up to meet him she went.

6. Up she did go with her heart full of love,
Saying, "Here is a glove that is flowered with gold."
Saying, "Here is a glove that I found coming along
As I was a-hunting with my dog and my gun."

7. Home she did go with her heart full of love,
She put up a public notice that she had lost the glove:
'The man that can find it and bring it safe to me,
The very same night now his bride I will be.'

8. The farmer being glad at hearing this great news,
He went straight unto the lady and he begged to be excused.
"My honourable fair one, I have picked up your glove,
And I humbly beseech you to grant me your love."

9. "'Tis already granted," this fair lady cried,
"For I love the sweet breath of a farmer," she said,
"I'll manage my own dairy and I'll milk my own cow,
And the jolly young farmer will follow the plough."

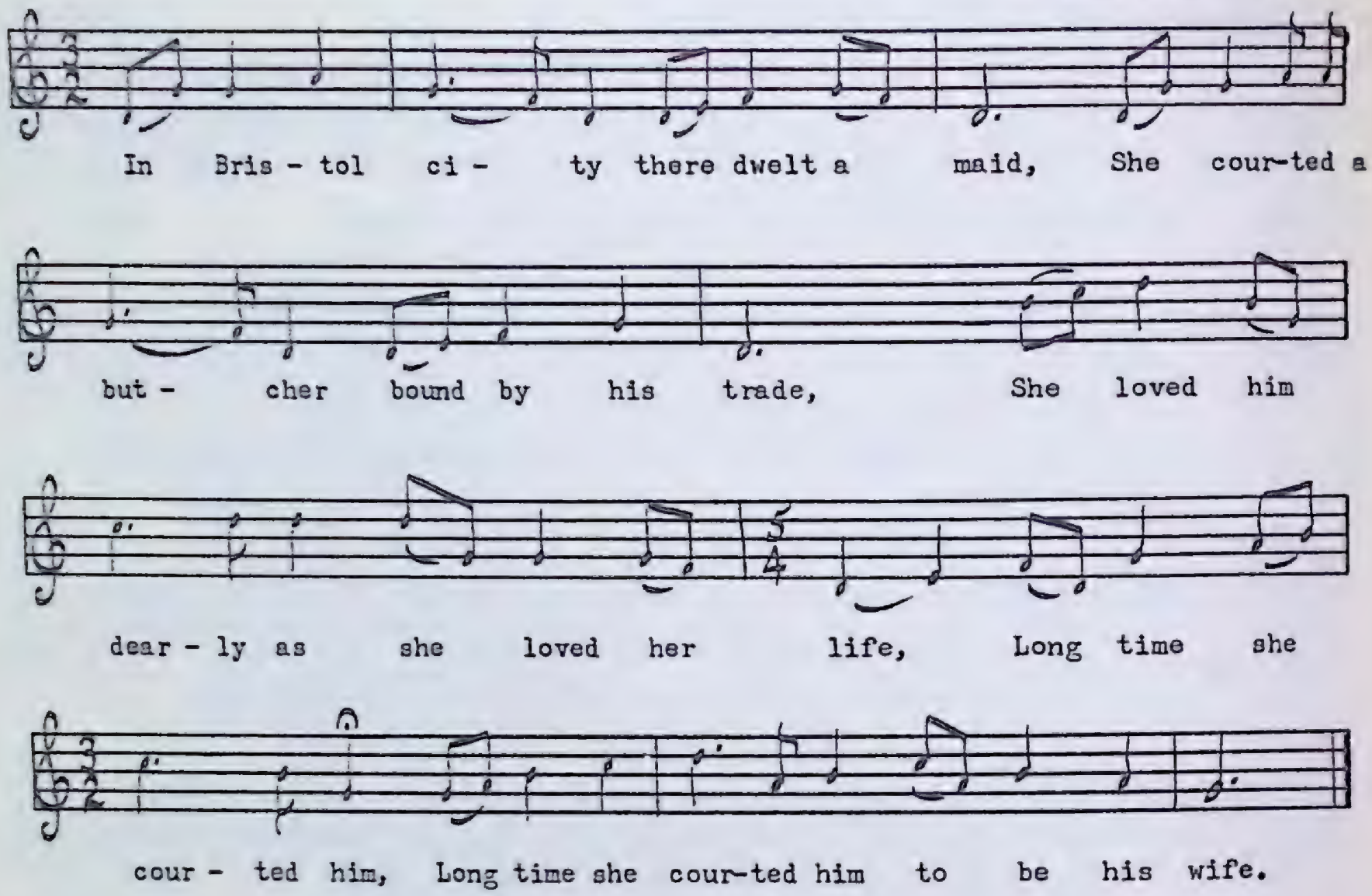
10. After they were married she told him all the fun,
How she hunted the field with her dog and her gun;
"So now I have got you right safe in my snare,
Will I ever enjoy you, you pretty little dear."

Other members of the Bennett family called this *The Young Farmer* and *Waistcoat and Britches*. In Nova Scotia it is known as *The Dog and the Gun* and has been collected by Helen Creighton. It has also appeared in American collections.

Gold Watch and Chain

PEA 87 No. 720
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1958

Slow



1. In Bristol city there dwelt a maid,
   She courted a butcher bound by his trade,
   She loved him dearly as she loved her life,
   Long time she courted him,
   Long time she courted him to be his wife.

2. Early next morning this girl arose,
   She dressed herself up in sailor's clothes
   To meet her true love all on the plain,
   To meet her true love,
   To meet her true love away she goes.

3. She meet her true love all on the strand,
   She boldly commanded him all for to stand;
   "Come, deliver up now, young man," she did declare,
   "Come, deliver up and,
   Come, deliver it up and your life I'll spare."

4. He delivered up his gold watch and chain;
   "There is one thing more that I saw you wear,
   It's a diamond ring that shines so fair,
   Come, deliver it up now,
   Come, deliver it up and your life I'll spare."

5. "That diamond ring is a pledge of love,
Before I'll deliver it my life I'll lose."
Where she grew faint-hearted just like a dove
And away she run from,
And away she run from her own true love.

6. Early next morning this couple was seen
A-walking out in some garden green
With a watch and chain hanging on her clothes
Which made him blush like,
Which made him blush like a morning rose.

7. What makes you blush at so silly a thing?
"'Twas I that commanded your diamond ring,
'Twas I that robbed you all on the plain,
So here's your watch, love,
So here's your watch, love, and gold again."

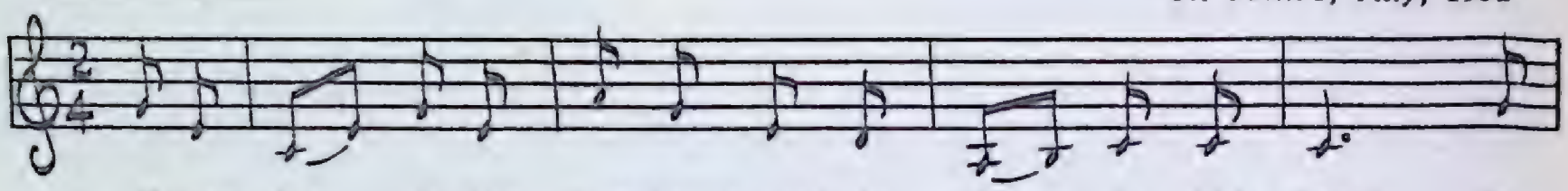
8. "What made you act such a silly a plot?
If I'd had my pistols 'tis you I'd a-shot,
I would have leaved you bleeding all on the plain,
And then I had mourned for,
And then I'd mourned for the love I'd slain."

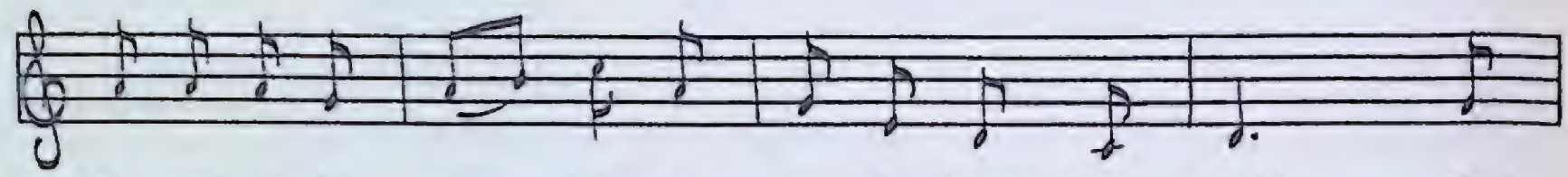
In broadside versions this ballad is known as *Sylvia's Request and William's Denial.* In English variants collected from oral tradition it is called *Sovie, Sovie* or *The Female Highwayman.* Helen Creighton's singers in Nova Scotia call it *Silvy, Silvy,* and Roy Mackenzie collected it from the same province as *Zillah.*

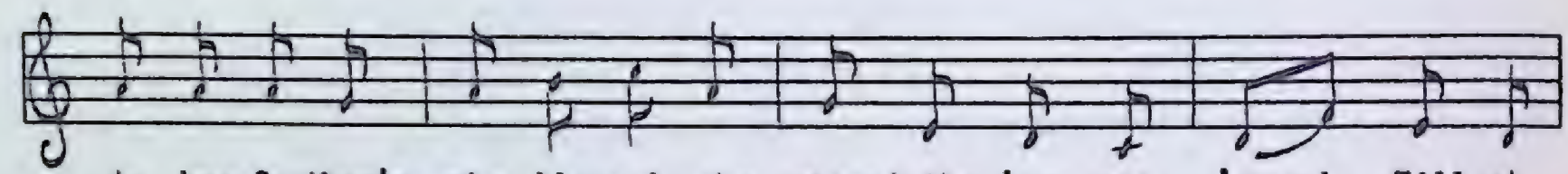
Polly Oliver

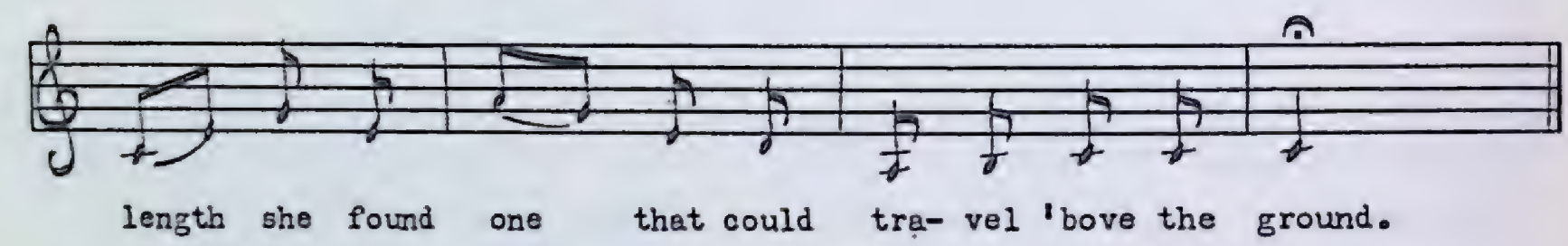
PEA 15 No. 87
Gordon Willis
St. John's, July, 1952

Moderately fast









1. It was down in the lowlands pretty Polly did dwell,
   In every degree like a man she dressed so well,
   Went to her father's stable and she viewed the 'orses 'round,
   Till at length she found one that could travel 'bove the ground.

2. With a pair of bright pistols and a broadsword by her side,
   On her father's great stallion like a man she did ride;
   She rode until she came to a part of London town,
   When at length was held up by the sound of a drum.

3. The first man she met was a young Irish lord,
   The next it was the captain Polly Oliver adored,
   She says, "I have a letter here from Polly your friend,
   And in under the sealing there's a guinea to be found,
   Oh that you and your ship's company drink Polly's health around."

4. Her health it can't be drunk by one or by two,
   But her health it must be drunk by the joyful ship's crew;
   For the first flowing glass it went around in their hands,
   Saying, "Drink a health to Polly Oliver, she's now on dry land!"

5. Well "Jack" he felt drowsy and he hung down his head,
And called for a candle to light himself to bed.
When up speaks our captain, "There's a bed all at your ease,
You can lie all night beside me, young man, if you please."

6. "To lie with the captain it is a dangerous thing,
For since he is enlisted to fight for his king;
To fight for his king oh on sea and on land,
Oh but since you are the captain I will be at your command."

7. 'Twas early next morning pretty Polly arose,
And dressing herself in her own suit of clothes;
While coming down stairs from her bedroom up above
Singing, "Here comes Polly Oliver, oh the captain's true love!"

8. The captain he smiled and he laughed at the fun,
And greatly recommended her for what she had done.
"If I did not please you last night love, the fault it is not mine,
I'm in hopes to please you better love, so now is the time."

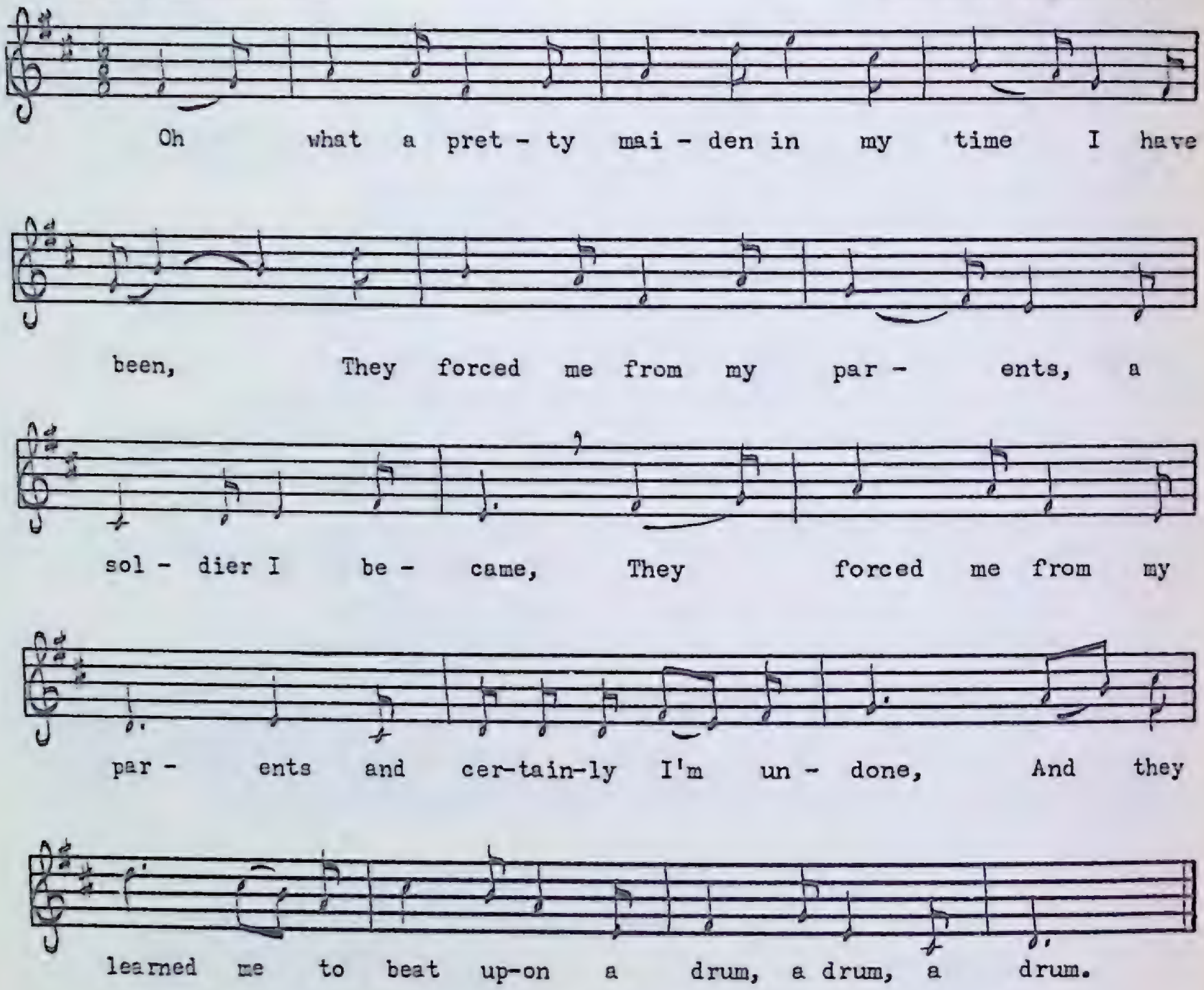
9. This couple got married and they lived at their ease,
Goes out when they likes and comes in when they please.
She leaves her old parents in sorrow to mourn,
Who'd give thousands and millions oh for Polly's return.

These *double entendre* ballads are very popular with sailors, probably because nothing so interesting happens in real life at sea. *Polly Oliver* is not an ancient ballad, but it has been traced back at least as far as 1740.

The Soldier Maid

PEA 161 No. 1032
Mrs. Clara Stevens
Bellburns, August, 1959

Moderately fast, strict time



1. Oh what a pretty maiden in my time I have been,
   They forced me from my parents, a soldier I became,
   They forced me from my parents and certainly I'm undone,
   And they learned me to beat upon a drum, a drum, a drum.
2. With my feather in my hat I will have you all to see,
   My officer he taught me a stately man to be,
   The soldiers all admired me, my fingers were so small,
   And they learned me to beat upon the drum the best of all.
3. Oh when I went to my quarters the night time for to spend
   I was not ashamed for to lie among the men,
   And hauling off my small clothes to myself I ofttimes smiled,
   A-lying with the soldiers a maid all the while.
4. Oh many were the battles that I fought upon the field,
   And many a brave fellow was forced from me to yield.
   I was guarded by my general for fear I would be slain,
   And for cruelty they sent me back to old England again.

5. Then they sent me over to London to take charge of the tower,
I never was discovered until that day and hour,
When a lady fell in love with me I told her I was a maid,
And straight unto my regiment my secrets were betrayed.

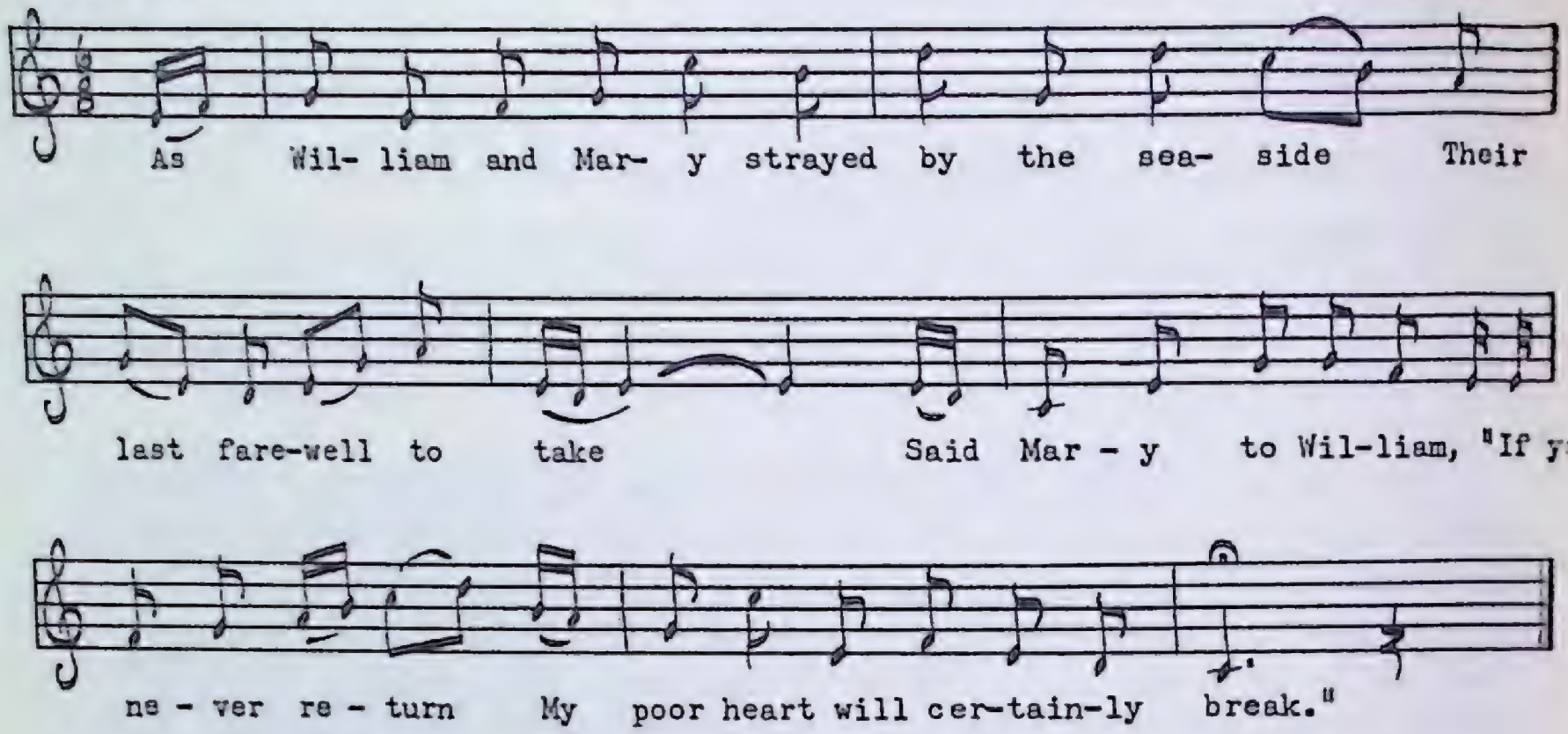
6. Then up steps the officer, he made no more to-do,
He asked me the question, I answered him quite true.
He laughed at the joke and he smiled as he said:
"It's a pity we should lose such a drummer as a maid."

7. Here's a health to the Duke, here's a health, sir, unto you,
Here's a health to every British man who keeps his courage true.
And if our King does want more men those Frenchmen to be slain,
I will boldly stand with sword in hand and fight for him again.

As far as I know, this is the first time this pre-Victorian ballad has appeared in print, at least in recent times. It was not until I began preparing the material for publication that I fully realized the compulsion folksong females have for dressing up in men's clothes (See also *The Female Smuggler*). It is all the more surprising when one considers the horrible conditions of life in the army or on board ship at that time (See *The Ordeal of Andrew Rose*).

William and Mary

MS 122
Peter Donahue
Joe Batt's Arm, July, 1952



1. As William and Mary strayed by the sea-side
   Their last farewell for to take
   Said Mary to William, "If you never return
   My poor heart will certainly break."

2. She sighed for her William a great length of time.
   "Oh William sweet William!" she cried,
   "If you evermore again from the seas, love, return
   To make sweet Mary your bride."

3. Three years went and passed when the news came at last,
   When she sat in her own cottage door;
   When a beggar passed by with a patch on his eye,
   All ragged, dirty, and torn.

4. "If your charity you'll bestow unto me,
   Your fortune I'll tell you beside,
   The lad that you mourn for will never return
   To make little Mary his bride."

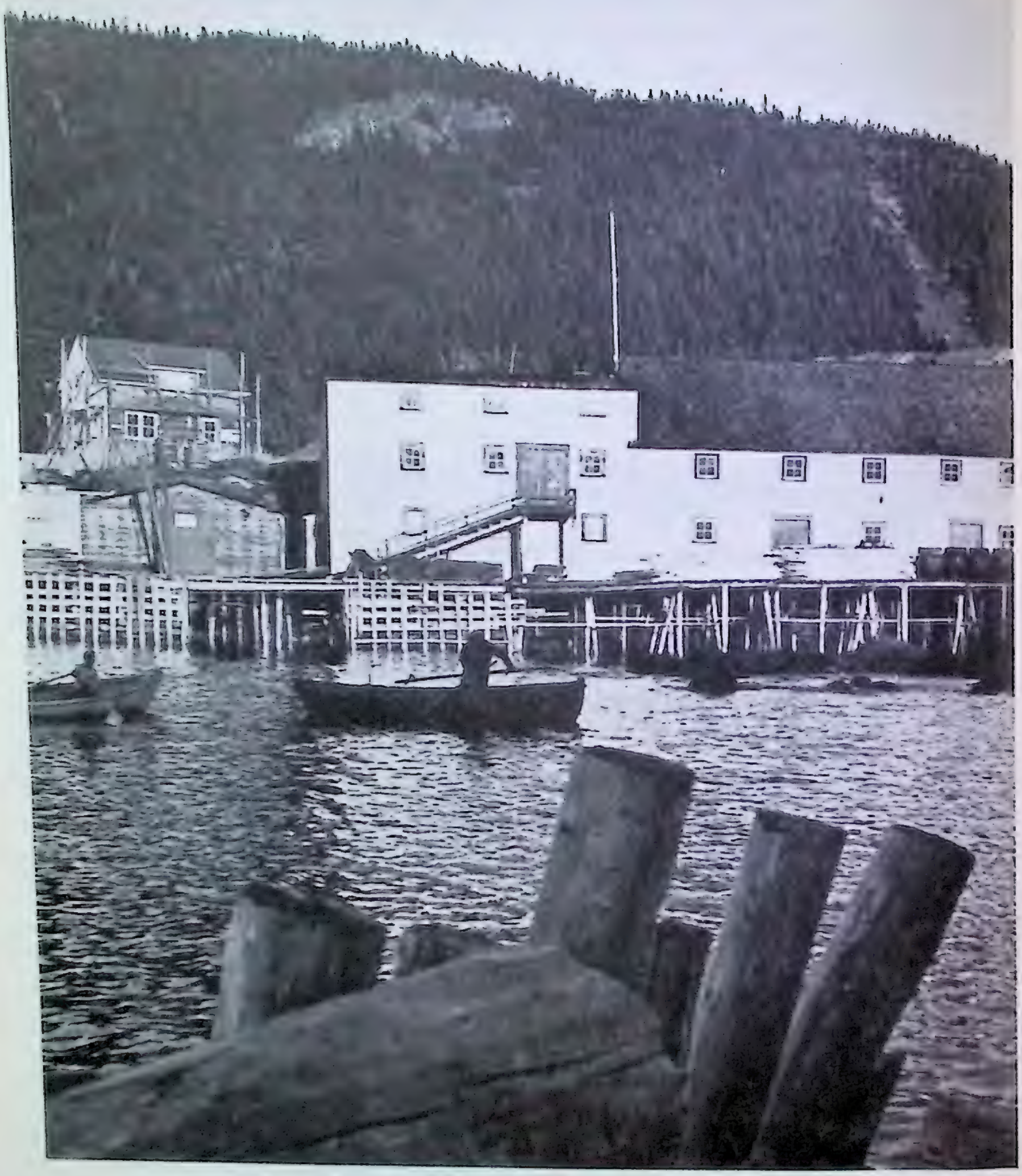
5. "If he's living," said she, "and in poverty,
   His fortune I never will mourn,
   For he's welcome to me in his poverty
   With his blue jacket ragged and torn."

6. The beggar threw off the patch from his eye,
   His old coat critched from his side,
   Two cheeks like the roses, his jacket so blue,
   'Twas William stood by Mary's side.

7. "Little Mary," said he, "don't be angry with me,
'Twas only your love that I tried,
In riches I roll and my clothes are of gold."
And he made little Mary his bride.

8. To retrace from the cottage he led her away,
In transport he kissed her and cried:
"Forever again I'll remember the day
I made little Mary my bride!"

Variants of this love-trial ballad have appeared in two American collections, *Folk Songs of Mississippi* by A. P. Hudson (page 153), and *American Ballads and Songs* by Louise Pound (No. 93).



Moreton's Harbour

Love Eulogies
and
Other Songs of Praise

The Beloved Land

MS 7
Phillip Foley
Tilting, July, 1952

Slow, free time

The sun's set-ting beams on the sea were re - flect- ing As

grace - ful - ly gli-ded our ship with the breeze; On the

deck stood a youth, si-lent, pale and de - jec- ted. Oh

why was that young heart so thought-ful and grieved? As he

stood there a - lone his lone - ly watch keep - ing The

breeze on his broad brow the dark curls were sweep- ing, And

e - ver through his own si - lent watch he was weep- ing Say-ing, "Fare

well my be - loved land, I'll see thee no more."

1. The sun's setting beams on the sea were reflecting
As gracefully glided our ship with the breeze;
On the deck stood a youth, silent, pale and dejected.
Oh why was that young heart so thoughtful and grieved?
As he stood there alone his lonely watch keeping
The breeze on his broad brow the dark curls were sweeping,
And ever through his own silent watch he was weeping
Saying, "Farewell my beloved land; I'll see thee no more."

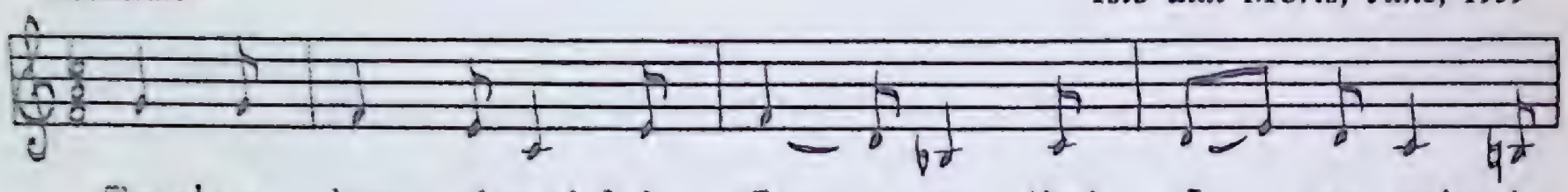
2. Farewell, ye green fields where in boyhood I wandered,
Ye fields where my young feet with gladness did press.
Adieu ye old haunts where ofttimes I have pondered
O'er wrongs that my young heart have bled to redress.
Oh land of my father my soul grieves to leave thee,
Oh land from the tyrant I've struggled to free thee,
Prescribed as an exile, no more will I see thee,
My own beloved land I will see thee no more.

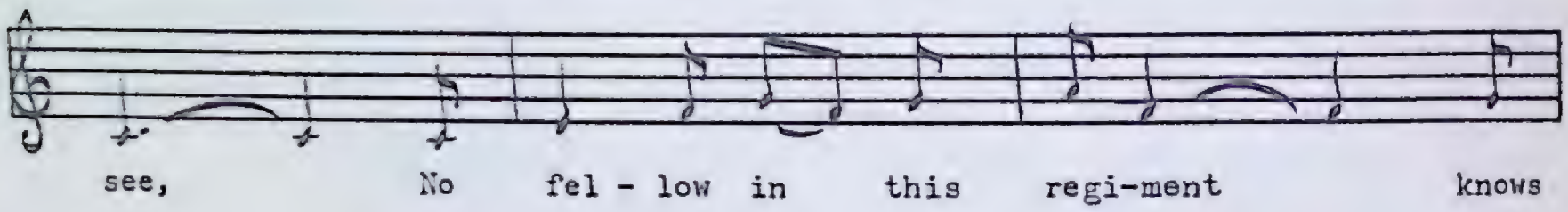
3. Darker and deeper eve's shadows fell around him,
And distant and dim grew the shores from his view;
But still to the deck there was something that bound him,
It was then that he murmured his lone sad adieu.
The solemn night fell like a pall on the ocean,
Closed o'er the isle of his young heart's devotion;
And there, amid the wild swelling waves of emotion
He murmured, "Beloved land, I'll see thee no more!"

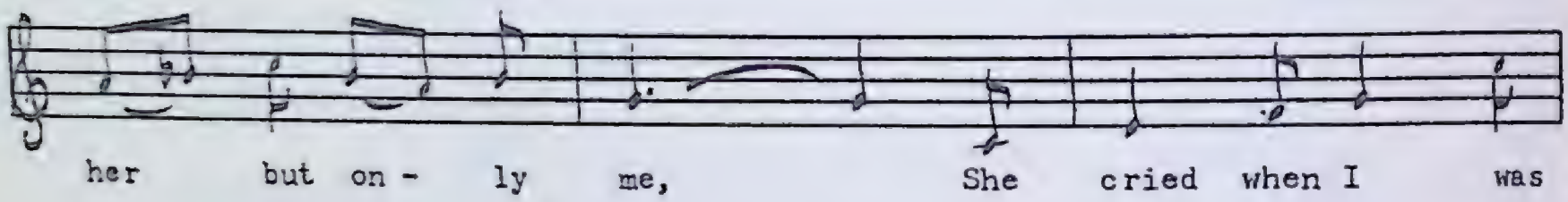
The Bouncing Girl in Fogo

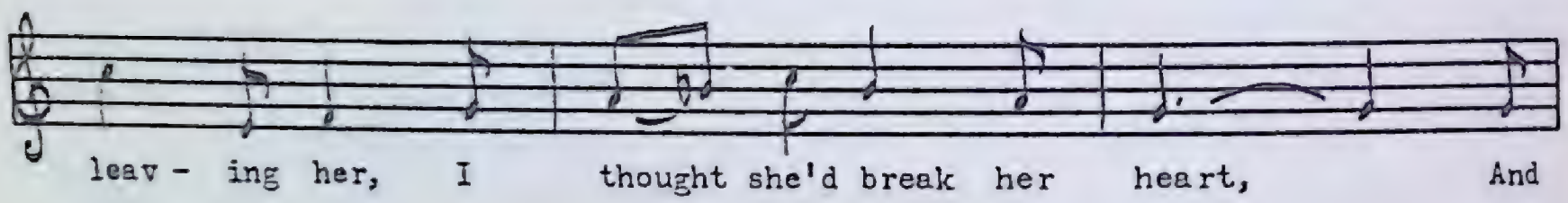
PEA 122 No. 873
Mrs. Wallace Kinslow
Isle aux Morts, June, 1959

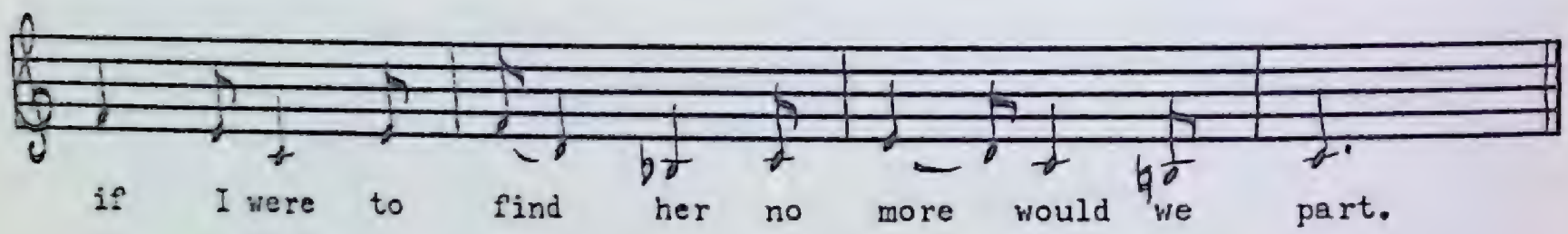
Moderate









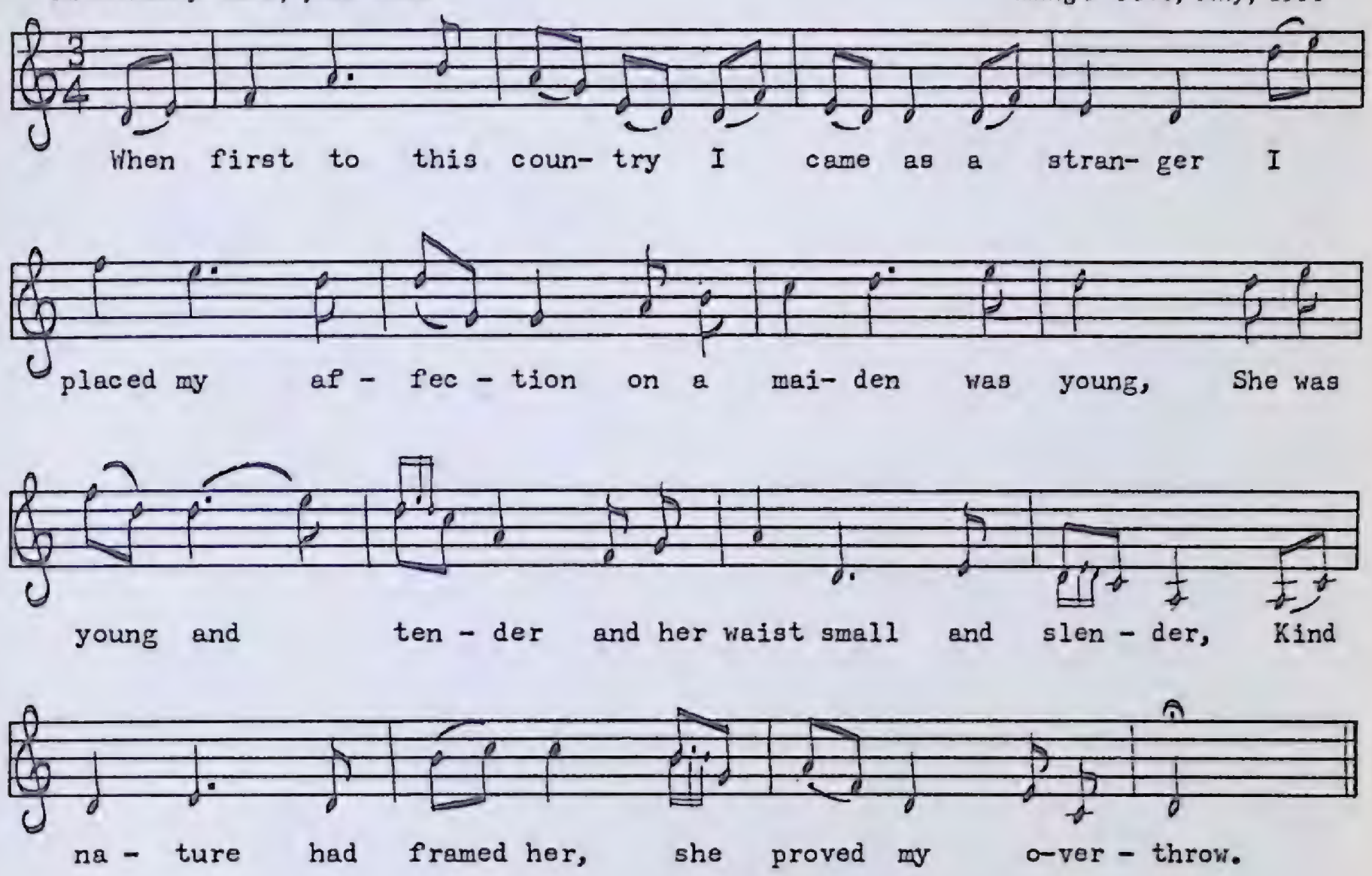


1. There's a bouncing girl in Fogo that I am going to see,
   No fellow in this regiment knows her but only me,
   She cried when I was leaving her, I thought she'd break her heart,
   And if I were to find her no more would we part.
2. She is the sweetest colour of roses a soldier ever knew,
   Her eyes were like the diamonds, they sparkled like the dew,
   You may talk about your Scotland girls, from Boston or the Strand,
   But you'll get no girl to suit you like the girls from Newfoundland.

This is the only surviving fragment of a native love eulogy. Fogo is a strongly Irish community off the northeast coast of Newfoundland. The song probably dates from the World War I period.

The Brown Girl

MS 84
William Holloway
King's Cove, July, 1951



1. When first to this country I came as a stranger
   I placed my affection on a maiden was young,
   She was young and tender and her waist small and slender,
   Kind nature had framed her, she proved my overthrow.

2. By the bank of a river that's where I first met her,
   She appeared like some goddess or some gracious queen,
   Her eyes shone like diamonds, the stars they were shining,
   You're the fairest in this wide world I ever have seen.

3. It was her old father that first caused disturbance
   Because I was poor and below her degree,
   I will do my endeavours my darling to gain you
   Although you are born of a rich family.

4. My name it's Delaney, that's a name that won't shame me,
   And if I'd saved I might stayed at home,
   But drinking and sporting, night walking and courting
   Is the cause of my ruin and my absence from home.

5. Cheer up lovely Johnny, don't be melancholy,
   If you'll prove loyal sure I'll prove true,
   There's no other superior that will ever gain my favour,
   On the banks of the bawn I will ramble with you.

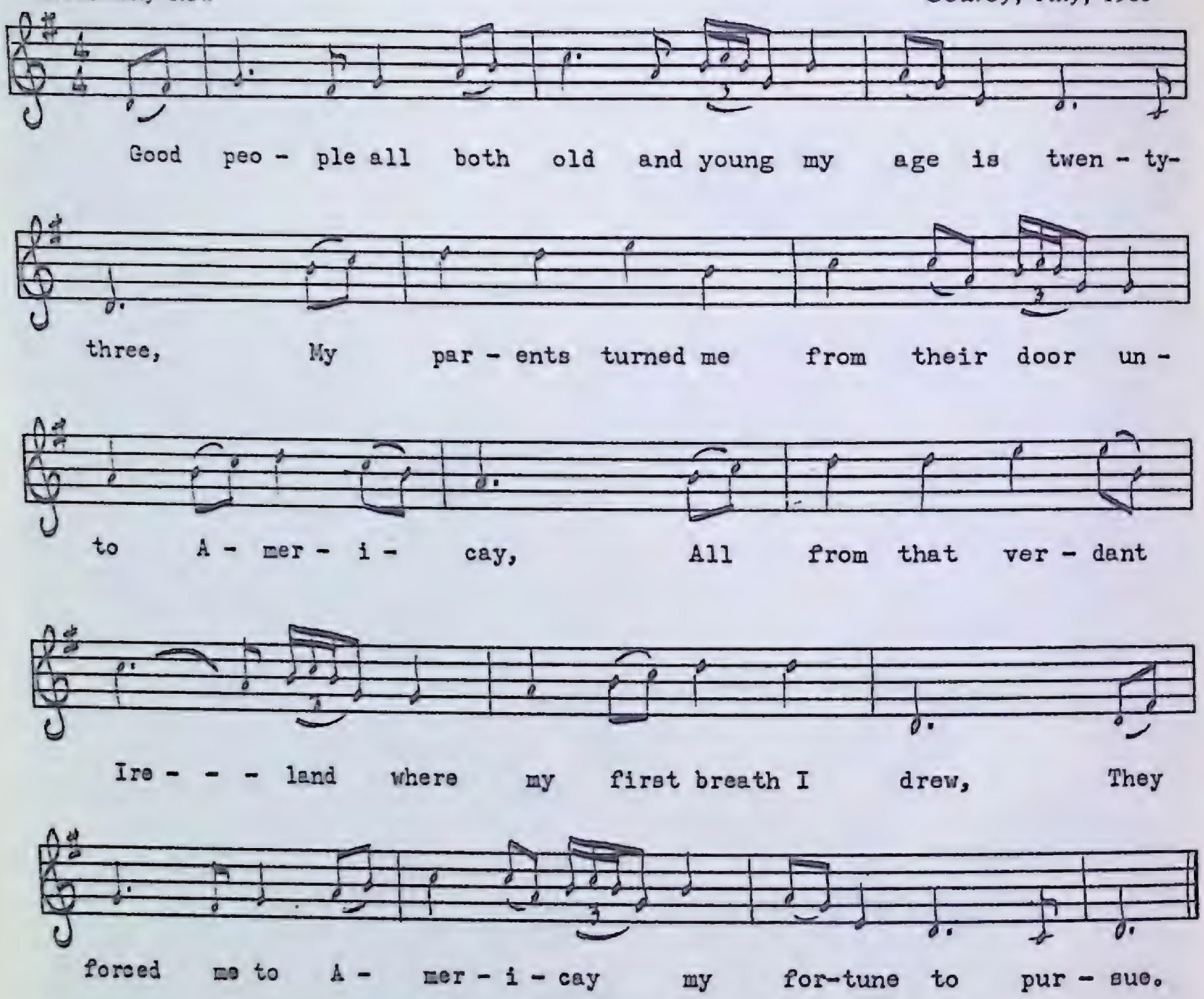
6. Now I have gained her I'm contented forever,
I'll put rings on her fingers and gold drops in her ears,
And with all kinds of pearls I will deck that brown girl,
With all kinds of grandeur I will store her, my dear.

Church at King's Cove, Newfoundland

Charming Sally Greer

PEA 190 No. 1137
Mrs. Mary Ann Galpin
Codroy, July, 1960

Moderately slow



1. Good people all both old and young my age is twenty-three,
   My parents turned me from their door unto Americay,
   All from that verdant Ireland where my first breath I drew,
   They forced me to Americay my fortune to pursue.

2. The reason why they transported me I intend to let you hear,
   'Twas because I would not break my vow from the girl I love so dear,
   'Twas because I would not break my vow from the girl I love so dear,
   That girl I love so tenderly, my charming Sally Greer.

3. 'Twas on board of the *Rose of Aberdeen* from Belfast we bore down
   With eighteen emigrants on board, 'twas to Quebec we were bound,
   We were long time on the ocean but no danger did I fear,
   For my heart was with the girl I left, my charming Sally Greer.

4. When the seas are all in motion they keep rolling to and fro,
Our vessel struck against a rock and in pieces she did go,
And 'twas out of eighteen emigrants only fourteen reached the shore,
And the other four souls to the bottom went and they never were
seen no more.

5. Then 'twas on the island of St. Paul's for twelve days we did lie,
Our bedding was the cold cold ground, our covering was the sky,
And our clothes and money we had with us were lost on board the wreck,
We were a sight for to behold when we landed in Quebec.

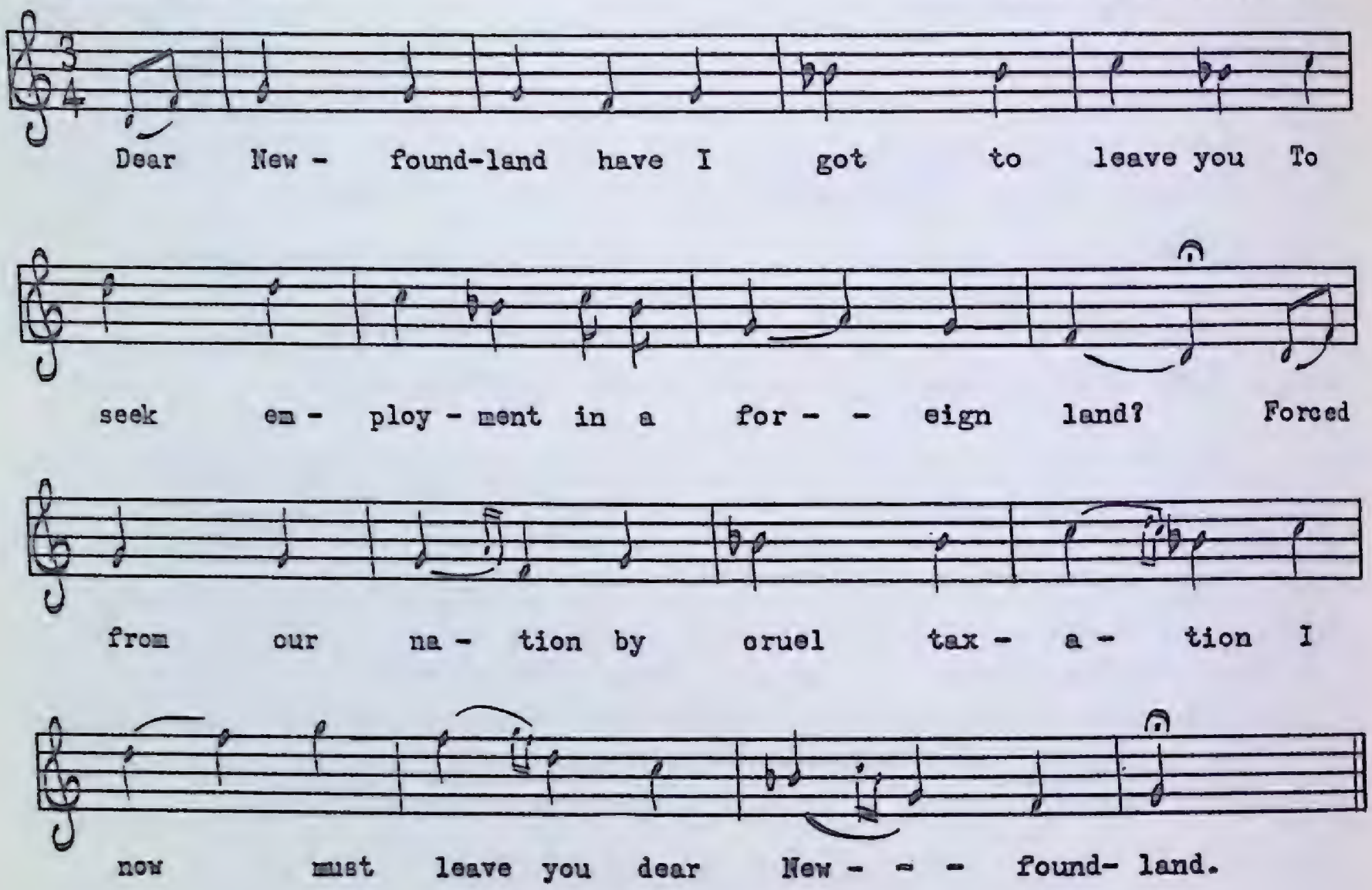
6. So now I'm safe in Quebec town, got friends and money there,
But still I long for the land I love and the girl who is so fair,
I'm in hopes to be back in old Ireland before the end of the year,
Then I will roll in the arms of my charming Sally Greer.

One of a group of Irish immigrant ballads which tell of hardships and personal tragedies during the mass migrations from Ireland in the nineteenth century. The island of St. Paul's (verse 5) is in the Gulf of St. Lawrence just north of Cape Breton. One sees it when crossing on the ferry to Newfoundland. Two other versions of the song have been collected in Canada, one by Helen Creighton in Nova Scotia and the other by Edith Fowke in Ontario. Both give dates for the tragedy: the Nova Scotia variant says 1843, and the Ontario one 1833. This Newfoundland variant is somewhat less factual, concentrating more on the personal relationships of the two lovers.

The Emigrant from Newfoundland

PEA 200 No. 1166
Andrew Nash
Branch, October, 1961

Moderate, free time



1. Dear Newfoundland have I got to leave you
   To seek employment in a foreign land?
   Forced from our nation by cruel taxation
   I now must leave you dear Newfoundland.

2. Your rocky mountains, your hills and meadows,
   Where oft I played on a summer's day,
   Where merry parties and happy picnics
   Are passed from view with the boys that play.

3. Where oft in spring on a pleasant evening
   To the Blockhouse go or the Battery stand
   Where crowds stood eager to watch the sailors
   Come in The Narrows of Newfoundland.

4. And our grand regatta at Quidi Vidi
   I long to see in my native place,
   With the *Hawk* and *Myrtle* and the *Lady Glover,*
   And the good old *Native* in the Tradesman's Race.

5. All decked with bunting no more I'll see you,
   Although it's years since I took my stand
   Near the greasy pole or the Wheel of Fortune,
   Unregretted day in dear Newfoundland.

6. Dear Newfoundland with your fisheries failing
Your sons and daughters must leave each fall,
Forced by poverty and cruel taxation
To the shores of Boston, a home for all.

7. Although with friends I feel sad at parting
My agèd parents on the pier will stand
To bid farewell to their sons and daughters
Who now must leave you dear Newfoundland.

8. So keep your sons and your fairest daughters
Employed here at home on your shores so grand.
May the present generation adorn your nation
Is the prayer of an emigrant from Newfoundland.

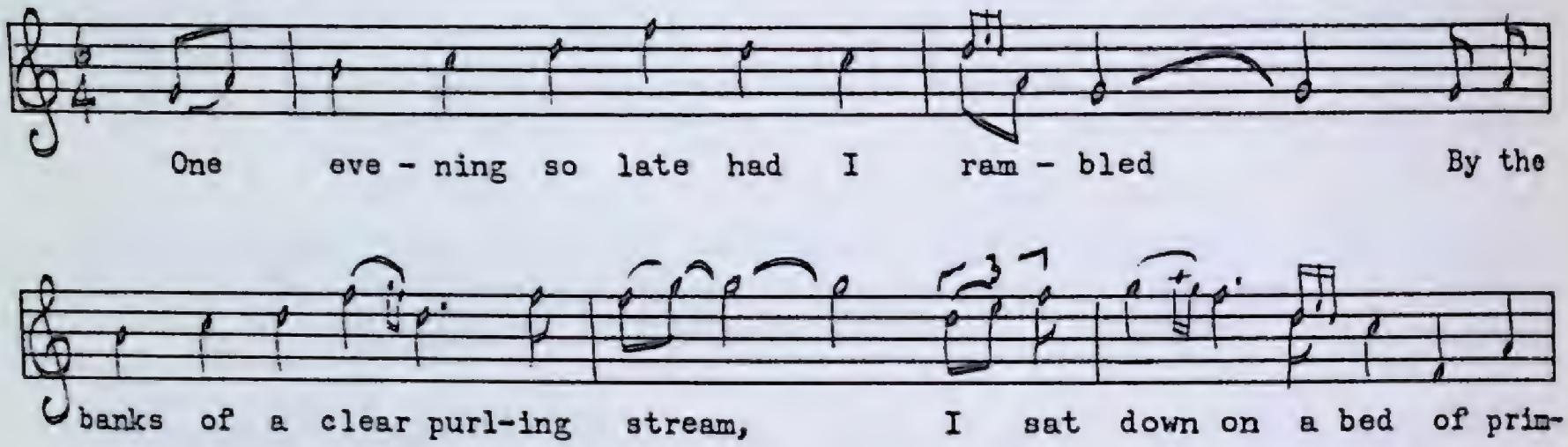
This song tells a story familiar to thousands of Newfoundlanders who were forced 'to seek employment in a foreign land,' in this case Boston. Happily, the economic situation has improved steadily over the past few years, especially since Newfoundland joined Canada in 1949. More and more Newfoundlanders are staying at home to enjoy the improved educational facilities and working conditions in a friendly and easy-going environment that is impossible to duplicate elsewhere. The annual regatta on Quidi Vidi Lake in suburban St. John's is the oldest in Canada, dating back to the mid-nineteenth century. The Blockhouse and the Battery (verse 3) on the way to Signal Hill are still standing as reminders of a more belligerent era. At the time of writing, the whole Signal Hill area is being restored by the Federal Government as a national historic park. The musical quality of native songs is not always what it could be, but this beautiful Dorian tune is a happy exception.

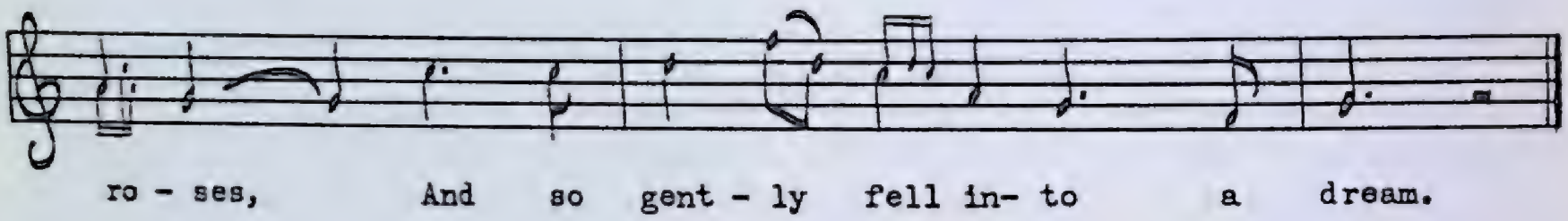
Erin's Green Shore

A

MS 31
Mrs. John Fogarty
Joe Batt's Arm, July, 1952

Moderately slow





1. One evening so late had I rambled
   By the banks of a clear purling stream,
   I sat down on a bed of primroses,
   And so gently fell into a dream.

2. I dreamt I beheld a fair female.
   "My jewel, come tell me your name,
   For I know in this country you're a stranger,
   Or I would not have asked you the same."

3. She resembled the goddess of liberty,
   And green was the mantle she wore,
   Bound 'round with the shamrocks and roses,
   That grew along Erin's green shore.

4. "I'm a daughter of Daniel O'Connell,
   From England I lately came o'er,
   I've come for to waken my brother,
   That slumbers on Erin's green shore.

5. "I know your a true son of Erin,
   My secrets to you I'll unfold,
   I am here in the midst of all danger,
   Not knowing my friend from my foe."

6. She resembled the goddess of liberty,
   And freedom the mantle she wore,
   Bound 'round with the shamrocks and roses,
   That grew along Erin's green shore.

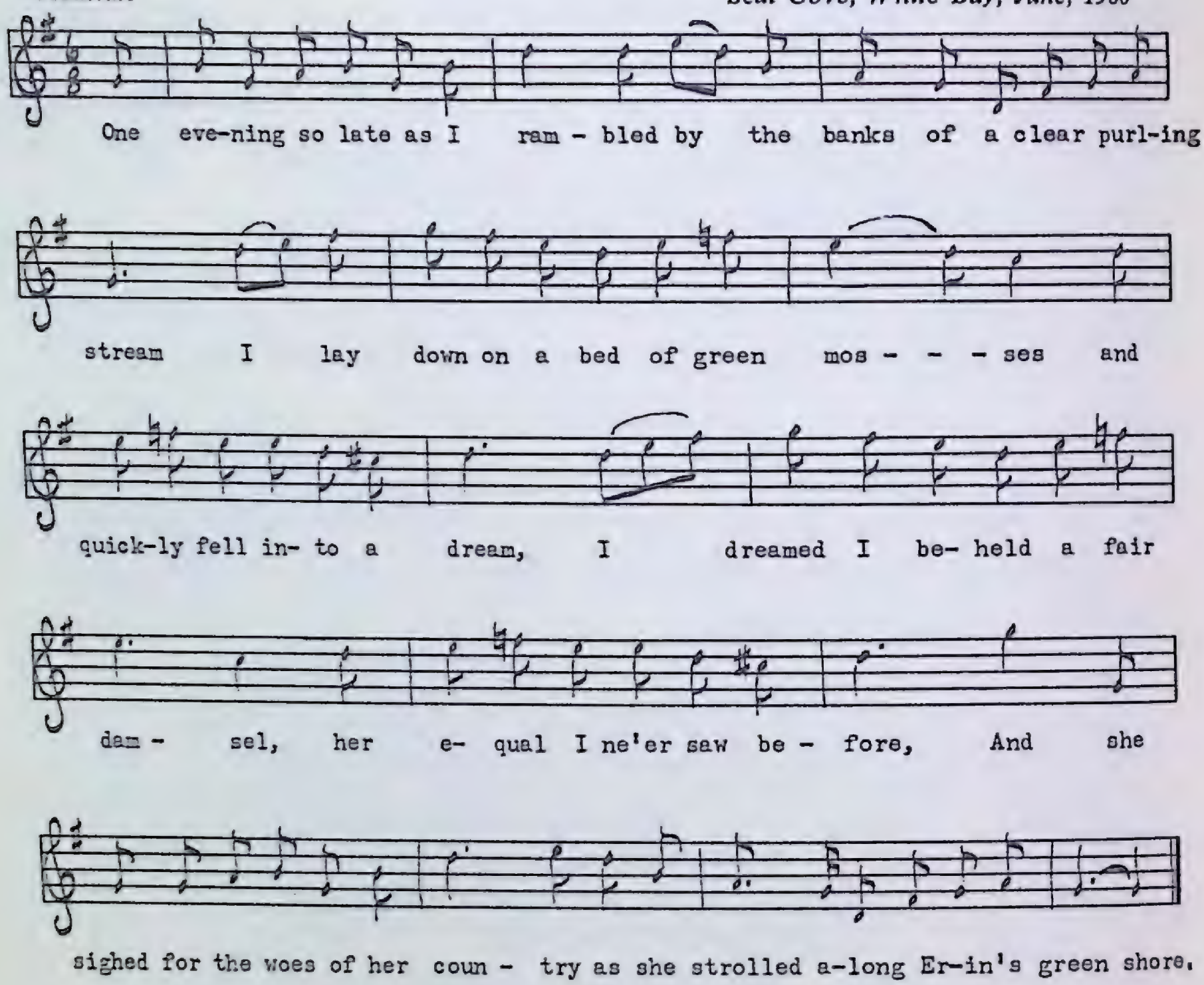
7. Her eyes were like sparkling diamonds,
Or the stars of a clear frosty night,
And her cheeks like two blooming roses,
And her teeth of the ivory so white.

8. In transports of joy I awakened,
And found it was only a dream;
My beautiful damsel had fled me,
And I long to be slumbering again.

9. May the great God of heaven shine on her,
For I know I shall see her no more;
May the great God of glory shine on her,
As she strays along Erin's green shore.

B

PEA 173 No. 1083
Joshua Osborne
Seal Cove, White Bay, June, 1960



1. One evening so late as I rambled by the banks of a clear purling stream
   I lay down on a bed of green mosses and quickly fell into a dream,
   I dreamed I beheld a fair damsel, her equal I ne'er saw before,
   And she sighed for the woes of her country as she strolled along Erin's green shore.

2. I quickly addressed this fair damsel: "My jewel, come tell me your name,
   For I know to this place you're a stranger and will not advise you the same."
   "I'm the daughter of Donald O'Connell, from England I lately sailed o'er,
   I came here to waken my brother who slumbers along Erin's green shore."

3. Her eyes were like two sparkling diamonds or the stars of a cold frosty night,
Her cheeks were like two blooming roses, her teeth were of ivory white,
She resembled the goddess of liberty and green was the mantle she wore,
Decked out with shamrocks and primroses that grow along Erin's green shore.

4. Transported with joy I awoke then and found it was only a dream,
For to see this young damsel beside me I longed for to slumber again.
May the heavens above be her guardian, I know I shall see her no more,
May the sunbeams of glory shine on her as she strolls along Erin's green shore.

This lovely Irish eulogy has appeared in many collections and broadsides in both Ireland and America. It survives in oral tradition in the Maritimes and in many parts of the United States. The tune of *A* is very similar to the one the same singer used for the Newfoundland love song *The Green Shores of Fogo*.

The Irish Colleen

A

PEA 202 No. 1173
Patrick W. Nash
Branch, October, 1961

Moderately fast

I went to a par - ty con - sis - ting of four, And
sat down in friend-ship, we drank of the wine, Each

as it was pri - vate we soon closed the door; There was
told of their coun - try, I told them of mine. The

one girl from Eng - land and a - no - ther from Wales, And
rose, leek, and this - tle, un - con-quered, un - seen, But says

1. 2.

one that re - si - ded in Scot-land's fair dales. We
I, "Here's a toast to the I - rish col-leen."

CHORUS:
Then here's to old Ire-land, her sons and her daugh-ters, Here's to old

Ire-land, the sham-rock I mean. May the sun al-ways shine on the

round towers of Er- in, Here's a toast from the heart of an I - rish col-leen.

1. I went to a party consisting of four,
And as it was private we soon closed the door;
There was one girl from England and another from Wales,
And one that resided in Scotland's fair dales.
We sat down in friendship, we drank of the wine,
Each told of their country, I told them of mine.
The rose, leek, and thistle, unconquered, unseen,
But says I, "Here's a toast to the Irish colleen."

Then here's to old Ireland, her sons and her daughters,
Here's to old Ireland, the shamrock I mean.
May the sun always shine on the round towers of Erin,
Here's a toast from the heart of an Irish colleen.

2. The Welsh girl stood up, gave a toast to the leek,
Saying, "I drink to my emblem each day of the week."
The Scotch lassie stood up with the pride in her eye,
Saying, "Here's to the thistle no Scotchman deny."
The English girl then gave a toast to the rose,
Saying, "Here's to old England, she can thrash all her foes."
But says I, "I won't willingly cause any pain,
I ask you to join in my toast once again."

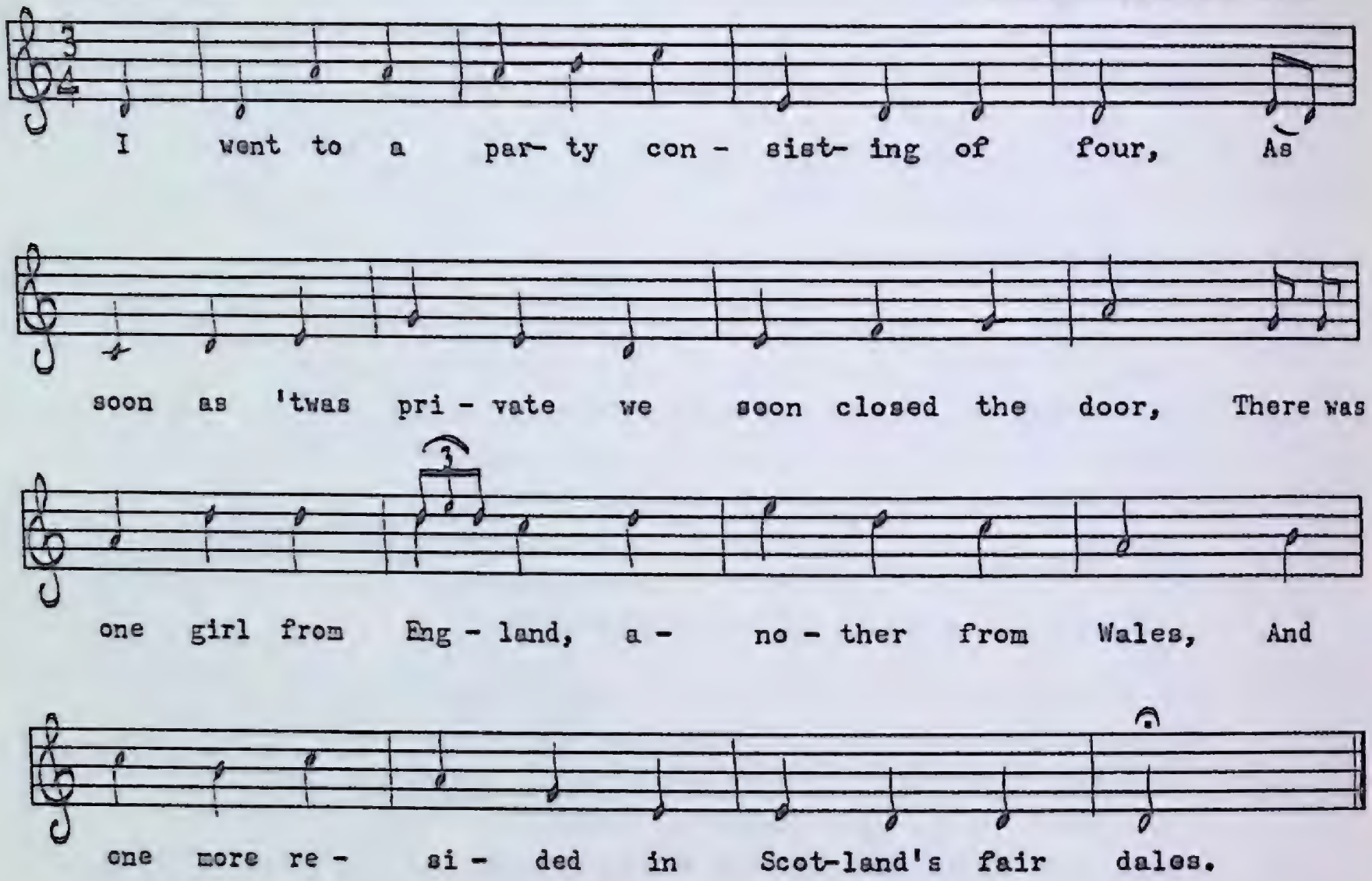
3. We don't hold for the traitors to martyr their cause,
All we want is justice and good honest laws,
And the man that's ashamed of the place where he came
Is no man at all, not worthy of name.
I own as a flower I'm fond of the rose,
The fairest of flowers in the garden that grows,
Though the flowers all resemble there's a vast gulf between
The rose, leek, and thistle, and the Irish colleen.

Verse 3 is taken from the text of variant *B*. I have not been able to find this song in the Irish collections at my disposal, but I have no doubt that such a patriotic eulogy has not gone unnoticed by Irish anthologists.

B

PEA 3 No. 22
Mike Kent
Cape Broyle, July, 1951

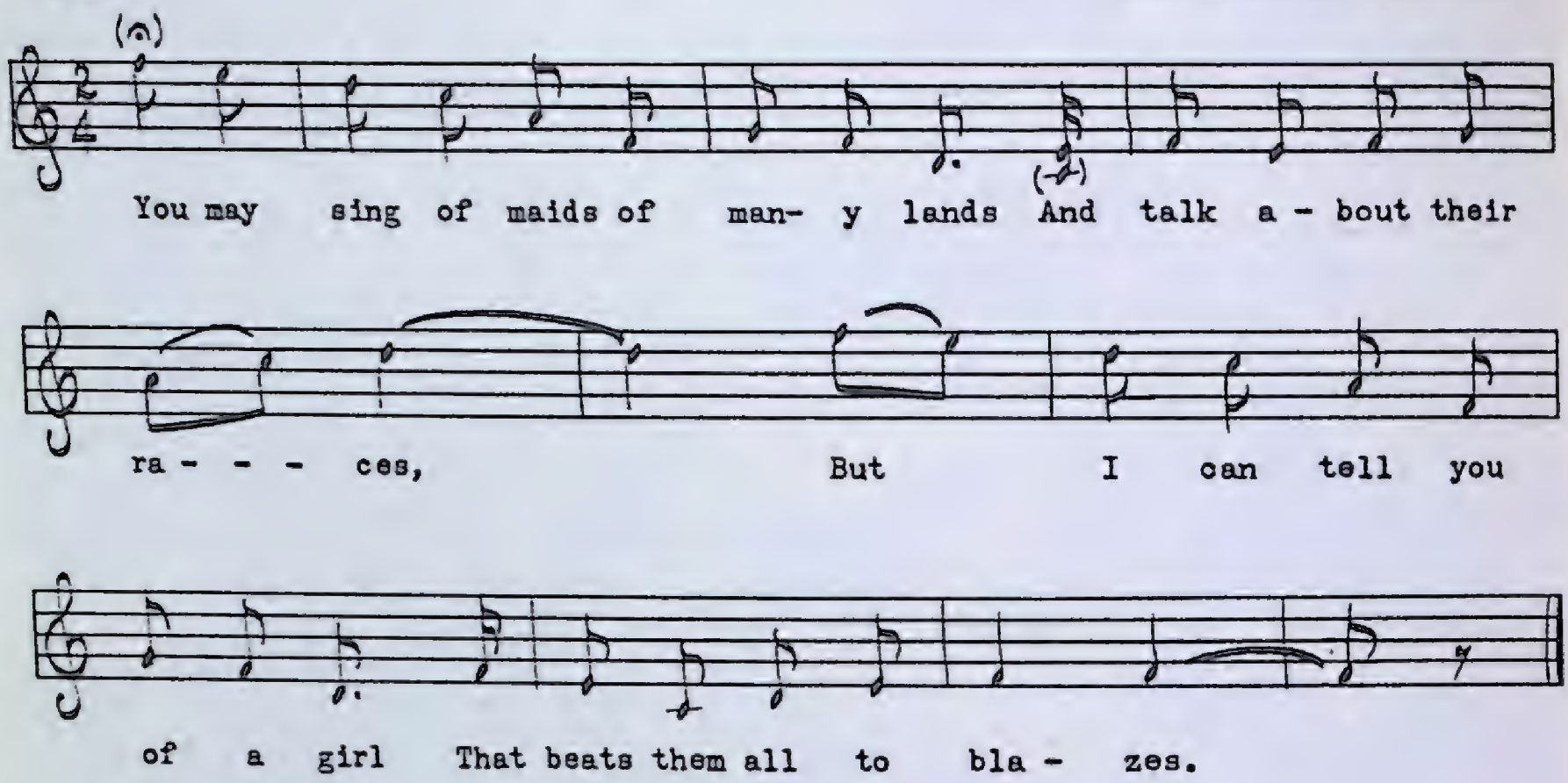
Moderately fast



A "Lovely Newfoundlander"

The Lovely Newfoundlander

MS 73
Chris Cobb (composer)
Barred Island, July, 1952



1. You may sing of maids of many lands,
   And talk about their races,
   But I can tell you of a girl
   That beats them all to blazes.

2. She is the dearest sweetest miss,
   No man can long withstand her;
   The girl I sing to you about
   Is a lovely Newfoundlander.

3. She can row a boat and catch the fish,
   And make a home, she runs it,
   Her garden plants, potatoes grows,
   Her work she never shuns it.

4. And then at night with great delight,
   If anyone will hand her
   A present to express his love
   For the lovely Newfoundlander.

5. No mortal thing but she can do,
   Her brain is sharp as needles,
   Her form is perfect and her face
   Is just the one that wheedles.

6. She needs no lipstick, powder, paint,
   For such things she won't pander,
   I tell you it is hard to beat
   The lovely Newfoundlander.

7. She knows just when to talk a lot,
   She knows when to keep silent,
   She can sing and dance and take a chance,
   In rows she's never violent.

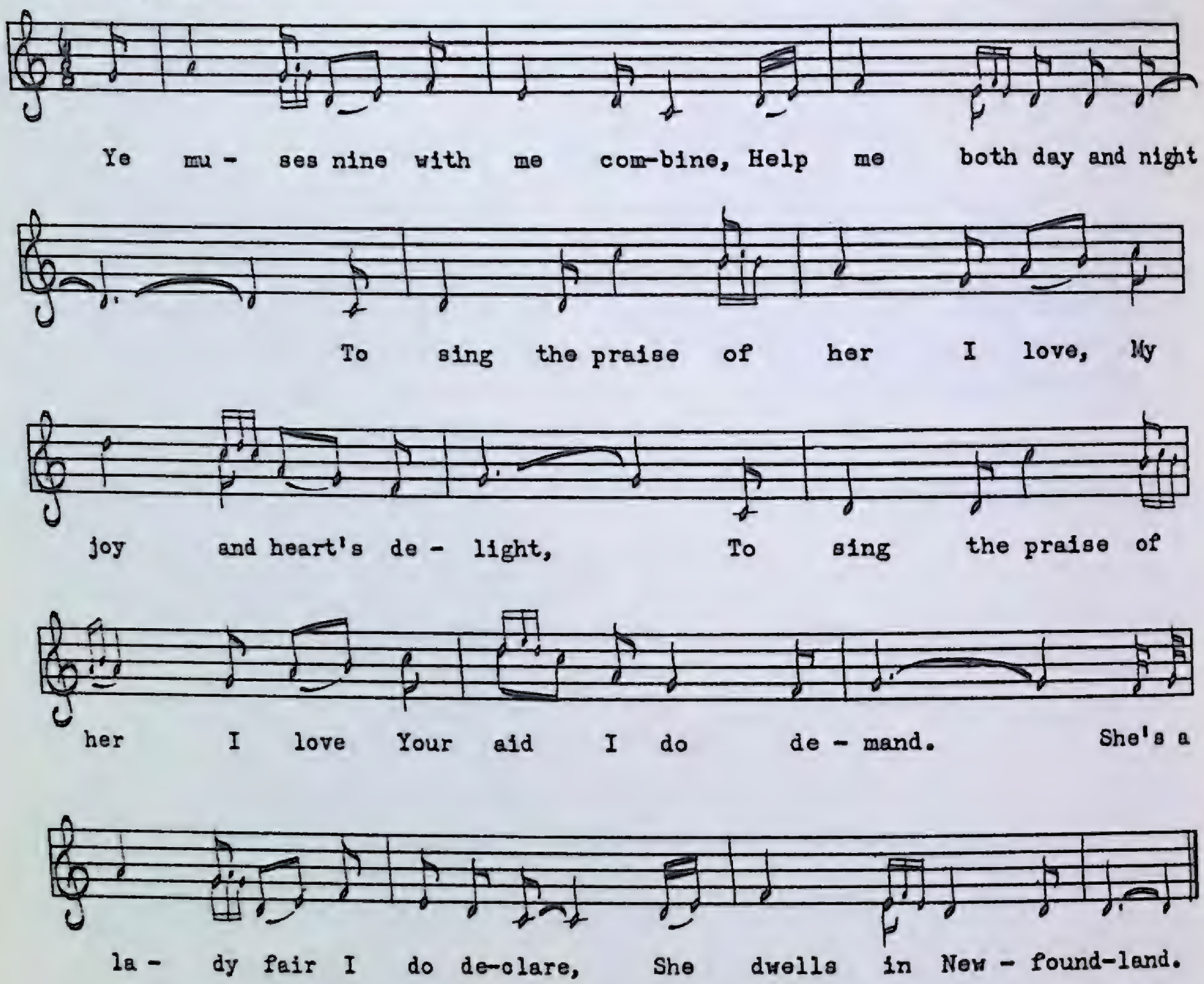
8. She is not shy nor from her b'y
   She never will meander,
   No wonder he is mad about
   His lovely Newfoundlander.

Chris Cobb is not much interested in the musical aspect of his compositions, preferring to present them as recitations. When urged to sing, however, he usually uses the first tune that pops into his head, not always with the happiest result. Those who, like myself, find his verse clever and entertaining but would prefer singing it to other tunes are invited to do so. I am sure he would not mind in the least.

The Maid of Newfoundland

PEA 200 No. 1167
Andrew Nash
Branch, October, 1961

Moderate, free time



1. Ye muses nine with me combine,
   Help me both day and night
   To sing the praise of her I love,
   My joy and heart's delight,
   To sing the praise of her I love
   Your aid I do demand.
   She's a lady fair I do declare,
   She dwells in Newfoundland.

2. Diana is this virgin's name,
   Most modest, bright, and pure,
   And not one word of sentiment
   Nor woman's love she knew.
   Her winning smile and artless guile
   It did my heart command,
   Oh the falling shade of that fair maid,
   Sweet maid of Newfoundland.

3. It was on the coast of Labrador
Where first I saw that maid,
'Twas down on Batteau's stormy shore
My heart one evening strayed.
If I were rich or powerful
It's her I would demand,
For I could die without a sigh
For the maid of Newfoundland.

4. The daisy dotes, the bluebell sleeps,
The primrose loves the green,
The violet in its gentle bed
Most glorious to be seen,
Will rock you in its graceful bowers
Its sweet charms to expand,
But I know a flower can shade them all,
The sweet maid of Newfoundland.

5. Now I've often seen maids of many shades
And girls of many a shore,
The French, the Greek, the Portuguese,
Likewise the swarthy Moor,
Chinese, Maylays, Australian maids,
And girls from India's strand,
But a lighter shade I ne'er saw made
Than her of Newfoundland.

6. Her name I will not mention twice
For prudence stops my tongue.
She's modest, mild, and beautiful,
She's charming, fair, and young,
Her breath is like the harvest flowers,
Her voice by breezes fanned,
And the musk that flowers in summer hours,
Sweet maid of Newfoundland.

7. Sweet friends so young come help my tongue,
And pray to God above
That I may strive both night and day
This fair maid's heart to move.
And if I fail I will away
To some far distant land,
From this world I'll part with a broken heart
For the maid of Newfoundland.

With its flowery sentiments and beautiful Dorian tune, this native love eulogy shows a strong Irish influence. In fact, an Irish song entitled *John McGoldrick and the Quaker's Daughter* begins in much the same way:

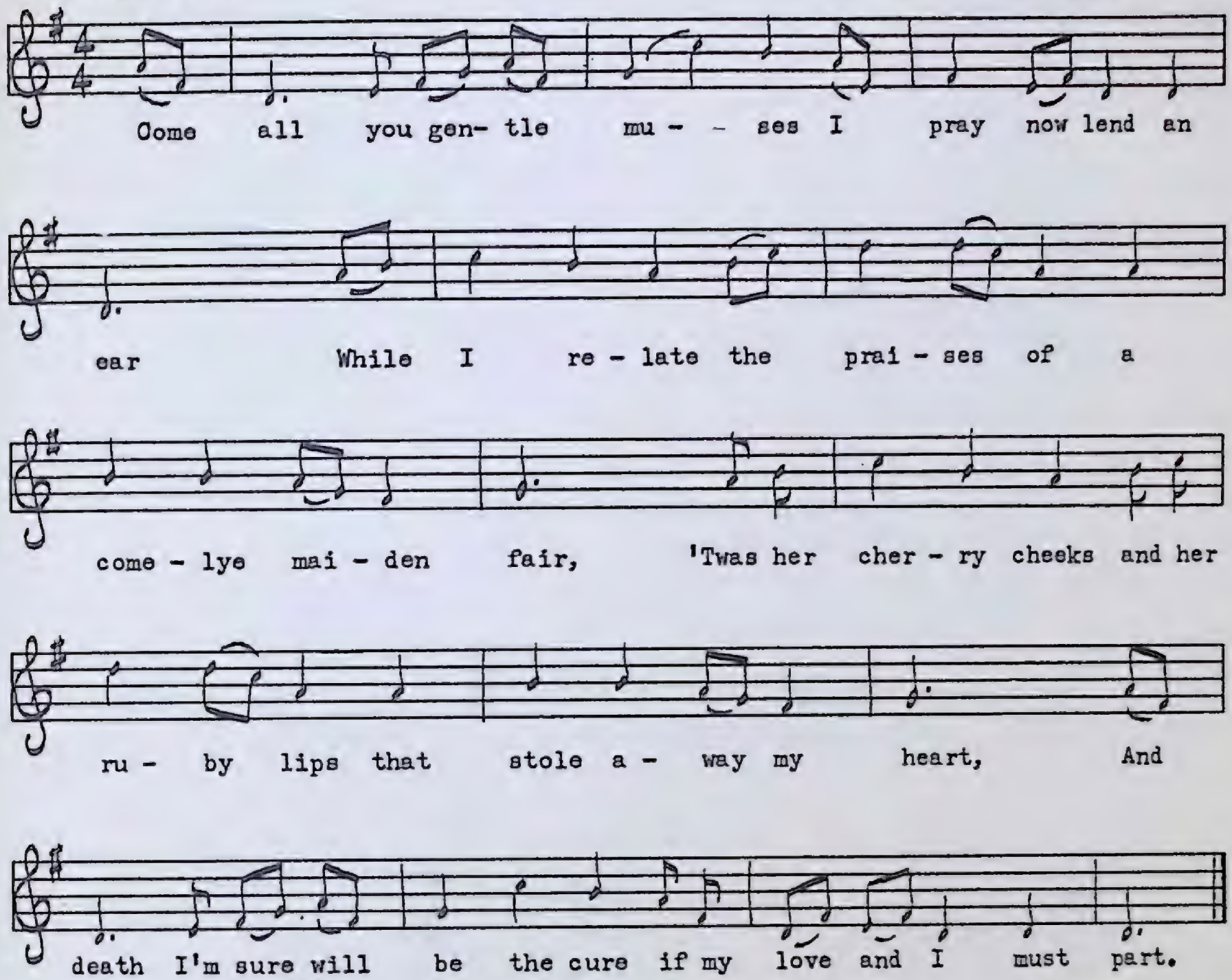
Ye muses nine with me combine, assist me with your aid
Whilst here I am endeavouring to praise a lovely maid.

Mr. Nash says *The Maid of Newfoundland* was composed by an English captain "down on the Labrador." I always try not to disagree with my informants, but in this case I prefer to think the ship was English and the captain Irish, or Newfoundland Irish.

The Maid of Sweet Gartheen

PEA 190 No. 1138
Mrs. Mary Ann Galpin
Codroy, July, 1960

Moderately slow



1. Come all you gentle muses I pray now lend an ear
   While I relate the praises of a comelye maiden fair,
   'Twas her cherry cheeks and her ruby lips that stole away my heart,
   And death I'm sure will be the cure if my love and I must part.

2. The praises of that fair one I intend for to unfold,
   Her hair hung down in ringlets like links of shining gold,
   'Twas the curling of her yellow locks that fractured quite my brain,
   And there is a road lies near her abode to the town of sweet Gartheen.

3. Long time in private courting for to let no one know,
   For fear my father's anger would prove our overthrow,
   For she being a poor servant-girl, she was quite below my means,
   But still for all I loved that girl, that maid of sweet Gartheen.

4. So my father he came to me and this to me did say:
   "Oh son, oh son you are doing wrong to throw yourself away,
   For to marry with a servant-girl whose parents are so mean,
   So be advised and do not wed but along with me remain."

5. I said: "Father, dearest father don't deprive me of my dear,
For I'd rather have my own true love than a million pounds a year,
And if I could sit on Queen Victoria's throne I would choose her for my queen,
And with high renown she would wear the crown, that maid of sweet Gartheen."

6. A horse and carriage was then prepared and they took my love so fair,
They took my love unto a place, a place I know not where.
Her window I have often passed thinking she might be seen,
And in hopes to get another glimpse of that maid of sweet Gartheen.

7. So 'tis now my song is ended, my verses they are done,
While England is my dwelling place, old Ireland is my home,
I sometimes wander back to the places we have been
Along the road lies near her abode to the town of sweet Gartheen.

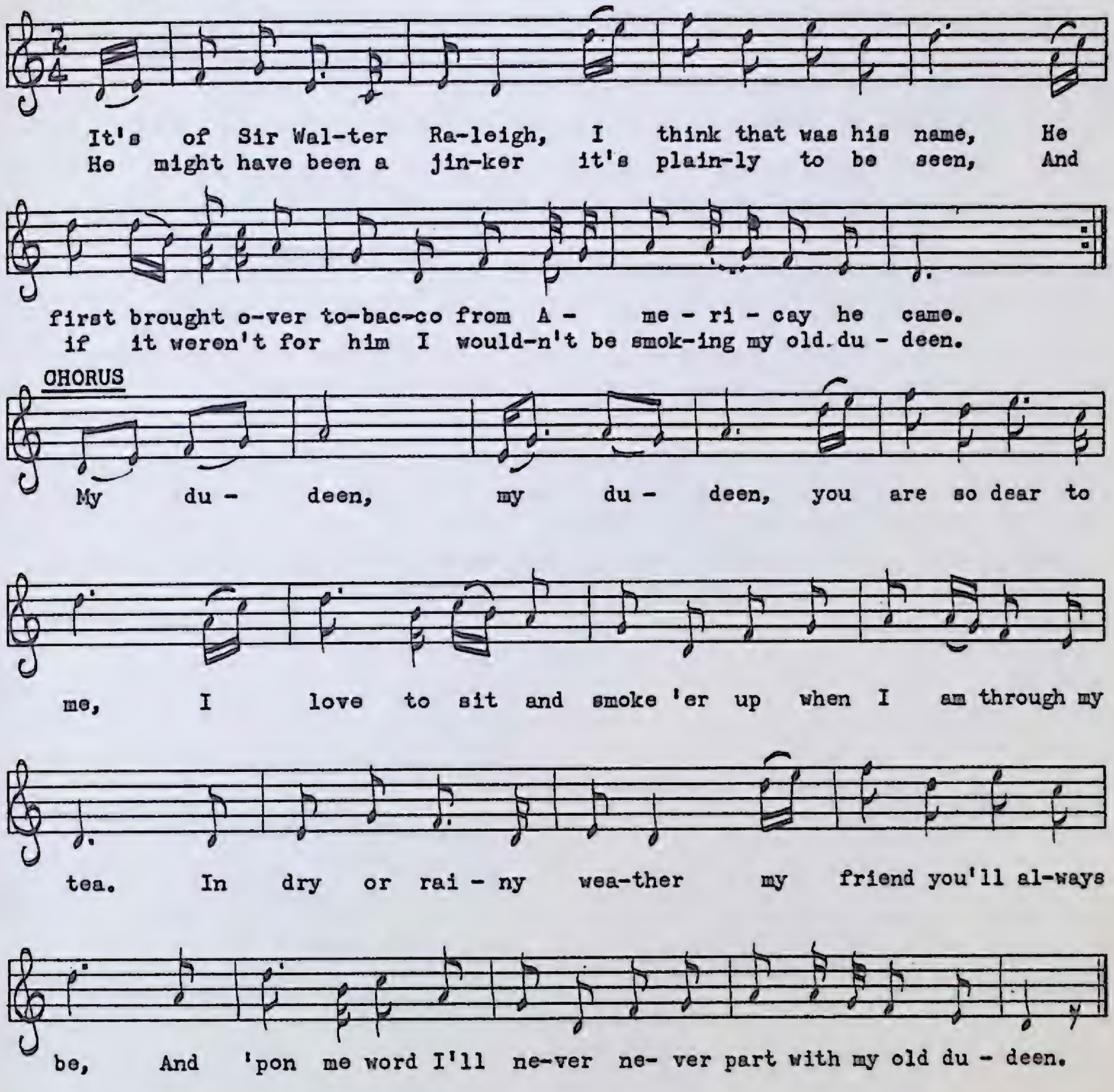
8. So now my song is ended I will now lay down my quill,
For John O'Brien is my name, I was born on yon flowery hill,
My time I spent in merriment when first my love I seen,
But now in pain I must remain for that maid of sweet Gartheen.

This Irish song appears in a collection called *Irish Street Ballads* by Colm O Lochlainn. The tune is also similar. Gartheen is written 'Gurteen,' in this book and 'Gorteen' in *Irish Com-All-Ye's* by Manus O'Conor.

My Old Dudeen

PEA 3 No. 20
Mike Kent
Cape Broyle, July, 1951

Moderate, strict time



1. It's of Sir Walter Raleigh, I think that was his name,
   He first brought over tobacco, from Americay he came.
   He might have been a jinker it's plainly to be seen,
   And if it weren't for him I wouldn't be smoking my old dudeen.

   My dudeen, my dudeen, you are so dear to me,
   I love to sit and smoke 'er up when I am through my tea.
   In dry or rainy weather my friend you'll always be,
   And 'pon me word I'll never never part with my old dudeen.

2. My wife she starts to grumble I takes it all in fun
For that's the only only way to stop a woman's tongue.
There's never a word I'll ever speak, I lets her have her fling,
And up in the corner I will sit and smoke my old dudeen.

3. Some men they will go courting every girl that does go by,
They go and see their own sweethearts and swing them rather high.
When I was young and courting ofttimes I might be seen
With Bridgett all caught up in my arms, in me gob me old dudeen.

4. The rich man smokes tobacco, the Spaniard cigarettes,
And the German smokes big long cigars and chews them whilst he frets.
When there's whisky, rum and porter, and lots of the old poteen
The only thing that I do like is a drop from my old dudeen.

5. Now when I'm dead come to my wake, there'll be lots of the old poteen,
And into me gob, so help me bob, you'll find my old dudeen.

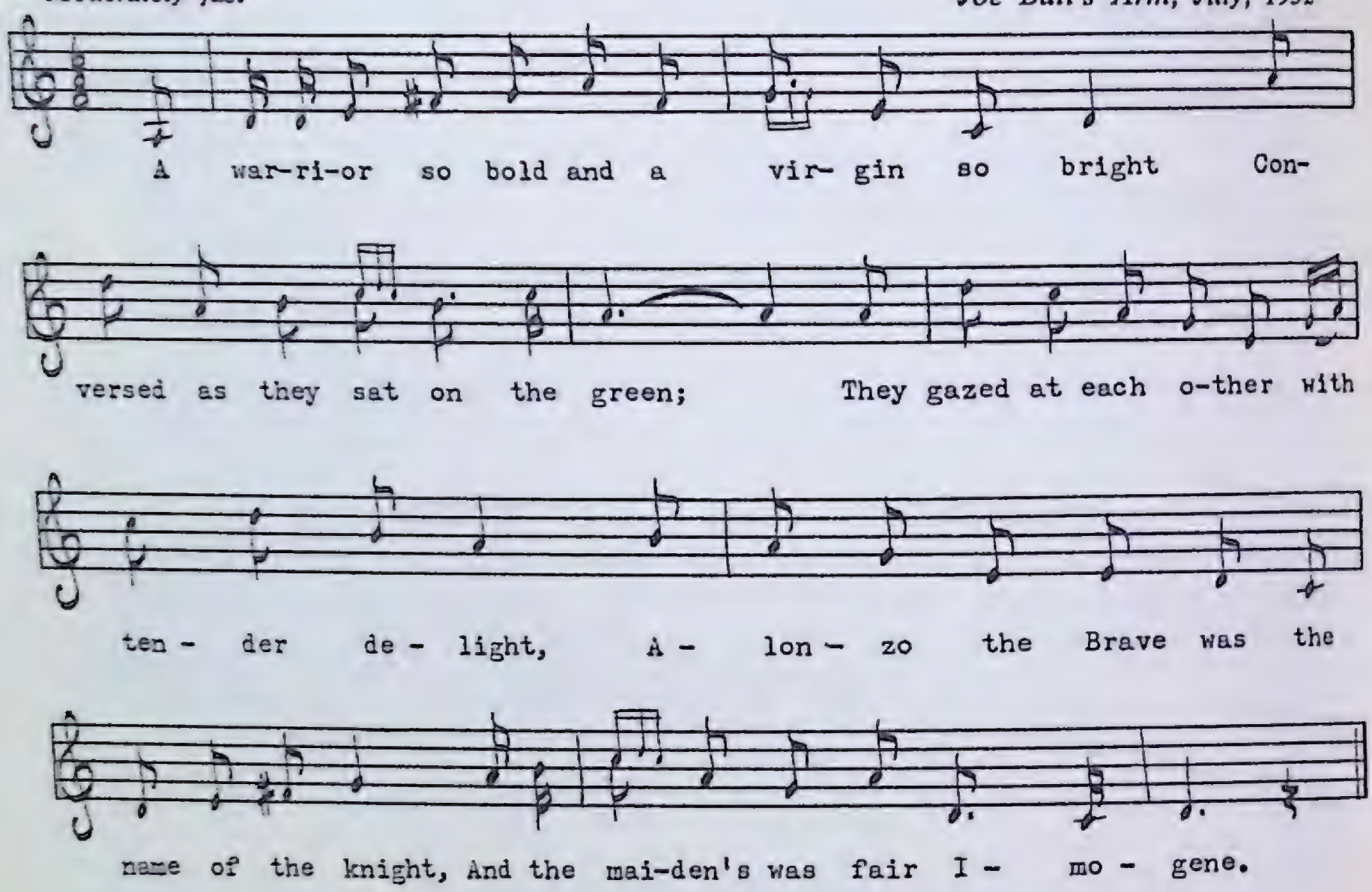
The text is somewhat confused on the recording, and certain lines have been rearranged to make more sense. A 'dudeen' is the short variety of the famous Irish clay pipes. 'Poteen' (little pot) comes from the Irish 'uisge poitín' meaning 'whisky distilled in a little pot'; or, in modern parlance, 'moonshine.'

Love Ghosts

Alonzo the Brave and Fair Imogene

(*Irish Ghost Song*)

MS 1
Harry Curtis
Joe Batt's Arm, July, 1952



1. A warrior so bold and a virgin so bright
   Conversed as they sat on the green;
   They gazed at each other with tender delight,
   Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight,
   And the maiden's was fair Imogene.

2. "And oh," said the youth, "since tomorrow I go
   To fight in some far distant land,
   Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow
   Some other will court you and you will bestow
   On a wealthier suitor your hand."

3. "Hush hush these suspicions," fair Imogene said,
   "Offensive to love and to me;
   For if you be living or if you be dead
   I'll swear by the Virgin that none in your stead
   Shall husband of Imogene be.

4. "If by ire or by lust or by wealth led aside
   Forget my Alonzo the Brave,
   God grant to punish my falsehood and pride

Your ghost at my marriage should sit by my side,
Should tax me with perjury, claim me as a bride,
And bear me away to the grave."

5. To Palestine hastened this hero so bold,
His love she lamented him sore;
But scarce had a twelve-month elapsed when behold,
A baron all covered with jewels and gold
Arrived at fair Imogene's door.

6. His treasures, his presents, his spacious domain,
Soon made her untrue to her vows;
He dazzled her eyes, he bewildered her brain,
He caught her affection so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse.

7. And now had the marriage been blessed by the priest
The revelry now was begun,
The tables they groaned with the weight of the feast,
Nor yet had their laughter and merriment ceased
When the bell at the castle tolled one.

8. When to her amazement fair Imogene found
A stranger was placed by her side,
His ire was terrific, he uttered no sound,
He spake not, he moved not, he turned not around,
But earnestly gazed on the bride.

9. His visor was closed and gigantic his height,
His armor was sable to view;
All pleasure and laughter were hushed at his sight,
The dogs as they eyed drew back in a fright,
The lights in the chamber burned blue.

10. His presence all bosoms appeared to dismay,
The guests sat in silence and fear;
At length spake the bride, while trembling, "I pray
Sir knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
And deign to partake of our cheer."

11. The lady was silent, the stranger complied,
His visor he slowly unclosed;
Great God what a sight met fair Imogene's eyes,
What words can express her dismay and surprise
When a skeleton's head was exposed!

12. All present then uttered a horrified shout,
And turned with disgust from the scene;
The worms they crept in and the worms they crept out,
They sported his eyes and his temples about
While the spectre addressed Imogene:

13. "Behold me, thou false one, behold me," he cried,
"Remember Alonzo the Brave;
God grant that to punish your falsehood and pride,
My ghost at your marriage should sit by your side,
Should tax you with perjury claim you as a bride,
And bear you away to the grave."

14. So saying his arms 'round the lady he wound
While loudly she shrieked in dismay;
Then sank with his prey through the wide yawning ground,
And never again was fair Imogene found,
Or the spectre that bore her away.

15. Not long lived the baron and none since that time
To inherit his castle presume;
For chronicles tell that by order sublime,
There Imogene suffers the pain of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

16. At midnight four times in each year does her sprite,
(While mortals in slumber are bound)
Arrayed in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with the skeleton knight,
And she shrieks as he whirls her around.

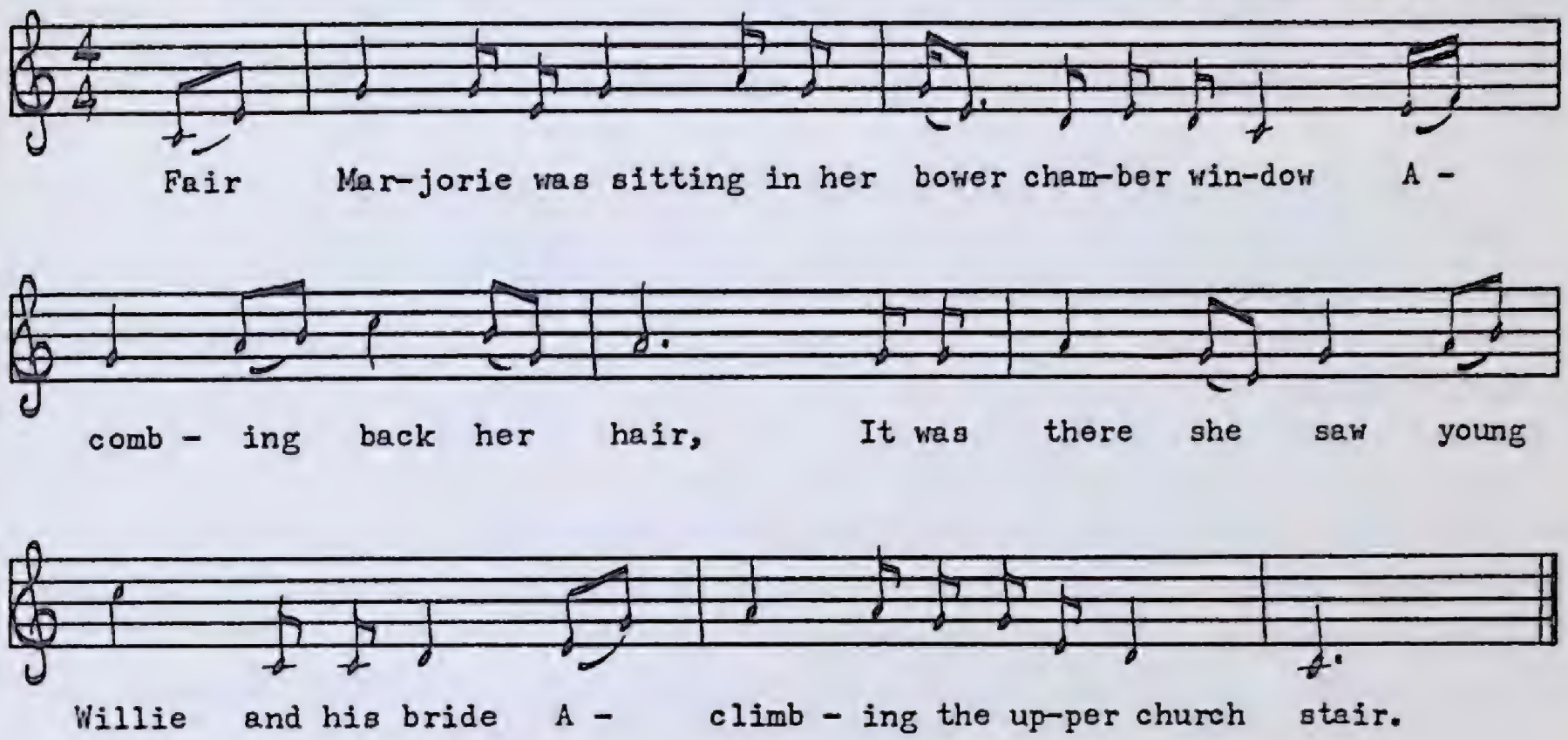
17. While they drink out of skulls newly-torn from the grave,
Dancing 'round them the spectres are seen;
Their liquor is blood and this horrible stave
They held to the health of Alonzo the Brave
And his consort, the fair Imogene.

Mr. Curtis performs this Irish ghost ballad both as a song and as a recitation. Despite the rather good tune, I must admit I preferred the recitation. Several children were present at the performance because it had been rumoured that Mr. Curtis was going to recite his famous ghost story for 'the man from Ottawa.' The performance was really quite electrifying. As the story unfolded the children sat bug-eyed, hardly daring to breathe. Mrs. Curtis had placed herself near the oil lamp to be ready for the ghost's entrance when "the lights in the chamber burned blue." At this moment she suddenly turned down the wick, and the children broke out into squeals of delicious terror. From that moment on Mr. Curtis had the audience in the palm of his hand.

Fair Marjorie's Ghost

(Fair Margaret and Sweet William, Child 74-B)

PEA 161 No. 1033
Mrs. Clara Stevens
Bellburns, August, 1959



1. Fair Marjorie was sitting in her bower chamber window
   A-combing back her hair,
   It was there she saw young Willie and his bride
   A-climbing the upper church stair.

2. She drew the ivory comb out of her hair
   And flashed it across the floor,
   It was out of the bower chamber window she jumped,
   She was never to be seen any more.

3. About the middle part of the night
   When all were fast asleep
   Fair Marjorie appeared in Willie's bedroom
   And stood there at his feet.

4. "Oh how do you like your blanket," she said,
   "And how do you like your sheet,
   And how do you like your new married bride
   Who lies in your arms asleep?"

5. "Very well I like my blanket," he said,
   "Very well I like my sheet,
   But better do I like fair Marjorie
   As she stands there at my feet."

6. She took the ivory comb out of her hair
   And smote him across the breast,
   Saying, "Be prepared and come along with me
   To find your final rest."

7. He kissed her once and he kissed her twice,
   And he kissed her three times o'er,
   And then he fell there at her feet
   To kiss a woman never more.

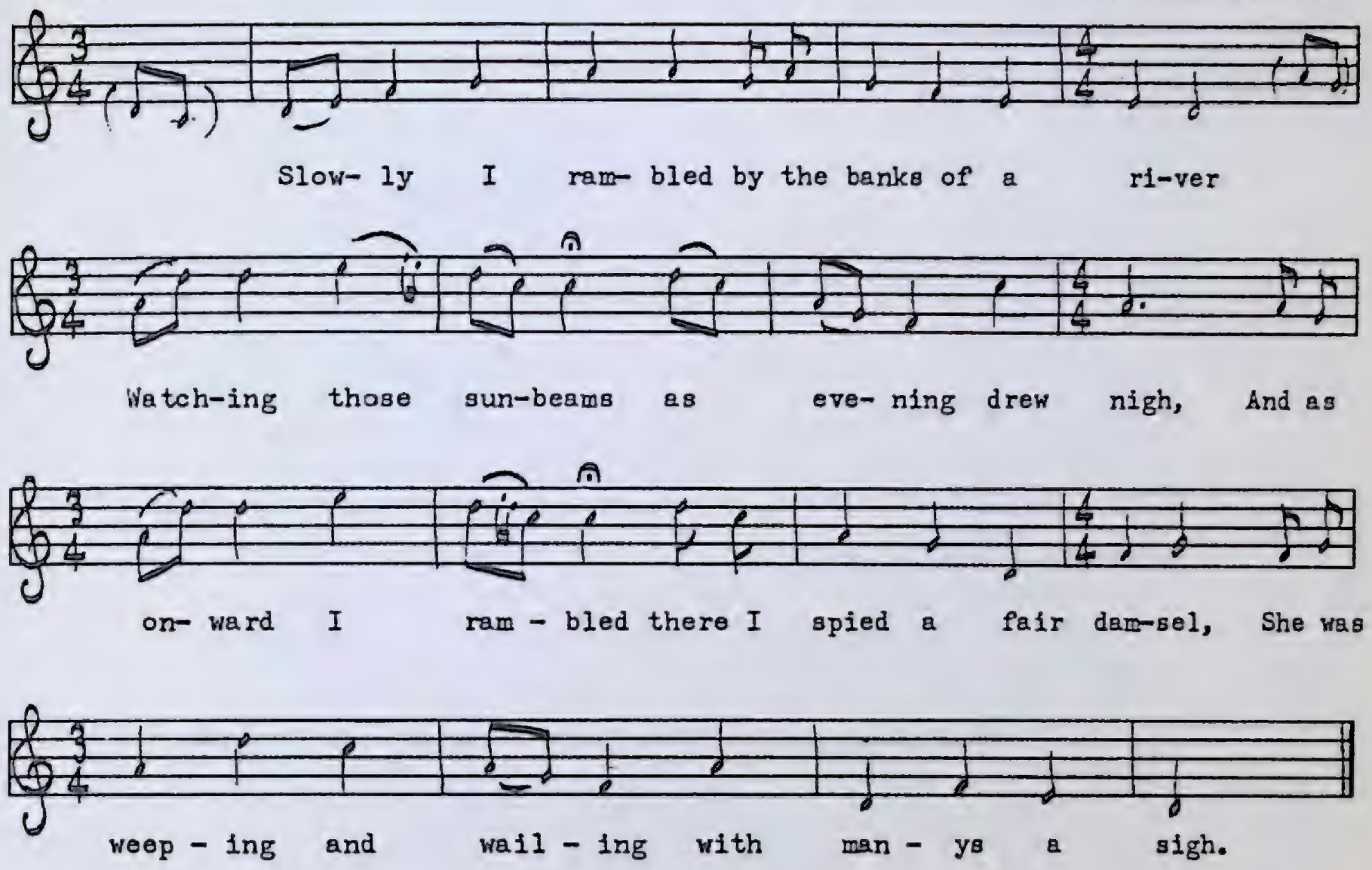
An almost exact reversal of the situation in *Lady Margaret* (*Sweet William's Ghost*). Certain stock situations and verses are common to several of these ancient Scottish and English ballads. Verses 3, 4, and 5 of this ballad, for example, find their counterparts in verses 19, 20, and 21 of *Lord Donald*. A stock character is the little foot-page who sneaks about eavesdropping on private conversations. In order to tell his master or mistress the bad news he must run several miles, swim across a river, run up to the castle gate, and dingle at the ring. Whereupon the waiting master or mistress invariably inquires, "What news, what news, my little foot-page?"—and he just as invariably answers, "Bad news, bad news." The predictable conventions of our horse-operas had their antecedents in medieval and Elizabethan balladry. As a matter of fact, two lines of this very ballad occur in Beaumont and Fletcher:

In glided Margaret's grimly ghost
And stood at William's feet.

Jimmy Whelan

A

PEA 192 No. 1142
Mrs. Mary Ann Galpin
Codroy, July, 1960



1. Slowly I rambled by the banks of a river
   Watching those sunbeams as evening drew nigh,
   And as onward I rambled there I spied a fair damsel,
   She was weeping and wailing with manys a sigh.
2. She was weeping for one that now lies a-mouldering,
   She was weeping for one that no mortal could save,
   For the dark rolling water rolls carelessly o'er him,
   And yonder it flows over young Jimmy's grave.
3. "Oh darling," she cries, "won't you come to my arms,
   Won't you come to my arms, love, from your cold silent grave?
   You promised you would meet me this evening dear Jimmy,
   For to wander alone by the side of the stream."
4. Then slowly there arose from the depths of the water
   A vision of sorrow so bright as the sun,
   And his robes were all crimson in the bright light around him,
   And to speak to that fair one then he did begin.
5. Saying, "Why did you call me from the rounds of bright glory?
   Back to this dark world not long can I stay,
   To embrace you once more dear in my cold loving arms,
   To guide and protect you from a cold silent grave.

6. "Hard was the struggle I had in dark waters
When those waters closed o'er me upon every side,
But in thinking on you dear I encountered it bravely
Hoping that some day, my love, you would be my bride."

7. She threw herself down on her knees then before him
A-sighing and sobbing her bosom did heave,
Saying, "Take me, oh take me 'long with you dear Jimmy
For to lie by your side in your cold silent grave."

8. "Darling," he said, "you have asked me a favor
That no mortal man on this earth can decree,
For death is a dagger that we all must pass under,
And wide is that gulf that flows between you and me.

9. "Now one more embrace, love, and then I must leave you,
One loving kiss, dear, and then we must part."
And cold were the arms he encircled around her,
And warm was the breath that she pressed to his heart.

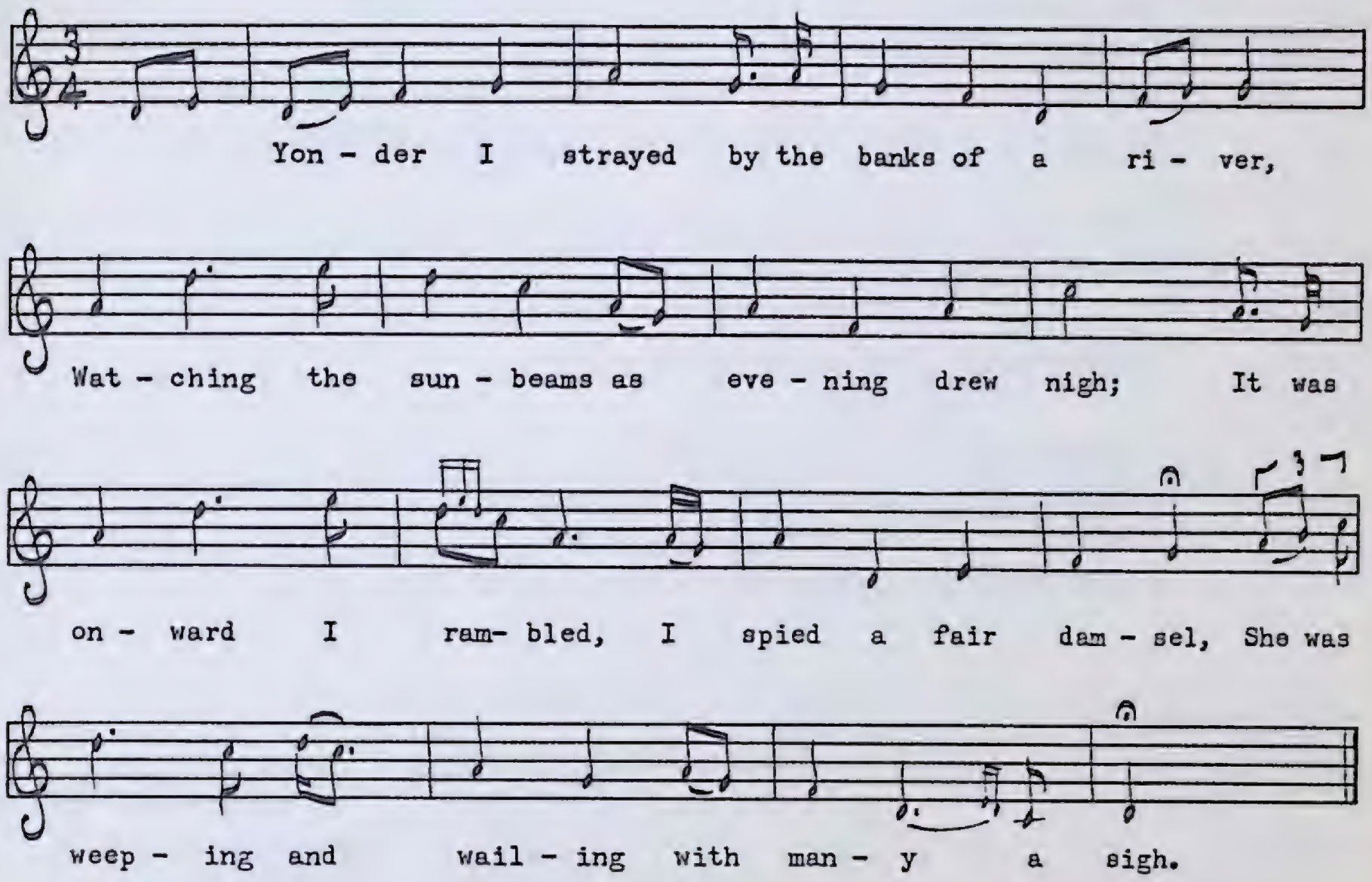
10. Then throwing herself down on her knees by the river
A-sighing and sobbing her bosom did heave,
Saying, "My dearest, my darling, my lost Jimmy Whelan,
I will cry till I die by the side of your grave."

11. She died there alone on the banks of the river
To be with her dear one whom she loved so well,
To meet him in heaven, her own Jimmy Whelan,
In that land oh so bright with him there to dwell.

B

MS 57
John Mahoney
Stock Cove, July, 1951

Slow, free time



1. Yonder I strayed by the banks of a river,
   Watching the sunbeams as evening drew nigh;
   It was onward I rambled, I spied a fair damsel,
   She was weeping and wailing with many a sigh.

2. She was weeping for one who is lying lowly,
   Weeping for one that no mortal could save;
   It was onward I rambled all along the sea-shore,
   Till I spied her gazing out on her own Jimmy dear.

3. "Jimmy," she cried, "Won't you come to me darlin'
   And give me sweet kisses like you oftentimes gave,
   And enfold me once more in your loving strong arms?
   "Jimmy," she cried, "Won't you come from your grave?"

4. Slowly he rose from the depths of the water,
   A vision of glory so bright as the sun;
   A circle of crimson around him had gathered,
   And to fondly embrace him she quickly did run.

5. "Why did you call me from the depths of the water,
Back to this cold world of strife and pain?
If not for your pleas for my arms to enfold you,
In the depths of the water I would ever have lain.

6. "Hard, hard was the struggle I had in the water,
Nothing, nothing on earth for my troubles to hide;
But thinking on you, love, I conquered them bravely,
In hopes that someday, love, you would be my bride."

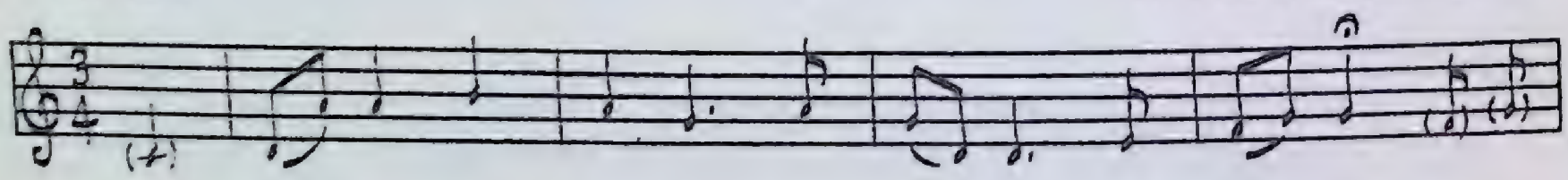
7. Then up in the blue heavens he seemed for to go,
Leaving this poor girl alone by the shore;
Leaving this poor girl so abject and lonely,
In her earthly abode to weep ever more.

8. Throwing herself on the ground she cried sadly,
And these were heartfelt cries that she gave:
"Since I've lost you, my Jimmy, my own Jimmy Whelan,
I will weep there and mourn by the side of your grave."

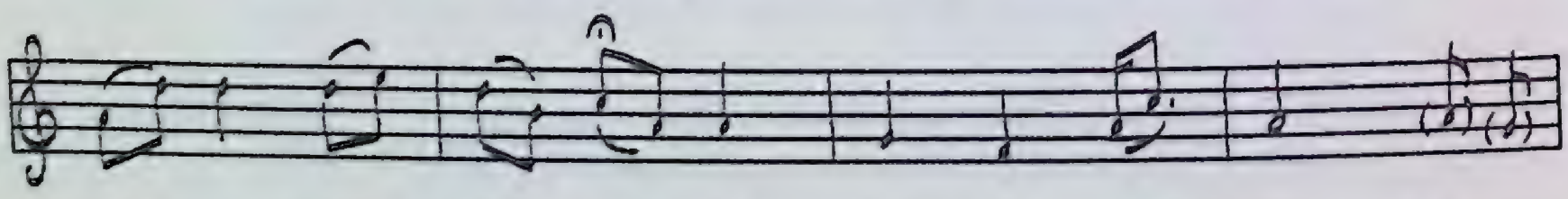
C

PEA 96 No. 760
Mrs. Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Very slow

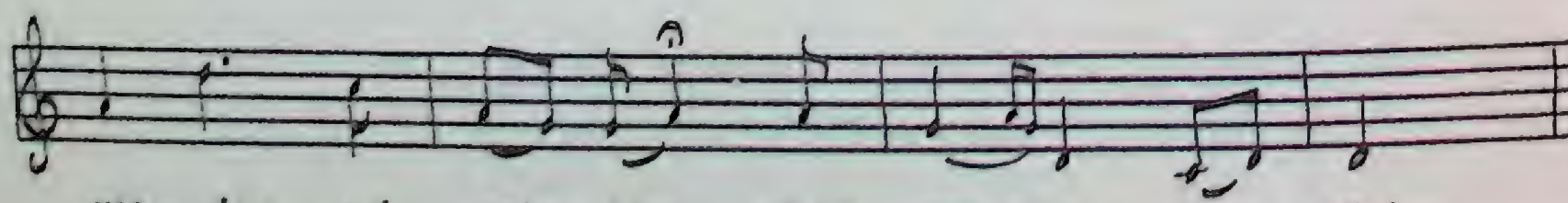


Slow- ly I strayed by the banks of the ri - ver,



Wat - ching those sun - beams as eve - ning drew near.(nigh)

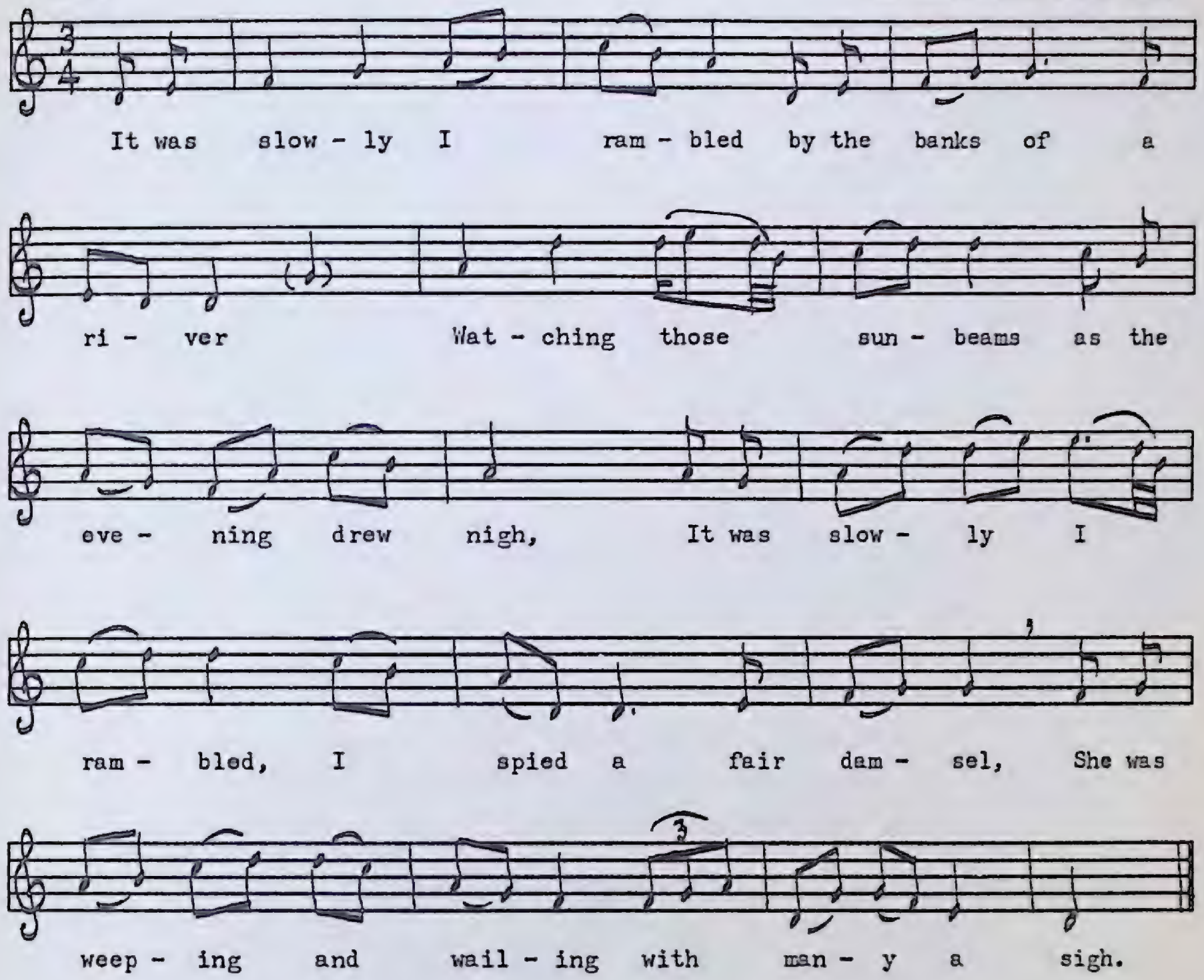
On - ward I ram - bled, I met a fair dam-sel, She was



wee - ping and wai - ling with man - y a sigh.

D

PEA 121 No. 867
Mrs. Wallace Kinslow
Isle aux Morts, June, 1959



This ballad is sometimes known as *The Lost Jimmy Whelan* to distinguish it from a logging ballad of the same title. The four Dorian tunes, all from the same root, provide interesting material for comparison. For example, the second phrase ends on the fifth degree of the scale in Western Newfoundland, and on the seventh in Eastern. In *The Ballad Book,* MacEdward Leach reasons that *Jimmy Whelan* is of American composition since no variants have been found in the Old World. But there are many similar examples scattered throughout the Newfoundland collection. The one that first comes to mind is *She's Like the Swallow,* a song which is obviously English, but which has been preserved only in Newfoundland. If the analogy holds, then *Jimmy Whelan* is of Irish origin. Its style and content place it in the ancient, magical European tradition. I can think of no native American ballad like it. The last verse of variant *A* was taken from *C*, the only variant that ended with the girl's actual death.

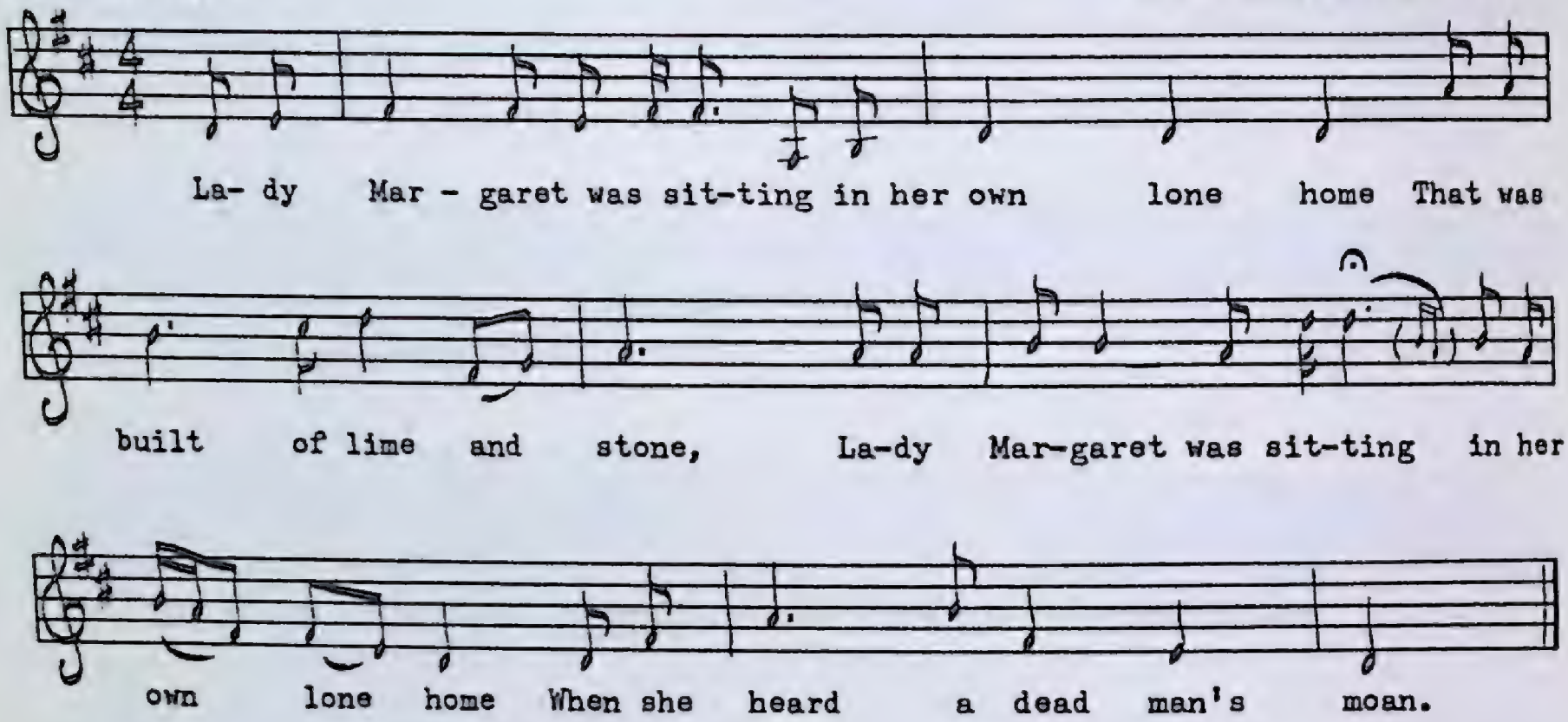
Lady Margaret

(Sweet William's Ghost, Child 77)

A

PEA 4 No. 23
Mike Kent
Cape Broyle, July, 1951

Moderately slow



1. Lady Margaret was sitting in her own lone home
   That was built of lime and stone,
   Lady Margaret was sitting in her own lone home
   When she heard a dead man's moan.

2. "Is it my father Thomas?" she said,
   "Or is it my brother John,
   Or is it my own true love sweet William
   From Scotland home has come?"

3. "'Tis not your father Thomas," he said,
   "'Tis not your brother John,
   But it is your true love sweet William
   From Scotland home has come."

4. "Did you bring to me any diamonds or pearls,
   Did you bring to me the ring,
   Did you bring to me any token at all
   That a true love ought to bring?"

5. "I have brought to you no diamonds or pearls,
   I have brought to you no ring,
   But I've brought to you my white winding sheet
   That my body was buried in."

6. "Oh love, where are your red rosy cheeks
That ofttimes used to bloom?"
"Oh they are rotten and now are forgotten
By the love I lost so soon."

7. He took her by the lily-white hand
And bid her company,
He took her by the apron band
Saying, "Follow, follow me."

8. She tucked her underskirts one by one
Just about her knee,
And over the hills on a cold winter's night
In a dead man's company.

9. They walked and they talked alone together
Till the cocks began to crow.
"It's time for the dead and the living to part,
Lady Margaret I must go."

10. "Is there any room at your head?" she said,
"Is there any room at your feet?
Is there any room about you at all
Where I may lie down and sleep?"

11. "My father is at my head," he said,
"And my mother is at my feet,
And there's three Hell Hounds lie about my side
Where my poor soul should sleep.

12. "One is for my drunkenness,
Another is for my pride,
And the other is for promising a fair pretty maid
That she should be my bride."

13. She took a cross all from her bosom,
And she smoted him on the breast
Saying, "Here's a token for you sweet William,
God grant you a happy night's rest."

14. "I am thankful to you Lady Margaret," he said,
"I am thankful unto you,
If the dead are bound to pray for the living
Then I am bound to pray for you.

15. "Good night, good night Lady Margaret," he said.
"Good night, good night," said she,
"I hope the very next time we do meet
In heaven we both shall be."

Ghostly visitations by departed lovers are an important part of the ancient balladeer's art. Though localized in North England and Scotland, this ballad has its roots in Scandinavian folklore. Child says that in Denmark it is known as *Faestemanden i Graven,* and in Sweden as *Sorgens Magt.* A German ballad called *Der Todte Freier* is also similar. Despite its popularity in Newfoundland, this fine traditional ballad has never been published before (or collected, to my knowledge) in Canada. For this reason I am reproducing six tunes for it, in spite of the fact that three of them stem from the same source. Instead of giving the complete texts which are all very similar, I have made a collation based largely on Mr. Kent's variant which is the most complete. Verses 2 to 6 inclusive are from Mrs. Nicolle's version; verse 7 from Mrs. Kinslow's and Mrs. Galpin's variants. Verses 8 to 14 are Mr. Kent's, and the last verse again from Mrs. Nicolle. Other variations in the texts follow.

Variant B: 6: *"Where are your red and your rosy cheeks*
You had when I parted from you?"
"The worms have eaten and the sand has decayed
My curly locks I've brought for you.".

Variant C: 11. *"My father is lying at the head of my grave,*
And my mother is lying at my feet,
There's three little lilies lies a-weeping for me,
I, poor girl, must lie down and sleep."

Variant E: 11. *"My father stands at the head of my grave,*
My mother is at my feet,
And my other sweetheart lies by my side,
They're all laid down to sleep."

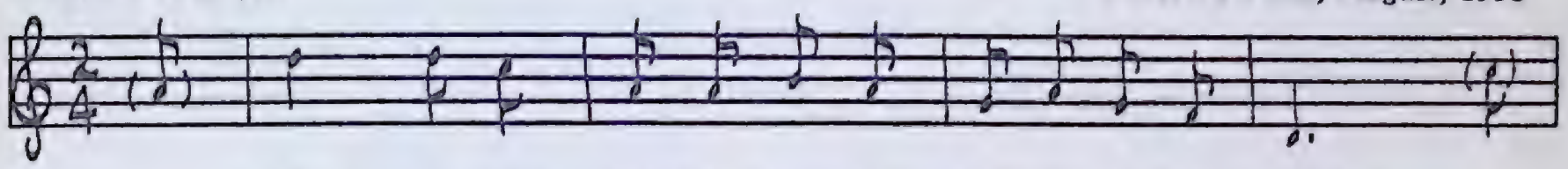
Variant F: 2. *"Is that my father the king," she said,*
"Or is it my brother John,
Or is it my true love Bernard
This night from Scotland's come?"

8. *She took her apron from her waist*
And wrapped it round her knee,
And o'er the hills and valleys she went
In a dead man's company.

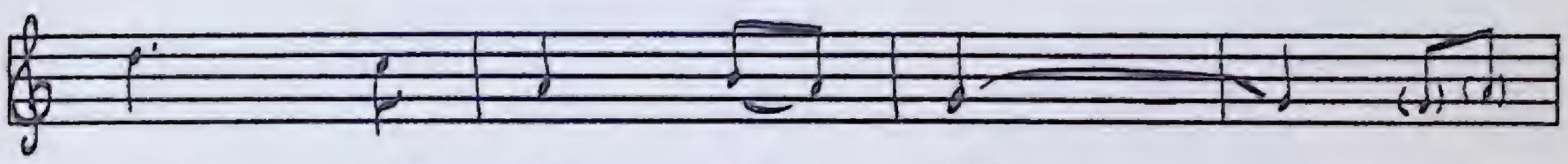
B

PEA 108 No. 813
Mrs. Charlotte Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1958

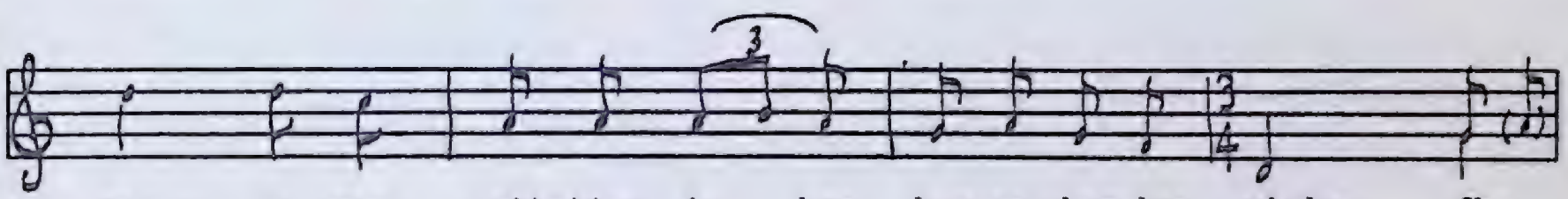
Moderately fast



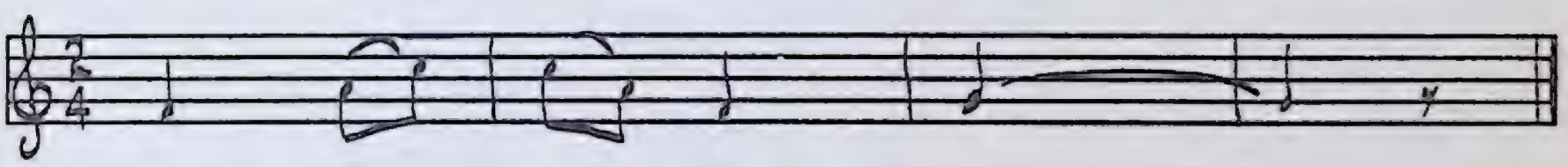
Mar - y was sit-ting in her bow-er cham-ber window



Look - ing all a - round,



Mar - y was sit-ting in her bow-er cham-ber window, She

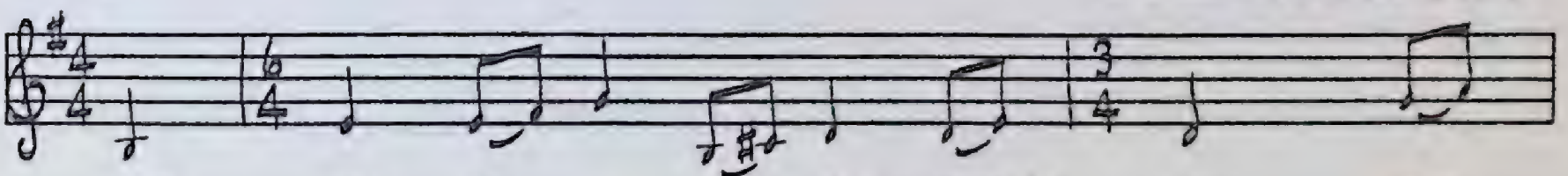


heard a dis - mal sound.

C

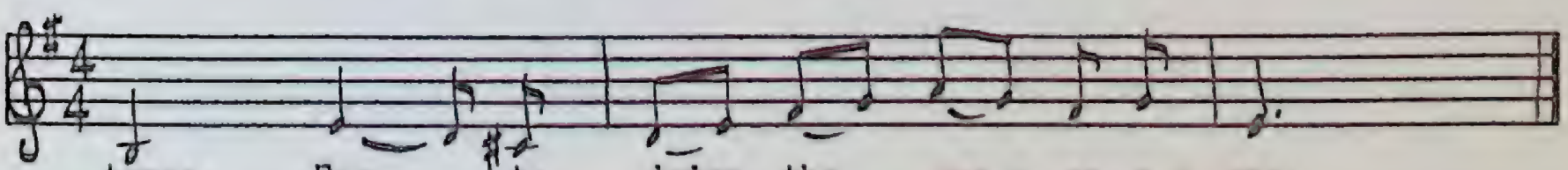
PEA 123 No. 876
Mrs. Wallace Kinslow
Isle aux Morts, June, 1959

Slow



The cat is up at Mar - garet's door Try-

ing to get at me; I am cal-ling for my youn-gest mis-

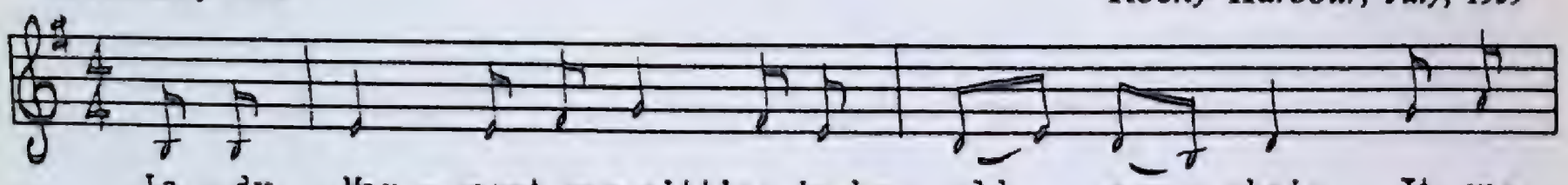


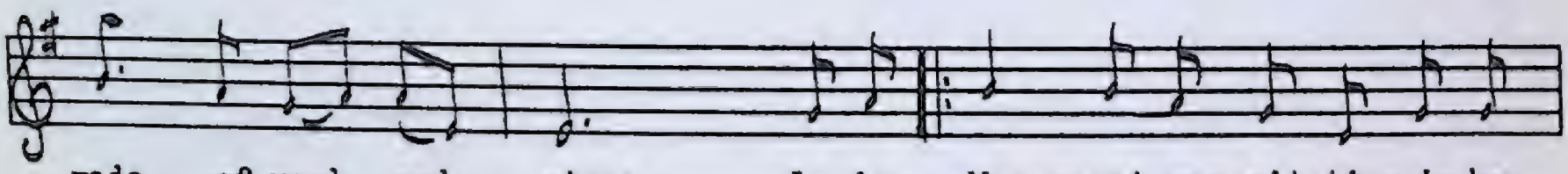
tress For to drive the pus - sy a - way.

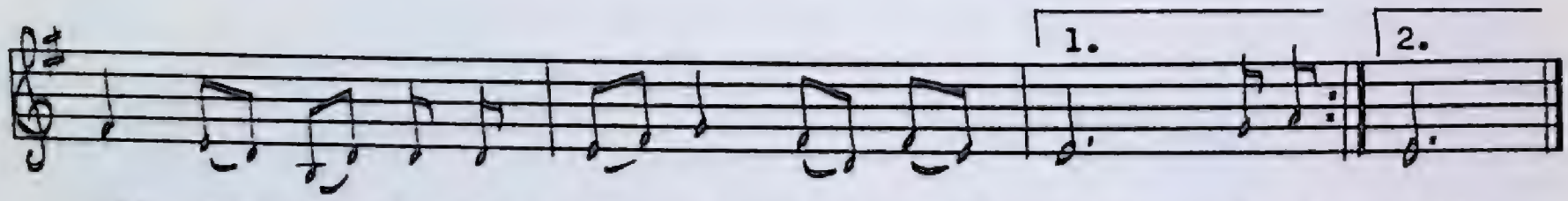
D

PEA 150 No. 985
Mrs. William Nicolle
Rocky Harbour, July, 1959

Moderately slow



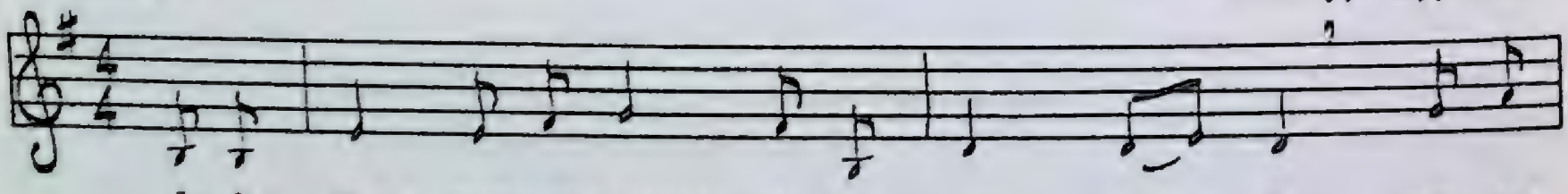


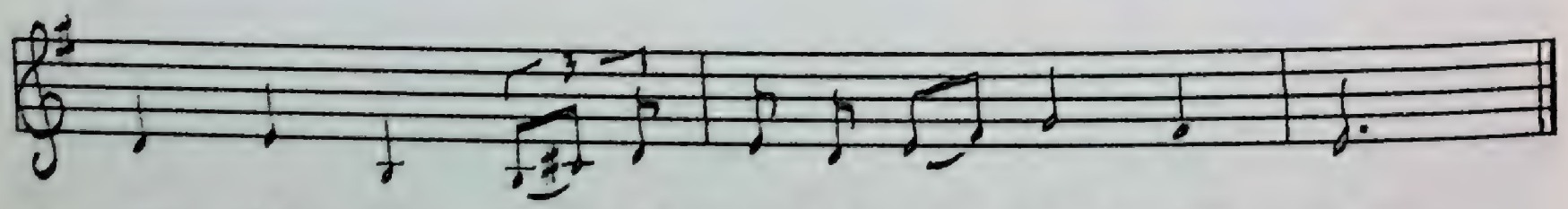


E

PEA 193 No. 1143
Mrs. Mary Ann Galpin
Codroy, July, 1960

Moderate

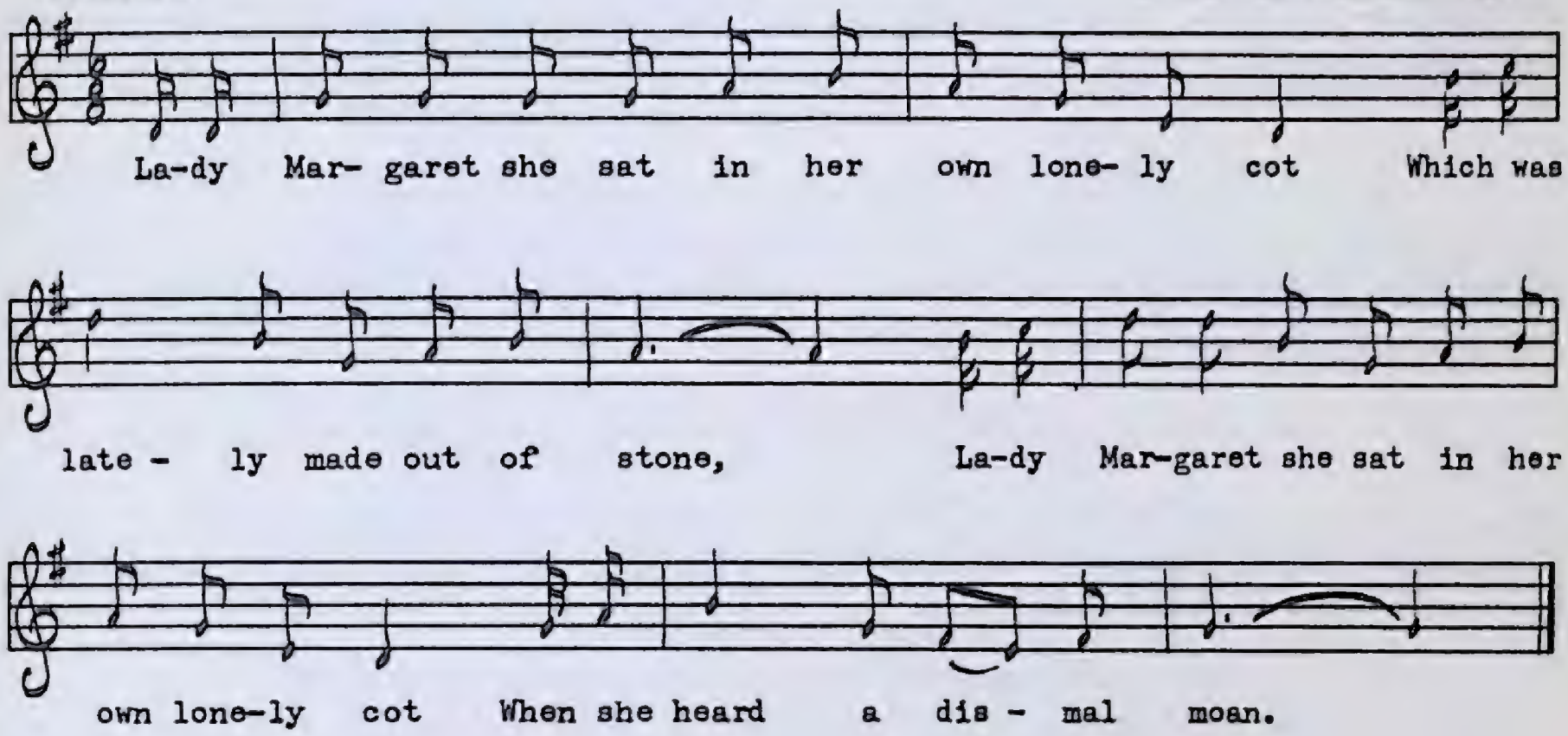




F

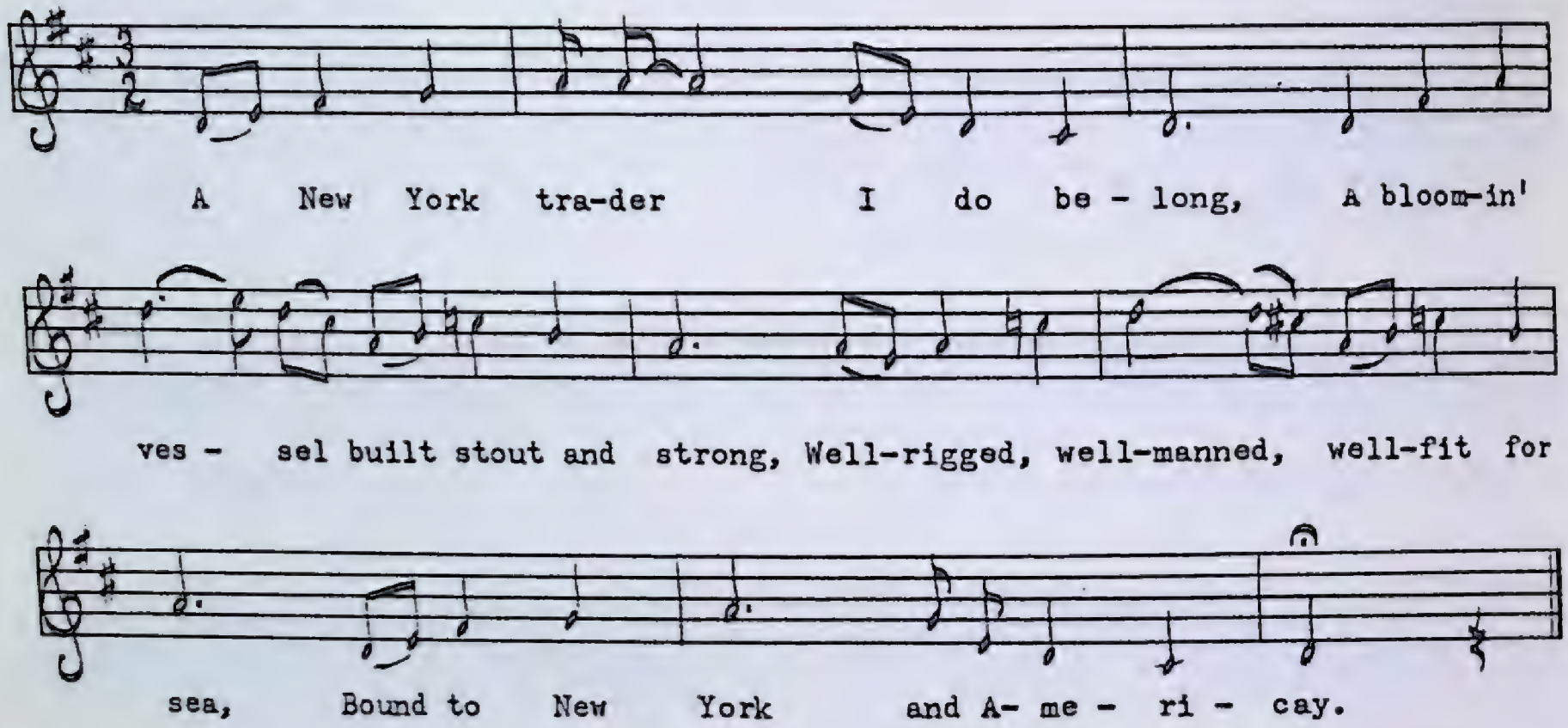
PEA 202 No. 1174
Mrs. Gerald S. Doyle
St. John's, October, 1961

Moderate



New York Trader

MS 87
Mrs. John Mahoney
Stock Cove, July, 1952



1. A New York trader I do belong,
   A bloomin' vessel built stout and strong,
   Well-rigged, well-manned, well-fit for sea,
   Bound to New York and Americay.

2. Our captain's name was William Gore,
   Our crew amounted to thirty-four,
   With hearts undaunted we sailed away,
   Bound to New York and Americay.

3. We were not long sailing over the deep,
   When the first of our sorrows we chanced to meet;
   The half of our ship's company,
   Was seized with sickness most suddenly.

4. One night our captain in his cabin lay,
   When a voice came to him and this did say:
   "Prepare yourself and ship's company,
   For tomorrow night you must lie with me."

5. Our captain woke in a dreadful fright,
   Being at the hour of twelve in the night,
   And to our bo's'n did loudly call,
   Unto him related his secrets all:

6. "When I in Wexford town did dwell,
   I killed my wife the truth I'll tell;
   I killed my wife and my children three,
   All through the means of cursed jealousy.

7. "And it's on my servant I laid the blame,
He was hung and quartered all for the same."
"Now cruel captain if this be so,
I pray let none of our ship's crew know.

8. "Now cruel captain, if this be so,
I pray let none of our ship's crew know."
But keep the secret close in your breast,
And pray to God for to grant you rest."

9. The sea washed over us both fore and aft,
Until scarce a man on our deck was left,
Our main mast split and our sail was torn,
The like was never known there before.

10. Until our bo's'n he did declare,
That our captain he was a murderer,
Which soon alarmed our whole ship's crew,
And they threw our captain overboard too.

11. No sooner than this deed was done,
The wind came down and began to lun,
When the wind came down and it calmed the sea,
And we sailed safe to Americay.

12. And when we came to an anchor there,
Our goodly ship for to repair,
The people amazed, such a sight to see,
A poor disabled ship-wrecked crew were we.

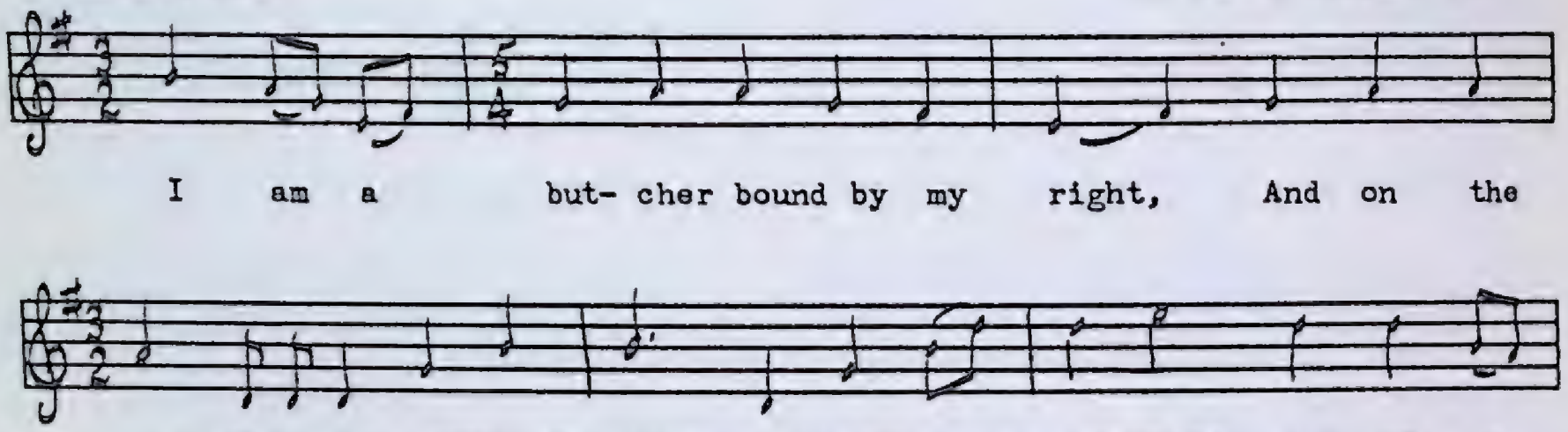
This is one of a series of ballads dealing with the exposure of a murderer on board ship by supernatural means. For other examples in this collection see *The Sea-Ghost* and *The Ship's Carpenter*. *New York Trader* has appeared in England under various broadside titles, and Roy Mackenzie has noted it in Nova Scotia.

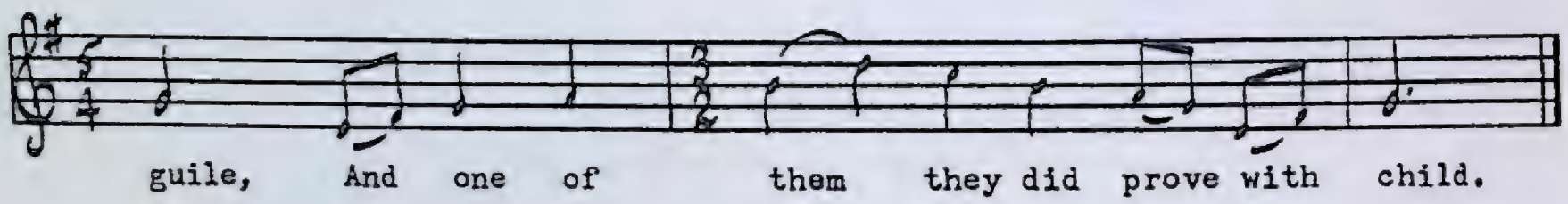
The Sea Ghost

A

PEA 110 No. 824
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Moderately slow





1. I am a butcher bound by my right,
   And on the ocean I took great delight,
   Till two young females did me beguile,
   And one of them they did prove with child.

2. The other one in discontent
   Down in some silent grove she went,
   All for to finish and end all strife,
   She cut the single sweet thread of life.

3. She hung herself up to a tree,
   And two men hunting they did her see;
   Her flesh with birds was beastly tore,
   Which grieved this young man's heart full sore.

4. They took a knife and cut her down,
   And in her bosom a note was found,
   A note was found, it was wrote in large:
   'Bury me not now I'll give you charge.'

5. 'I'll follow him on sea or shore,
   I'll follow him wherever he goes.'
   She did torment him and trouble him so,
   Unto the seas he was forced to go.

6. As he was up on the maintop high
   A little small boat he chanced to spy;
   A little small boat, a large crew of men,
   And a female ghost she stood up between.

7. 'Twas down below this young man goes
To tell the captain all of his foes.
"Captain, captain, my life defend,
Or a mighty spirit will carry my end."

8. 'Twas up on deck the captain goes
All for to face this young man's foes.
"Captain, captain, come tell me true,
Do such a man sail along with you?"

9. "'Twas in St. Tilley your young man died,
'Twas in St. Tilley his body lies."
"Captain, captain, don't say you so,
He's alive and living in your ship below."

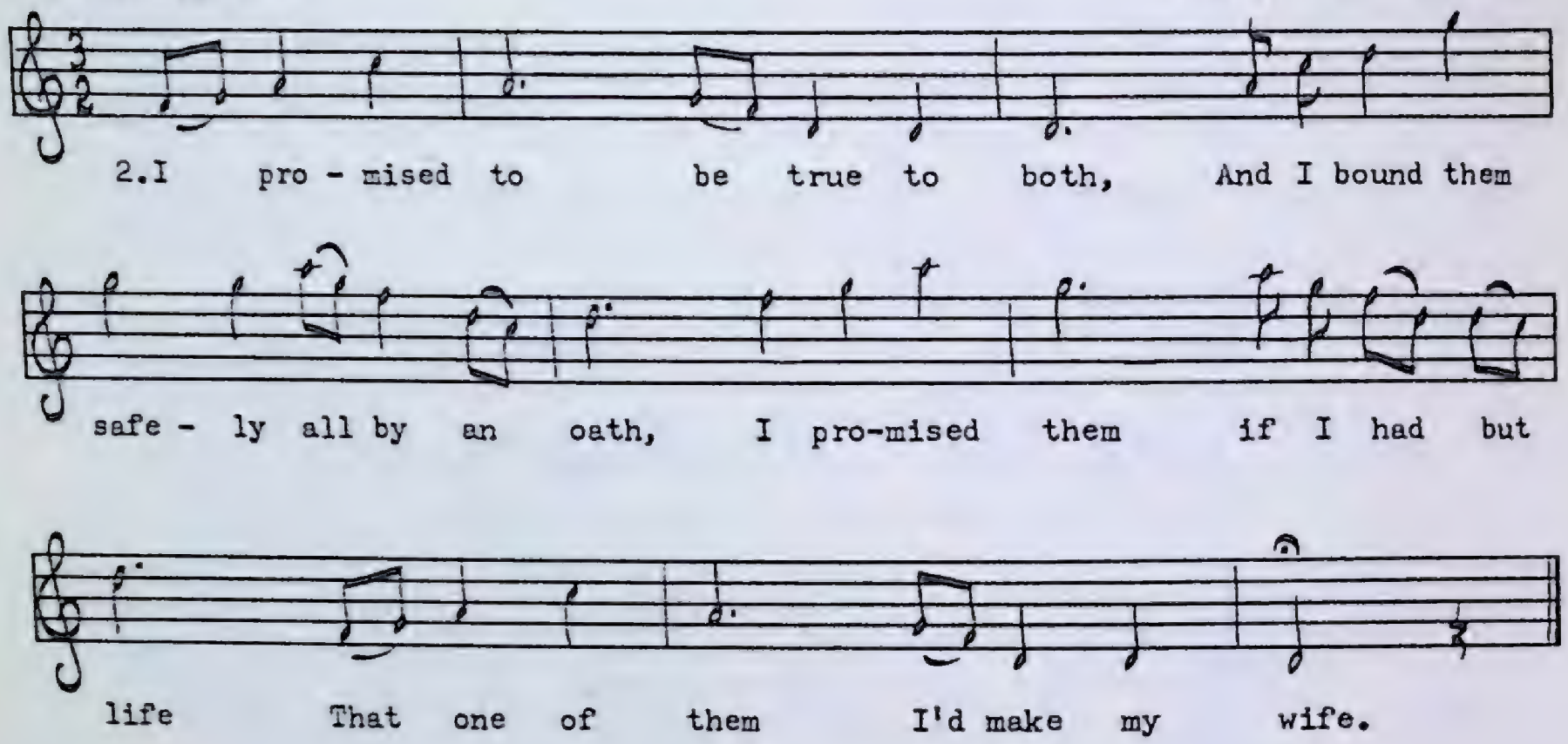
10. "If you do stand in his defense,
A mighty storm unto you I'll send;
It will cause you and your men to weep,
And leave you all sleeping in the deep."

11. 'Twas up on deck they forcèd him
To save the goodly ship and men;
She fixed her eyes on him so grim
Which made him tremble in every limb.

12. 'Twas in the boat they forcèd him
To save the goodly ship and men;
The boat went down in a flame of fire
Which caused those sailors much to admire.

B

PEA 17 No. 103
Howard Morry
Ferryland, July, 1952



1. Oh I am a sailor and home do write,
   And on the seas I take great delight,
   The females think they did me beguile,
   Till at length by two fair maids had child.

2. I promised to be true to both,
   And I bound them safely all by an oath,
   I promised them if I had but life
   That one of them I'd make my wife.

3. The other poor girl was left alone,
   Her sad misfortune for to atone,
   Saying, "You have done this dreadful thing,
   And a public shame upon me you bring."

4. A public shame for to prevent,
   To a shady grove this fair one went,
   And there to end all earthly strife,
   She cut the slender thread of life.

5. She hung herself down from a tree
   Where men out hunting did her see,
   They got a knife and they cut her down,
   And in her bosom a note they found.

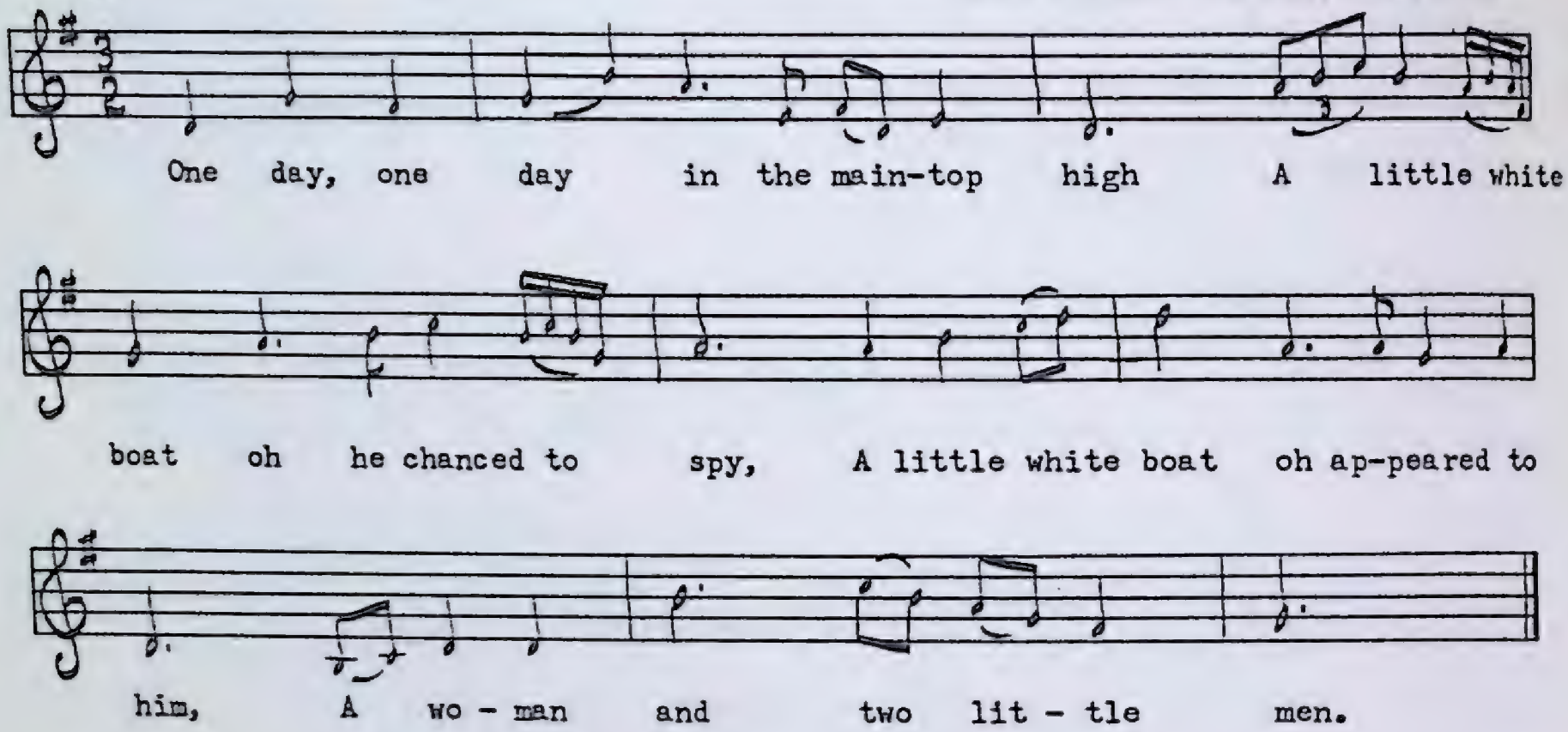
6. And this was written out in large:
   'Oh bury me not, I do discharge,
   But here on earth let my body lie,
   For maids to see as they pass by.'

7. 'And to take a warning all by my fate,
For to quit this folly 'fore it's too late.'
She swore that she'd torment him so,
And 'twas on the seas he was forced to go.

8. One day while climbing the main-top high,
A little boat he chanced to spy,
A little boat with a woman in,
May this young man tremble down every limb!

C

PEA 176 No. 1090
Joshua Osborne
Seal Cove, White Bay, June, 1960



1. One day, one day in the main-top high
   A little white boat oh he chanced to spy,
   A little white boat oh appeared to him,
   A woman and two little men.

2. Down decks, down decks oh this young man goes,
   Down decks, down decks oh to escape his foes,
   Saying, "Captain, captain stand my defence,
   For there is a ghost oh a-coming in."

3. Down decks, down decks oh the captain goes,
   He ordered this young man unto his foes.
   Where she fixed her eyes oh on him so grim
   Which made him tremble in every limb.

4. "Once I was a maid as you have known,
   And 'twas by you I was overthrown,
   Now I'm a ghost oh just come for thou,
   You balked me once but I'll have you now."

5. She took him oh all by the hand
   Down in this boat oh she made him stand,
   The boat went down in a flame of fire
   Which caused the captain for to admire.

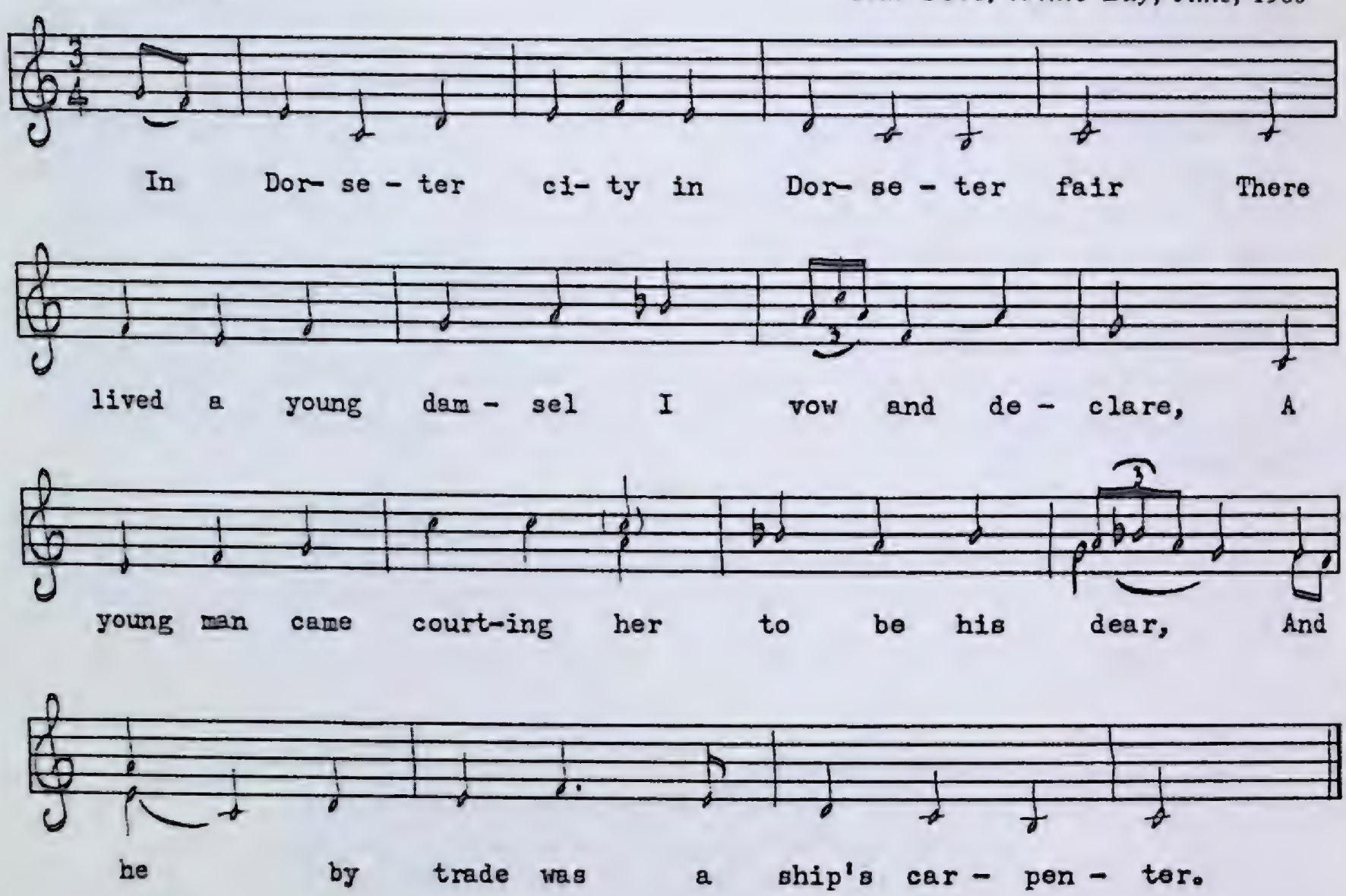
6. When she sank oh she rose again,
   And then she sang oh this mournful strain:
   "Captain and sailors I'll leave behind,
   Don't never prove false to young womankind."

This is another ballad dealing with supernatural agencies who uncover criminals at sea (See also *New York Trader* and *The Ship's Carpenter*). The English poet George Crabbe was obviously impressed with this tale, for he quoted the closing couplet (of variant *A*) several times throughout his lifetime. The ballad dates from the middle of the eighteenth century, and until the turn of the next century it appears to have enjoyed some popularity on the stage. Perhaps this is where Crabbe first heard it. At any rate, a fancy illustrated broadside appeared on March 25, 1805, entitled *The Sailor and the Ghost,* as sung by a trio of stage personalities. Roy Mackenzie collected a variant in Nova Scotia called *The Sailor's Tragedy* and is responsible for the above background information. Although variant *A* is the most complete of the Newfoundland versions, all have something to contribute to the ballad. The tune of *B* is the best, for example; and *C* has an extra closing verse not found in other variants. Those who wish to use a complete version of the ballad will no doubt make their own collation of the texts.

The Ship's Carpenter

PEA 177 No. 1094
Joshua Osborne
Seal Cove, White Bay, June, 1960

Moderately fast



PEA 15 No. 86
Gordon Willis
St. John's, July, 1952

1. In Dorseter city, in Dorseter square,
   There lived a fair damsel I vow and declare,
   A young man came courting her for to be his dear,
   And he by his trade being a ship's carpenter.

2. It was early one morning oh long before day,
   He came to his Polly those words he did say:
   "Come arise pretty Polly-o and come along with me,
   Before we get married our friends for to see."

3. He led her through bushes and valleys so deep
   Till at length pretty Polly began for to weep,
   Saying, "Billy, oh Billy-o, you're leading me astray,
   Your purpose my innocent life to betray."

4. "It's true, it's true, those words you do say,
   For all this long night I've been digging your grave,
   There's a grave lying open and a spade standing by,
   Oh it's into the grave that your body shall lie."

5. "Come pardon, come pardon, come pardon my life,
And I'll never covet for to be thy wife,
Though sail the world 'round for to set you free,
If you will but pardon my baby and me."

6. "No pardon, no pardon, there's no time to stand!"
For instantly taking a knife in his hand,
He stuck her, he stabbed her till the blood from her flowed,
And into the grave her fair body he throwed.

7. Oh he covered her over so neat and secure,
Not thinking this murder would be found he was sure,
Went on board of his ship for to sail the world 'round,
Not thinking this murder would ever be found.

8. Now we had a brave steward of courage so bold,
One night happened late to go in the ship's hold,
When a beautiful damsel to him did appear,
And she in her arms held an infant so dear.

9. Being merry with liquor for to go embrace
The transport of joy he beheld in her face
'Twas then in an instant she vanished away—
He then told our captain without more delay.

10. Our captain he summoned the ship's noble crew
Saying, "Now my brave boys I'm afraid one of you
Have murdered some damsel 'fore we came away,
Her trouble goes 'gainst us now 'ere on the sea.

11. "Well now if he's here the truth he'll deny,
When found out shall hang on our yard-arm so high,
But if he confesses his life we won't take,
But land him all on the first island we meet."

12. Oh then up speaks a sailor saying, "'Deed it's not me."
And up spoke another, the same he did say,
When up jumps young Billy-o saying, "'Deed it's not me!"
And this they all said through the ship's company.

13. As Billy was returning from the captain with speed,
He met his dear Polly which made his heart bleed;
She ripped him, she stripped him, she tore him in three,
Because he had murdered her baby and she.

14. "Now your trouble's all over," this ghost she did say,
"For since I have taken your murder away,
May the heavens protect you that you all may agree,
And bring you safe home to your own countery."

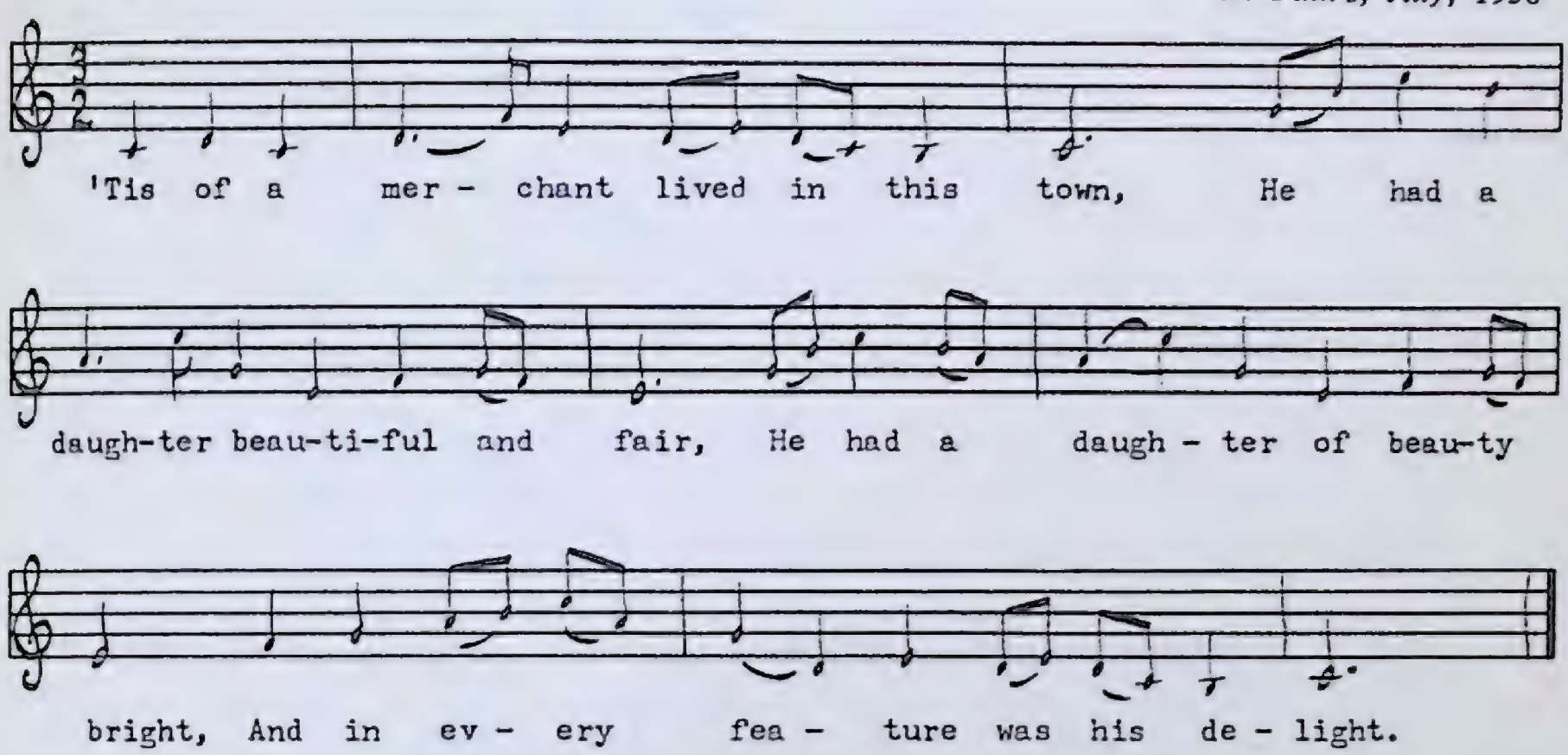
Three variants of this sea ballad were noted, all very similar, though Mr. Willis knew the longest text. The earliest known text was printed in

London about 1750 and was called *The Gosport Tragedy, or Perjured Ship's Carpenter*. It has been found in several areas in the United States, but the best and most complete texts come from Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.

The Suffolk Miracle

(Child 272)

PEA 89 No. 729
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1958



1. 'Tis of a merchant lived in this town,
   He had a daughter beautiful and fair,
   He had a daughter of beauty bright,
   And in every feature was his delight.

2. Both lords and squires came to court this maid,
   But none of them could her favour gain,
   Till at length a lad of a low degree
   Came a-courting her and she fancied he.

3. But when her father he came to know,
   It was four score miles she had to go,
   It was four score miles this young girl was sent
   To her uncle's house at her discontent.

4. This young man waited but 'twas in vain,
   He knew she would never return again,
   And with a grievèd heart he down did lie
   To mourn his love and so soon to die.

5. As she was up in her room so high
   She heard a voice, a most dismal cry,
   She heard a voice, a most dismal sound:
   "Do unlock those doors that you have so fast bound."

6. Her mother's mantle she did quickly view,
Her father's broadsword, a safeguard too.
He said, "My dear, 'tis for you I am come,
By your father's orders you must go home."

7. 'Twas on his horse she did mount behind,
She rode more faster than the wind.
As they rode along oh those words did say:
"Hark, my valiant Esther, oh my head do ache."

8. A holland handkerchief she then took out,
She bound his head then all round about.
"Unlight, my jewel, and go to bed,
I will see that your horse in his stable is fed."

9. Oh when she came to her father's door,
Her father was standing all on the floor.
She said, "Father dear, did you send for me
Oh by such a messenger, kind sir?" said she.

10. Her father knowing that young man was dead,
His hair all stood on end on his head;
He wrung his hands and cried mortal sore,
But this young man's father cried more and more.

11. Early next morning this young girl arose,
And straight unto the grave-yard she goes;
She rose the corpse that laid five days dead,
With a holland handkerchief tied round his head.

12. Come all young girls now a warning take,
Your own true lover don't never forsake,
For mine is dead and he's gone from me,
And his face no more I shall never see.

Mrs. Wallace Kinslow, Isle Aux Morts, with Kenneth Peacock

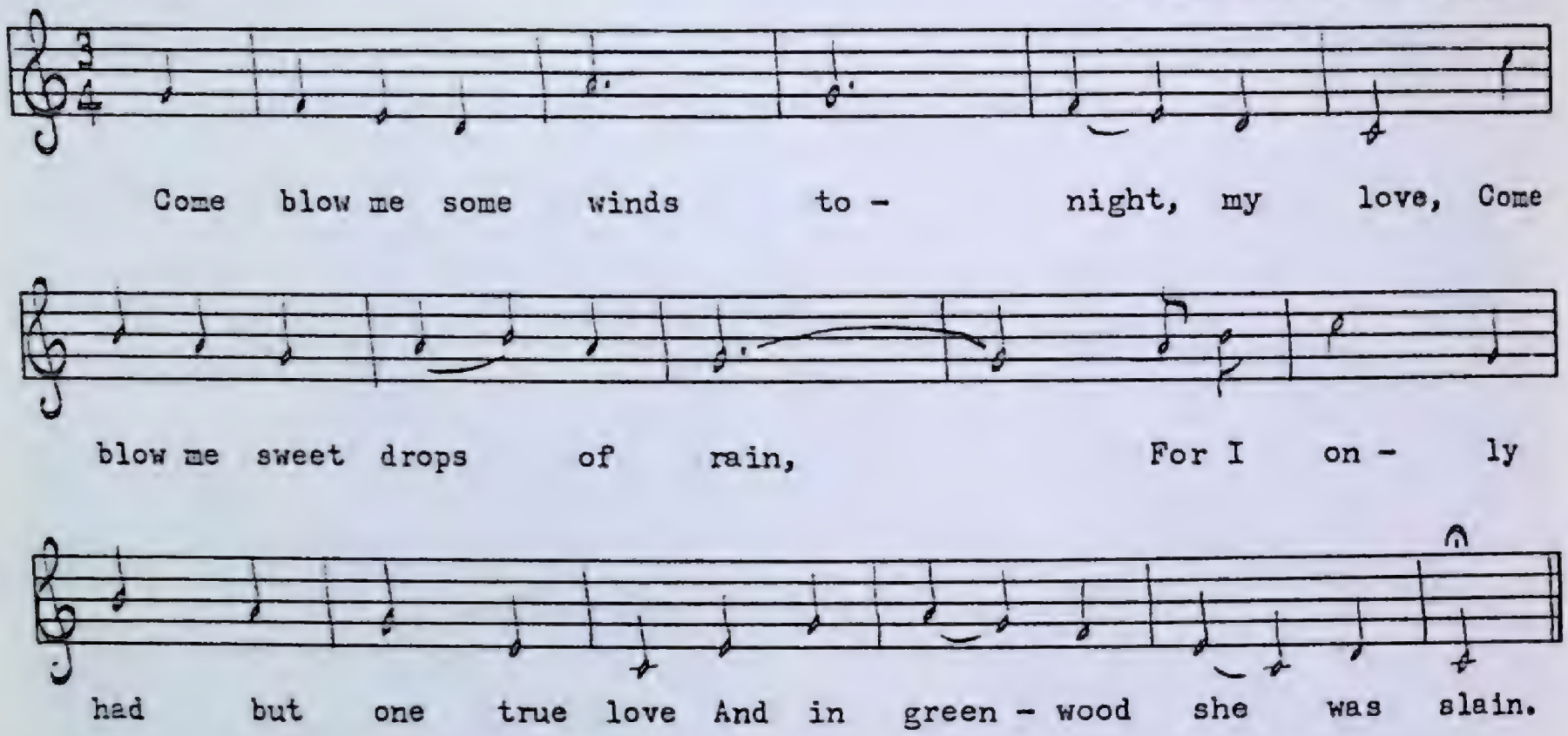
The Unquiet Grave

A

PEA 169 No. 1068
PEA 119 No. 862

Tune: Jim Keeping, Burnt Islands
Text: Jim Keeping, June, 1960
Mrs. Wallace Kinslow
Isle aux Morts, June, 1959

Moderate



1. Come blow me some winds tonight, my love,
   Come blow me sweet drops of rain,
   For I only had but one true love
   And in greenwood she was slain.

2. For I can do as much for my true love
   As any young man can say,
   I'll sit and mourn all round her grave
   For a twelve-month and one day.

3. When the twelve-month and one day were past
   Her spirit began to speak:
   "What makes you mourn all round my grave,
   For you will not let me sleep."

4. "Just one more kiss from your sweet lips,
   That is all I do crave,
   If I could once kiss your sweet lips
   Then I'd go straight from your grave."

5. "My lips are cold tonight sweetheart,
   My breath it smells earthy and strong,
   If you get one kiss from my cold lips
   Your time it won't be long.

6. "Go fetch me an egg from the billows so deep,
Or water out of a stone,
Or milk all from a fair maid's breast
Where the fair maid never had none."

7. "How can I fetch you an egg from the billows so deep,
Or water out of a stone,
Or milk all from a fair maid's breast
Where the fair maid never had none?"

8. "You go down in some yonder green grove
Where true loves used to walk,
And there you'll find so fine a flower
All withered unto the stalk.

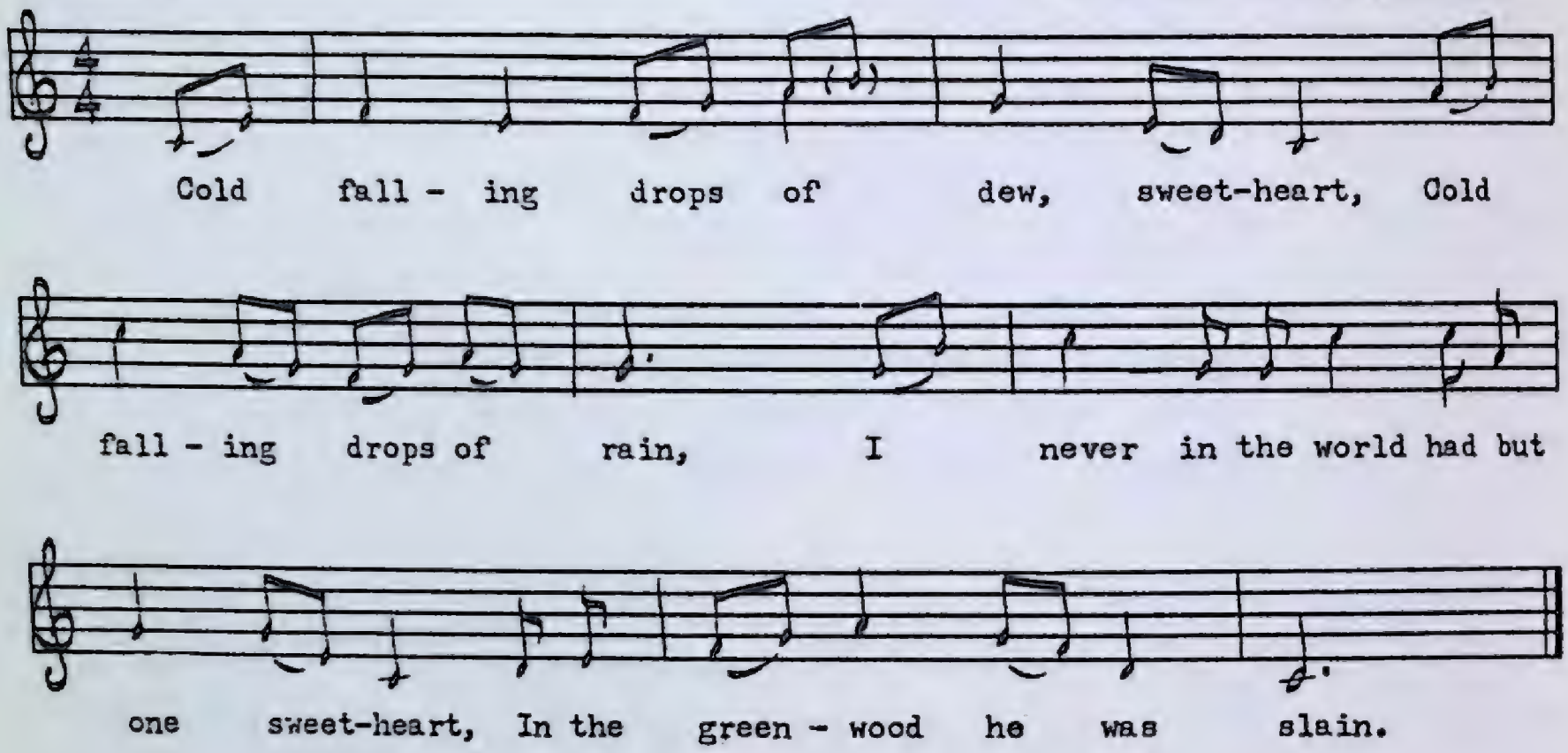
9. "All withered unto the stalk, sweetheart,
And the leaves are all withered and gone,
And I must leave you and die, fair girl,
And go straight to my home."

B

(Cold Falling Drops of Dew)

PEA 165 No. 1050
George Decker
Rocky Harbour, August, 1959

Moderate



1. Cold falling drops of dew, sweetheart,
   Cold falling drops of rain,
   I never in the world had but one sweetheart,
   In the greenwood he was slain.

2. I will do as much for my true love
   As any fair girl so gay,
   I will sit and mourn all on his grave
   For a twelve-month and a day.

3. When the twelve-month and a day were past
   This young man rose to speak:
   "What keeps you here lying on my grave
   And will not let me sleep?"

4. "What do you ask, what do you crave,
   What do you ask of me?"
   "One kiss, one kiss from your lily-white lips,
   That's all I ask of thee."

5. "My lily-white lips are as cold as clay,
   And my breath is vile and strong,
   If you take one kiss from my lily-white lips
   Your time it won't be long.

6. "It was down in yonder valley, sweetheart,
Where you and I used to walk,
And the fairest flower you and I used to pick
Is withered unto the stalk.

7. "All withered unto the stalk, sweetheart,
And the roots have now decayed,
And I must leave you in this wide world
And go into my grave."

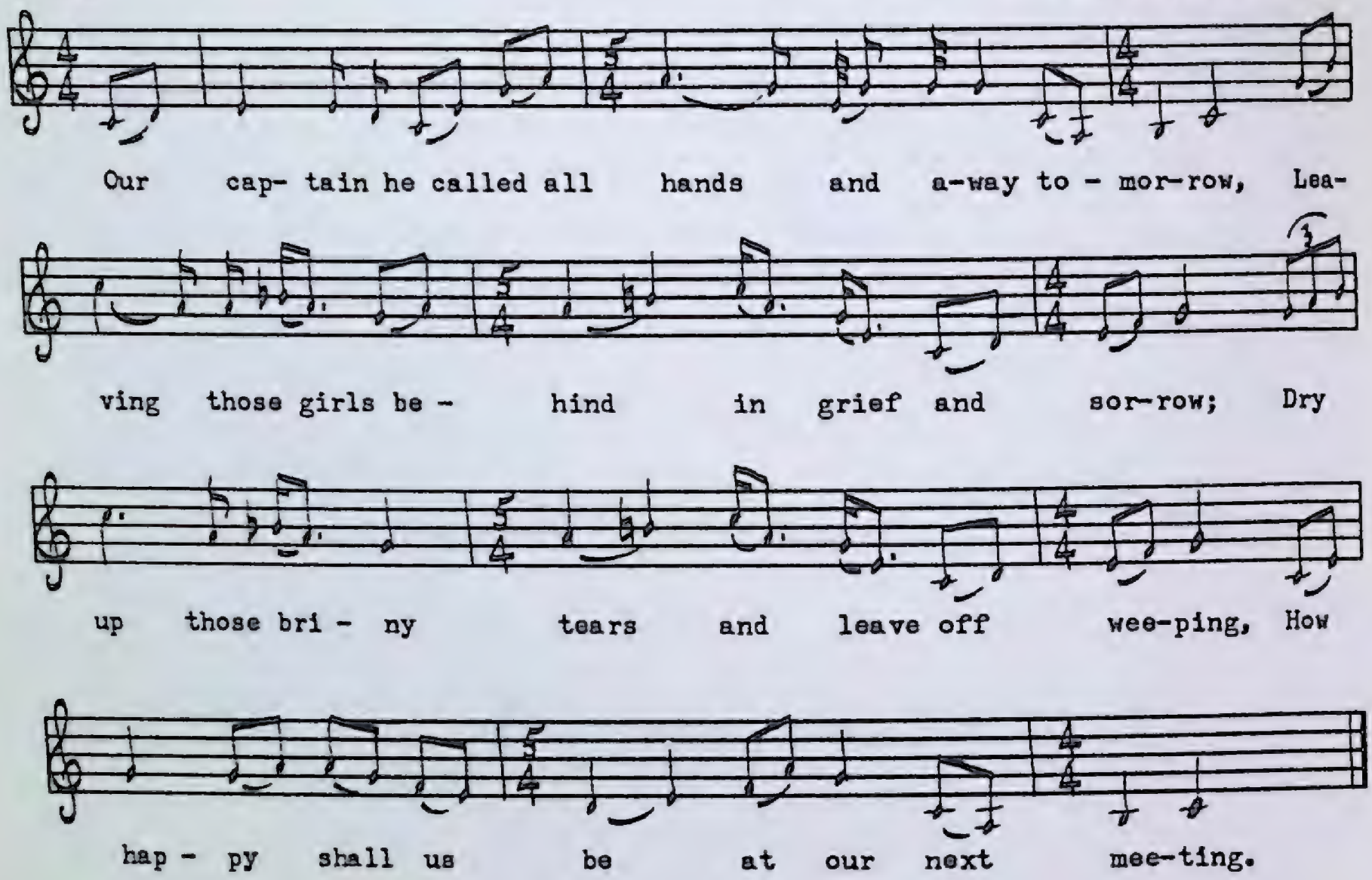
The tunes of all three variants are similar, though Mr. Decker's has a duple pulse. His variant is more unusual in having the girl mourn by her lover's grave. The texts of the *A* variant are very similar and were collated to give the best wording. There is a widespread superstition right across Asia and Europe that prolonged and excessive grieving disturbs the peace of the dead. The lovely 'lover's-task' verses (6 and 7) of variant *A* are not found in Professor Child's variants, though one of the variants in the Sharp MSS. contains a similar verse.

Love Laments

All Hands Away Tomorrow

PEA 104 No. 795
Mrs. Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Slow



1. Our captain called all hands and away tomorrow,
   Leaving those girls behind in grief and sorrow;
   Dry up those briny tears and leave off weeping,
   How happy shall us be at our next meeting.

2. "What makes you go abroad fighting for strangers?
   Why don't you stay on shore free from all danger?
   I will roll you in my arms, my dearest jewel,
   So stay on shore with me, love, don't prove cruel."

3. Down on the ground she fell like one a-dying,
   Spreading her arms abroad saying and sighing:
   "There is no belief in men, not my own brother,
   So girls if you can love, love one another.

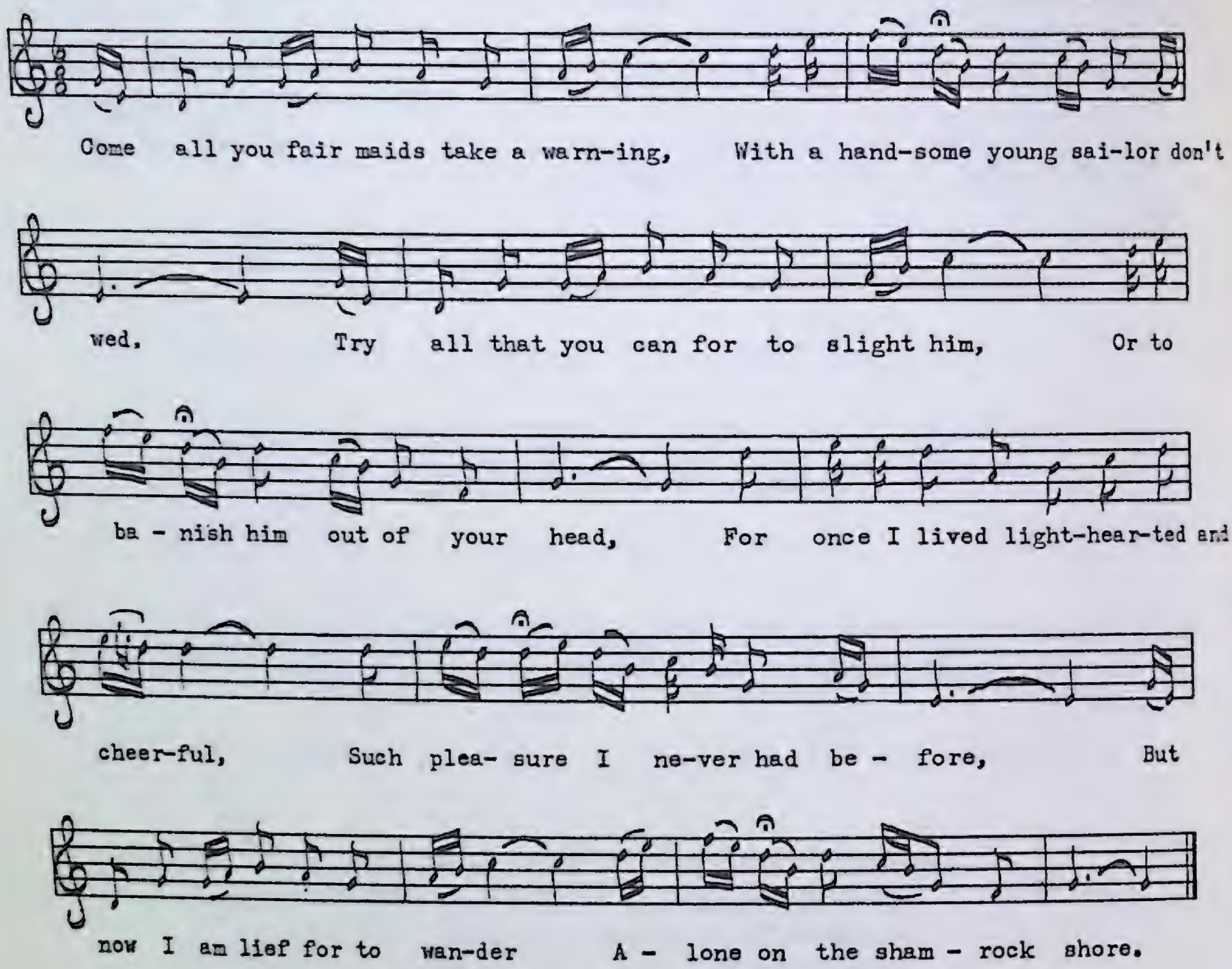
4. "Fare you well my dear friends all, father and mother,
   'Tis your only daughter dear, you have no other,
   'Tis in vain to weep for me for I am going
   To seek the lad I love, he proved my undoing,
   'Tis in vain to weep for me for I am going
   To everlasting joy where fountains flowing."

The Cecil Sharp manuscripts contain two versions of this song collected in England in 1904 and 1908. Vaughan Williams noted a tune for it which he says was adapted from the Bunyan hymn *He Who Would Valiant Be.* I am not familiar with this apparently well-known hymn, but this Newfoundland tune does sound unusually 'hymny' for a folk song. Perhaps it is related to the one Vaughan Williams noted. The text is very similar to the Sharp variants, though a little more complete. Another almost identical variant was noted from Arthur Nicolle in Rocky Harbour, and the last two lines of the text are his. Mrs. Freeman's tune was used because the occasionally flattened sevenths make it a little more interesting.

Alone on the Shamrock Shore

PEA 191 No. 1139
Mrs. Mary Ann Galpin
Codroy, July, 1960

Moderately slow



1. Come all you fair maids take a warning,
With a handsome young sailor don't wed,
Try all that you can for to slight him,
Or to banish him out of your head,
For once I lived light-hearted and cheerful,
Such pleasure I never had before,
But now I am lief for to wander
Alone on the shamrock shore.

2. It is down by the banks of the water
My father's grand castle do stand,
And there like a lark in the morning
Contented there my time I did spend,
Till a sailor first entered our dwelling,
Such pleasure I never had before,
But now he has left me to wander
Alone on the shamrock shore.

3. We kissed and we courted each other
Till at length he had won my fond heart,
We got married unknown to my father,
And we vowed that we never would part.
But to Spain he was now called to battle,
And I'll not behold him no more,
And this was the cause of him leaving me
Alone on the shamrock shore.

4. 'Twas in Portsmouth their ship lay at anchor,
On board my young sailor did belong,
He had a trifle dispute with his captain
And condemnèd he was to be hung.
And they hung my love up on the yard-arm
And I'm to behold him no more,
And this is the cause of him leaving me
Alone on the shamrock shore.

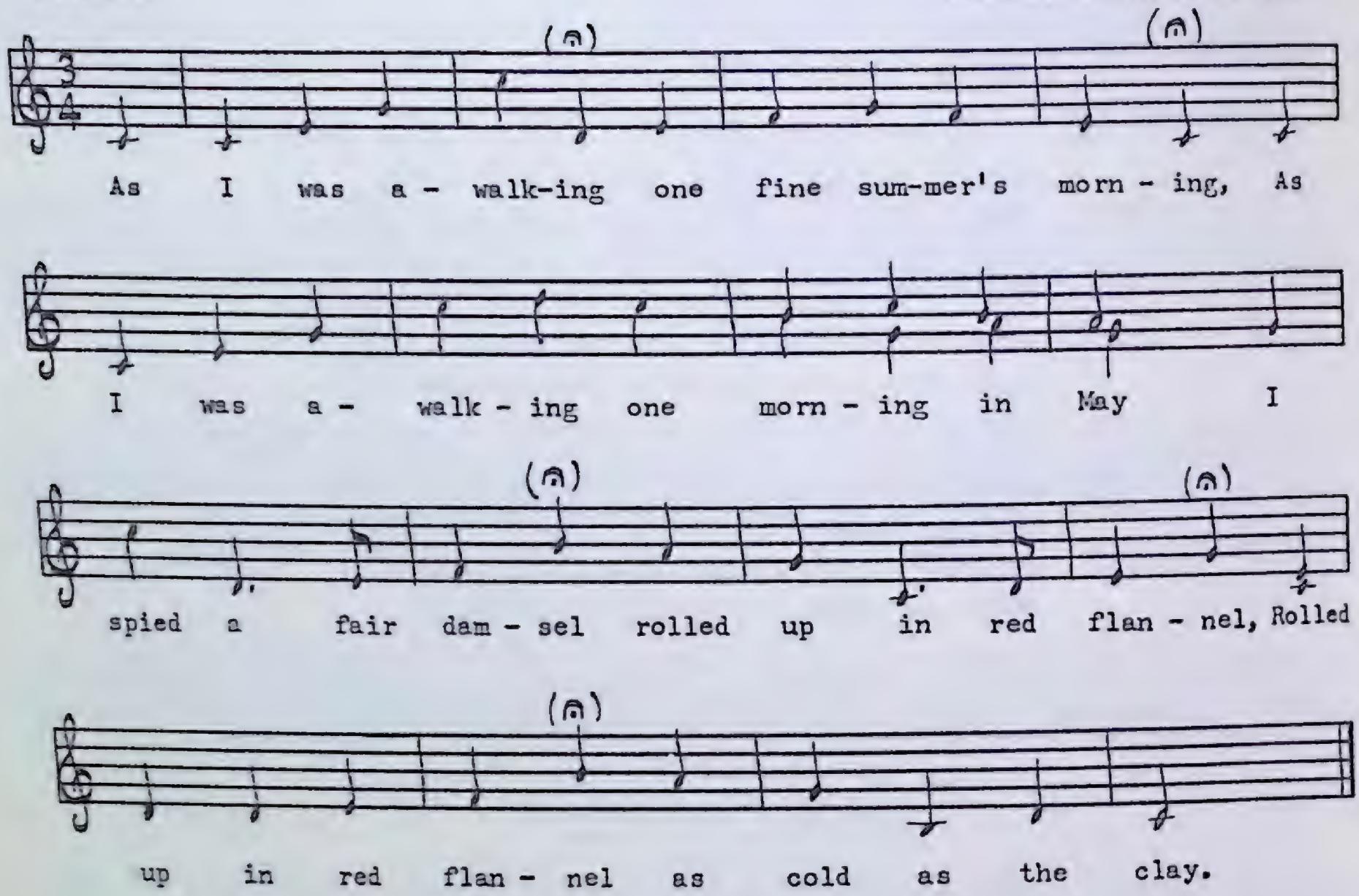
5. So I'll press my tender babe to my bosom
Hoping that kind fortune will him restore,
Since his father's no more in my arms,
He's no more on the shamrock shore.

Annie Franklin

(The Bad Girl's Lament)

PEA 126 No. 886
Mrs. Wallace Kinslow
Isle aux Morts, June, 1959

Moderate



1. As I was a-walking one fine summer's morning,
   As I was a-walking one morning in May
   I spied a fair damsel rolled up in red flannel,
   Rolled up in red flannel as cold as the clay.

2. "Mother, dear mother, come sit down beside me,
   Sit down beside me, a story I'll tell,
   My poor head is aching, my sad heart is breaking,
   Oh mother, dear mother, I know I've done wrong.

3. "Mother, dear mother, take care of the baby,
   Teach her and guide her along the right way,
   When she gets sixteen please tell her my story,
   'Twas of her young mother who was led astray.

4. "Mother, dear mother, please send for the doctor,
   Send for the priest to pray over me,
   Send for that young man who stands on the corner,
   For he was the young man who led me astray."

5. He stands on the corner, he sees the corpse passing,
"There goes the girl whom I led astray."
First to the barroom and next to the dance hall,
Up to the hospital and down to her grave.

6. "Here lies the form of a girl who was handsome,
Here lies the form of a girl who was gay,
Here lies the form of sweet Annie Franklin,
And she was the young girl whom I led astray."

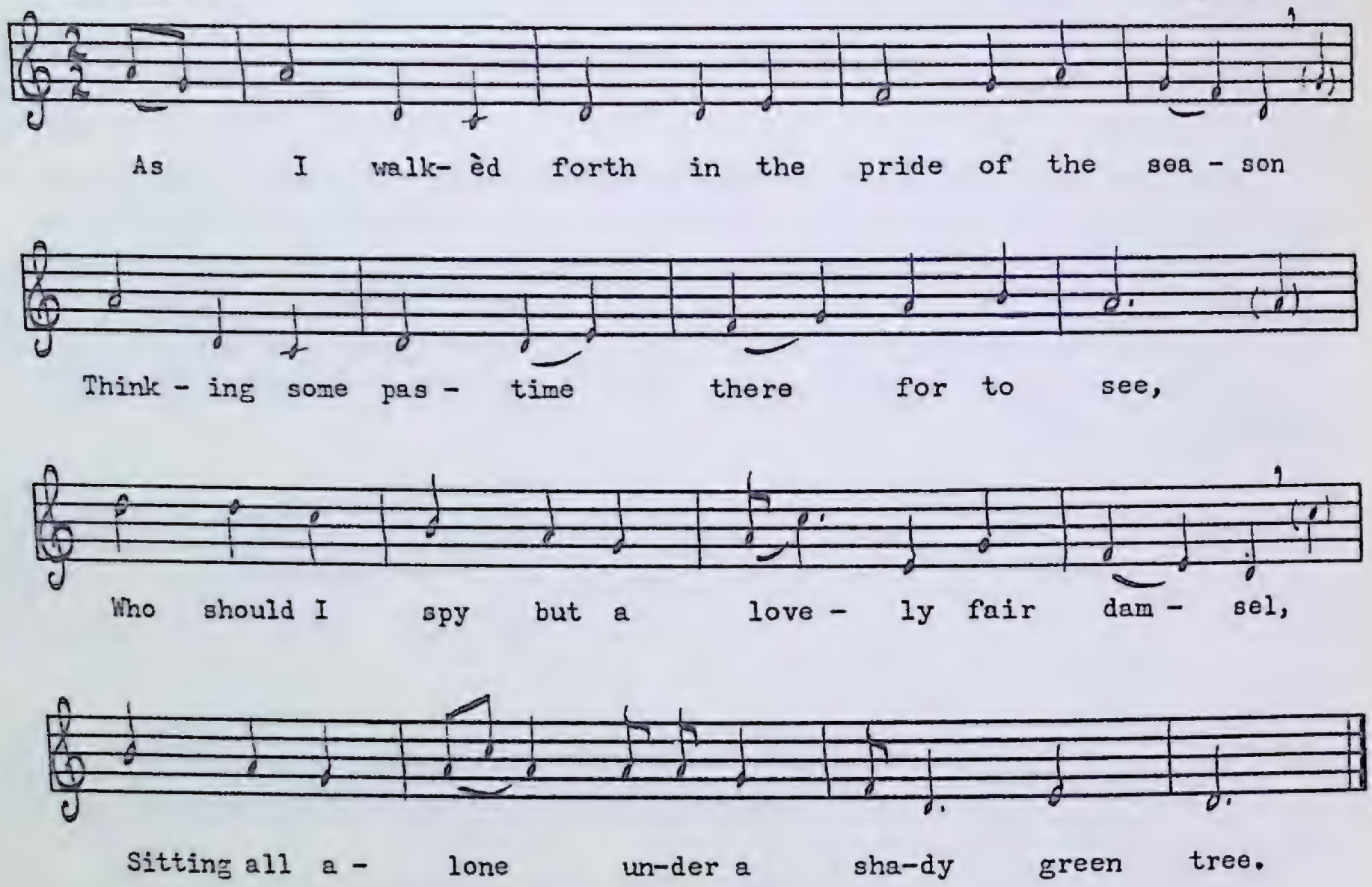
This and several related ballads (including *The Cowboy's Lament* and *St. James Infirmary Blues*) are descendants of the eighteenth century broadside, *The Unfortunate Rake*. After a life of dissipation, the original rake died of syphilis. In this Newfoundland variant his female descendant (literary, that is) dies of unspecified causes. The corpses, whether male or female, are usually wrapped up in white linen, not red flannel. Perhaps Annie took a chill.

As I Walkèd Forth in the Pride of the Season

(The False Young Man)

PEA 91 No. 737
Mrs. Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Moderately slow



1. As I walkèd forth in the pride of the season
   Thinking some pastime there for to see,
   Who should I spy (meet) but a lovely fair damsel,
   Sitting all alone under a shady green tree.
2. I said, "Me dear, me duck, and me darling,
   There's no tongue can tell how well I love thee;
   You shan't want for love or for money
   If you will affix your affection on me."
3. She says, "Kind sir, you are better providing;
   I am a poor girl and so low degree;
   Your friends and relations will always be scolding,
   And in my low station contented I will be."
4. "I am a young man as thou art a virgin,
   Married unto you content I will be;
   Don't talk of friends, love, or any relations,
   I have no riches at all to give thee."
5. She sat herself down and I sat myself by her,
   We fell a-rifling in each other's arms,
   With sweet milk and kisses and fonder embraces,
   We tasted the fruit of each other's charms.

6. This couple fell asleep for the space of three hours,
In under the youth of a shady green tree;
When he awoke and he found her no virgin,
"Married unto you I never will be."

7. As I lay my head on that young man's pillow,
Thinking the pillow it would be my own;
But me, a poor girl, must wear the green willow,
Young men are false and it's very well known.

8. Come all you pretty fair maids now by me take a warning,
Don't never trust a young man in any degree;
For when they have tasted the sweet fruits of your garden
Yours will go leave you as mine has leaved me.

9. Ripest of apples and soon they are rotten,
Hottest of love and soon it is cold;
Young men's vows are soonly forgotten,
Take care pretty fair maid, don't never be controlled.

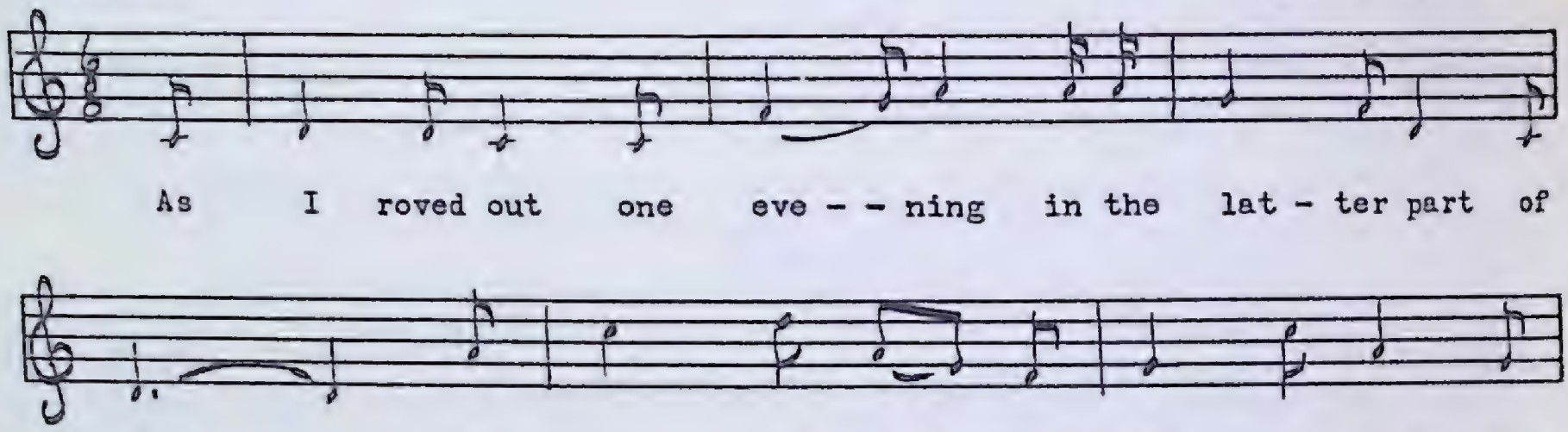
With its lovely Dorian tune this lament is one of the most beautiful and rare of the Newfoundland collection. Wearing the green willow (verse 7) is a sign of mourning or great personal grief. If anyone still has doubts about the use of the garden as a fertility or sexual symbol, line three of verse 8 clears up the matter in so many words.

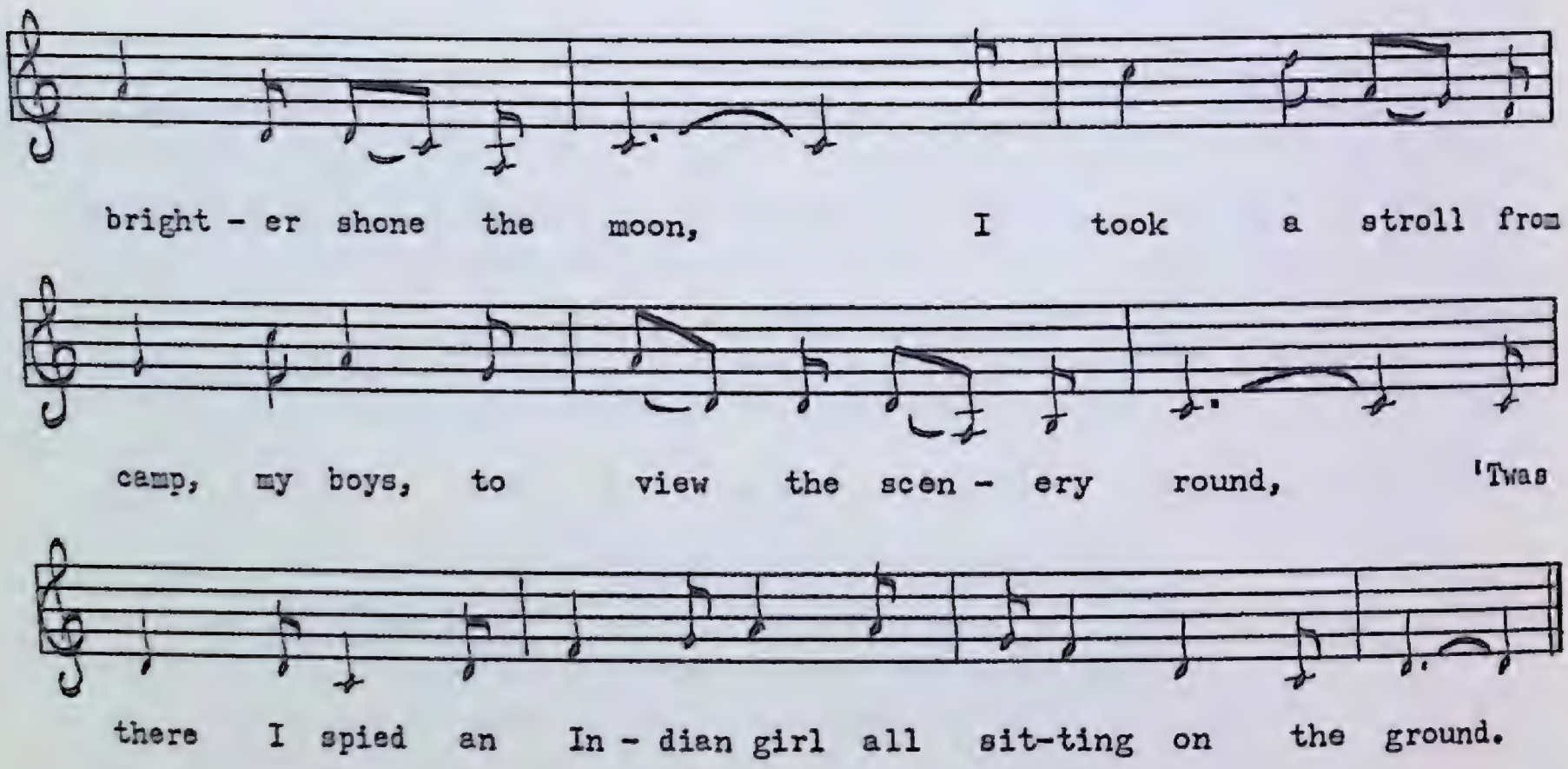
The Banks of Penmanah

A

PEA 184 No. 1119
Leonard Hulan
Jeffrey's, July, 1960

Moderate





1. As I roved out one evening in the latter part of June
   The sun had just sunk down to rest and brighter shone the moon,
   I took a stroll from camp, my boys, to view the scenery round,
   'Twas there I spied an Indian girl all sitting on the ground.

2. As I advanced towards her she did not seem afraid,
   So I sat along beside her, these words to her I said:
   "You do surprise me very much although you are a squaw
   To find you here so lonely on the banks of Penmanah."

3. I scarcely gave one look at her when tears began to fall.
   She said, "Young man, draw near to me and I will tell you all,
   My sisters and my brothers died, likewise my pa and ma,
   And that's why I'm so lonely here on the banks of Penmanah."

4. "And that is not the worst of all, the lovyer who was mine,
He was a bold young British lad upon the Baltic Line,
He courted me, he flattered me, and said I was his squaw,
And he left me here heart-broken on the banks of Penmanah."

5. "Oh rise, oh rise, you Indian girl, and come along with me,
I'll take you to a happier home in a peaceful countery,
I'll dress you up in costly robes the like you never saw,
And you need no more go lonely on the banks of Penmanah."

6. "Oh no kind sir," she answered me, "with you I cannot go,
I made a vow I'd live and die with the reindeer and the doe,
Since that paleface Briton has broke his oath and I am but a squaw
It's here I mean to live and die on the banks of Penmanah."

B

(The Banks of Pondamah)

MS 3
William Holloway
King's Cove, July, 1951

Moderate, free time

As I walked out one e - ven-ing in the beau-ti-ful month of June The sun was set-ting it- self at rest and bright - ly shone the moon, I took a stroll a- way from camp to view the scenes all round, And 'twas there I saw an In - di-an maid all sit-ting on the ground.

As far as I know, this rare ballad has never before appeared in a collection. The fact that the Indian girl's lover was British might indicate a late colonial origin, though the existence of the Baltic Line in colonial times would have to be checked. A sufficiently detailed regional atlas would probably reveal a river or lake with a name resembling Penmanah or Pondamah. I have written them as they were pronounced. Mr. Holloway's six-verse version is similar to the one given. His AAAB tune is quite unusual. It seems to be Dorian all the way through but has a surprise Hypomixolydian twist at the end.

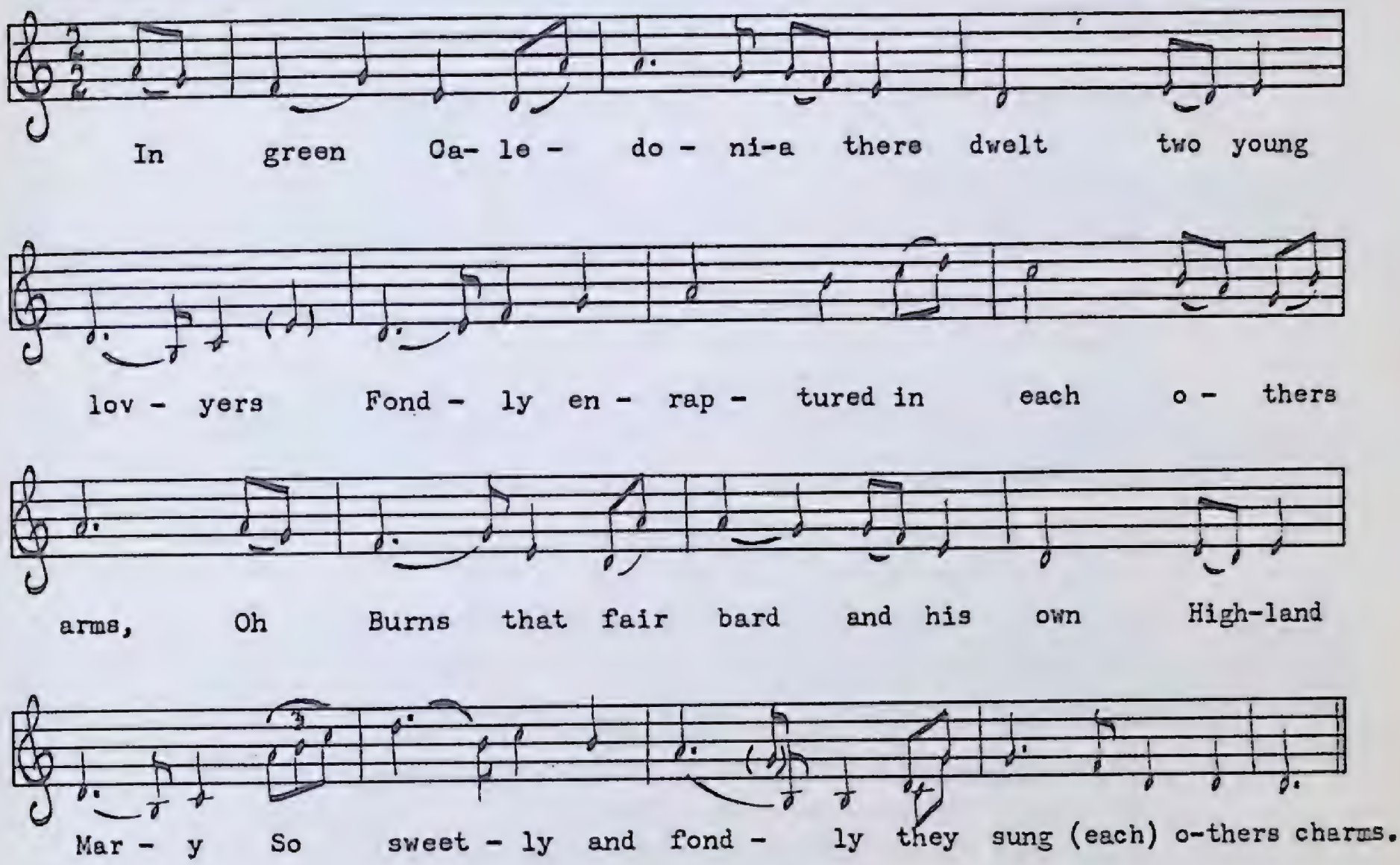
The Banks of the Ayr

(Burns and His Highland Mary)

A

PEA 79 No. 690 and MS
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1958

Slow, free time



1. In green Caledonia there dwelt two young lovyers
   Fondly enraptured in each others arms,
   Oh Burns that fair bard and his own Highland Mary
   So sweetly and fondly they sung [each] other's charms.

2. It was a midday when the flowers of the summer
   Were blooming with profusion so lovely and fair,
   When those two lovyers met in a grove of green bowers
   That grew on the banks of the clear winding Ayr.

3. To see those two lovyers so neat and so charming,
   To think their last time for a while they would have, [ha'e ?]
   True loves, furious-raptured, have they stayed together
   Till the red setting sun showed the close of the day.

4. "Oh my dearest Mary," exclaimed her fond lovyer,
   "Carry my heart to the Highlands so true,
   Every barren and bank, every grove and green bower,
   It will cause you to think of my last day with you."

5. "I will not belong to the Highlands," said Mary,
"I will not belong for you will not be there,
Although I got friends I love well in the Highlands
There's one I love best on the banks of the Ayr."

6. He kissed her sweet lips more sweeter than roses,
He pressèd her lily-white breast to his heart,
Whilst the tears fell like dewdrops on his heaving bosom
When he said, "My fond lovyer, at last we must part."

7. "Oh farewell Mary," exclaimed her fond lovyer.
"Farewell," said Mary, and she couldn't say no more,
But little did she think they was parted forever
When they parted that night on the banks of the Ayr.

8. The summer near robbed [?] of a few sunny mornings
When she in the prime of her beauty and pride,
She was laid in her grave like a bonny young flower
Near Granny's [Greenock's] churchyard on the banks of
the Ayr. [Clyde]

9. For Burns that fair bard in his own Caledonia
Lamented for Mary in every sad refrain,
But long may he weep for his dear Highland Mary,
For never could his heart love so fondly again.

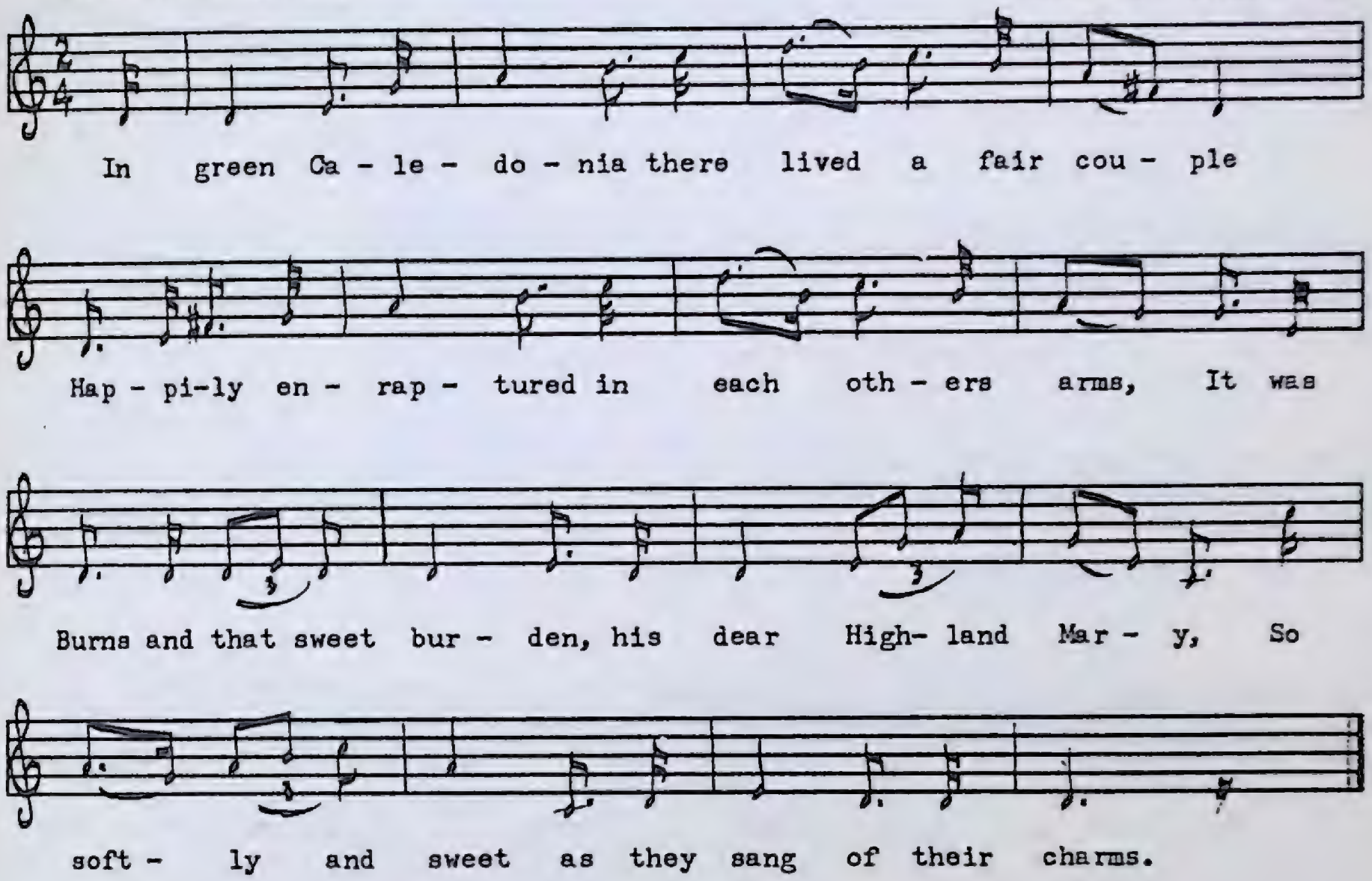
10. "Oh bring me the roses and bring me the daisies,
And bring me the violets that bloom in the vale,
And bring me the dew of the sweet summer's evening,
And bring me the breath of the sweet-scented gale;
I will pour it all down on thy grave, Highland Mary,
For the sake of your Burns who dearly loved you."

The Scottish poet Robert Burns and his Mary parted in May of 1786, and Mary died the same fall while on a visit to the West Highlands. The Dorian tune of variant *A* is one of the most beautiful of the Newfoundland collection. Though obviously related to *A*, the Mixolydian tune of *B* is sung in a completely different manner. Its steady rhythm places it closer in style to the pipe lament on which it is probably based.

B

PEA 161 No. 1031
Mrs. Clara Stevens
Bellburns, August, 1959

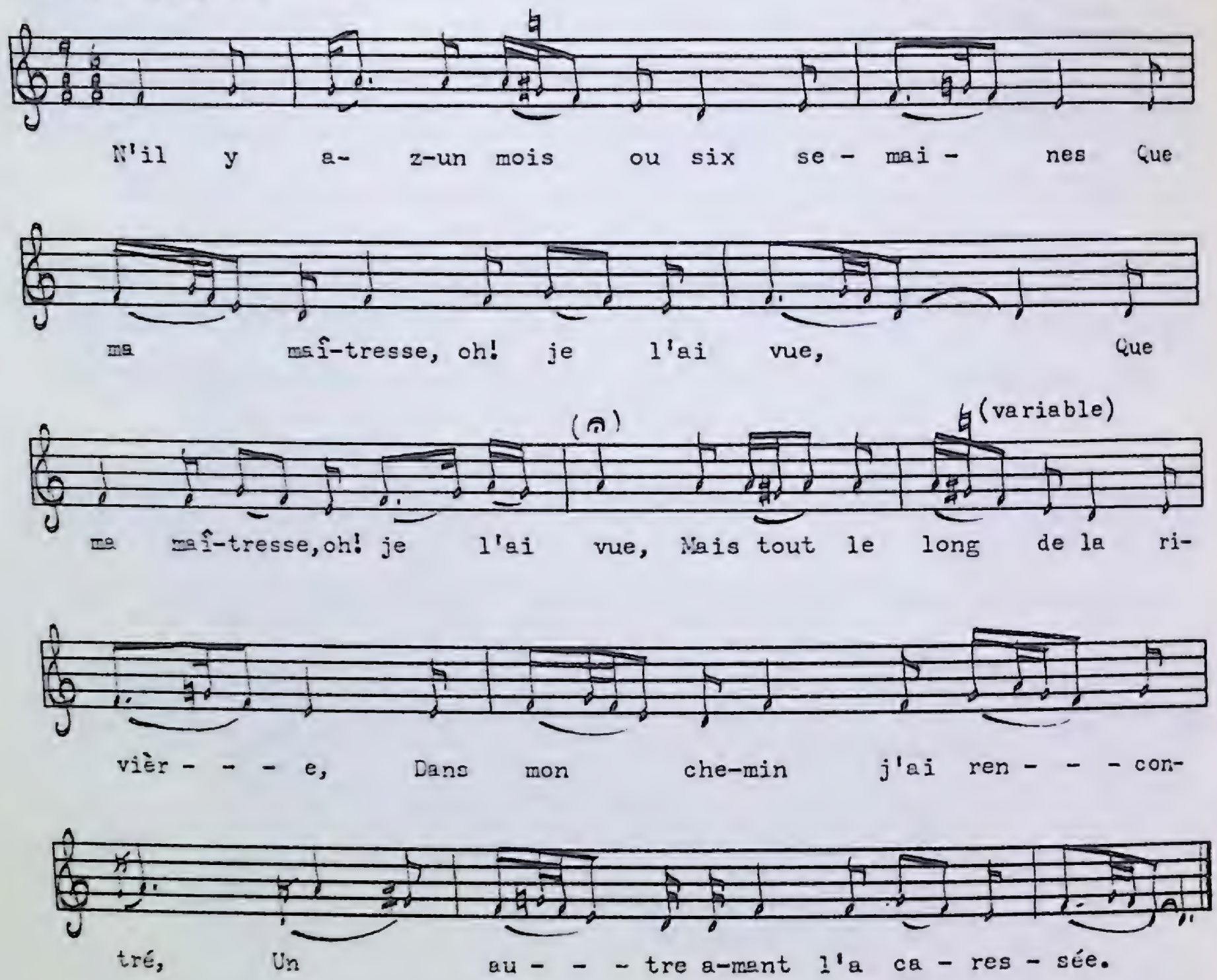
Moderate, steady time



La belle regrette son amour tendre

PEA 134 No. 924
Mme Lucie Cormier
Upper Ferry, juillet 1959

Assez lent, expressif



N'il y a-z-un mois ou six semaines
Que ma maîtresse, oh! je l'ai vue,
Que ma maîtresse, oh! je l'ai vue,
Mais tout le long de la rivière,
Dans mon chemin, j'ai rencontré,
Un autre amant l'a caressée.

La belle qui avait le cœur tendre,
Les larmes lui coulèrent des yeux,
Moi qui suis garçon généreux,
Et je me suis approché d'elle,
A' mis ma main sur son genou,
—Petit cœur doux, consolez-vous.

J'avais un petit voyage à faire,
Cinq ou six mois, mais tout au plus,
Cinq ou six mois, mais tout au plus,

Sera la fin de mon voyage,
Belle, quand j'y serai de retour,
J'accomplirai nos amours.

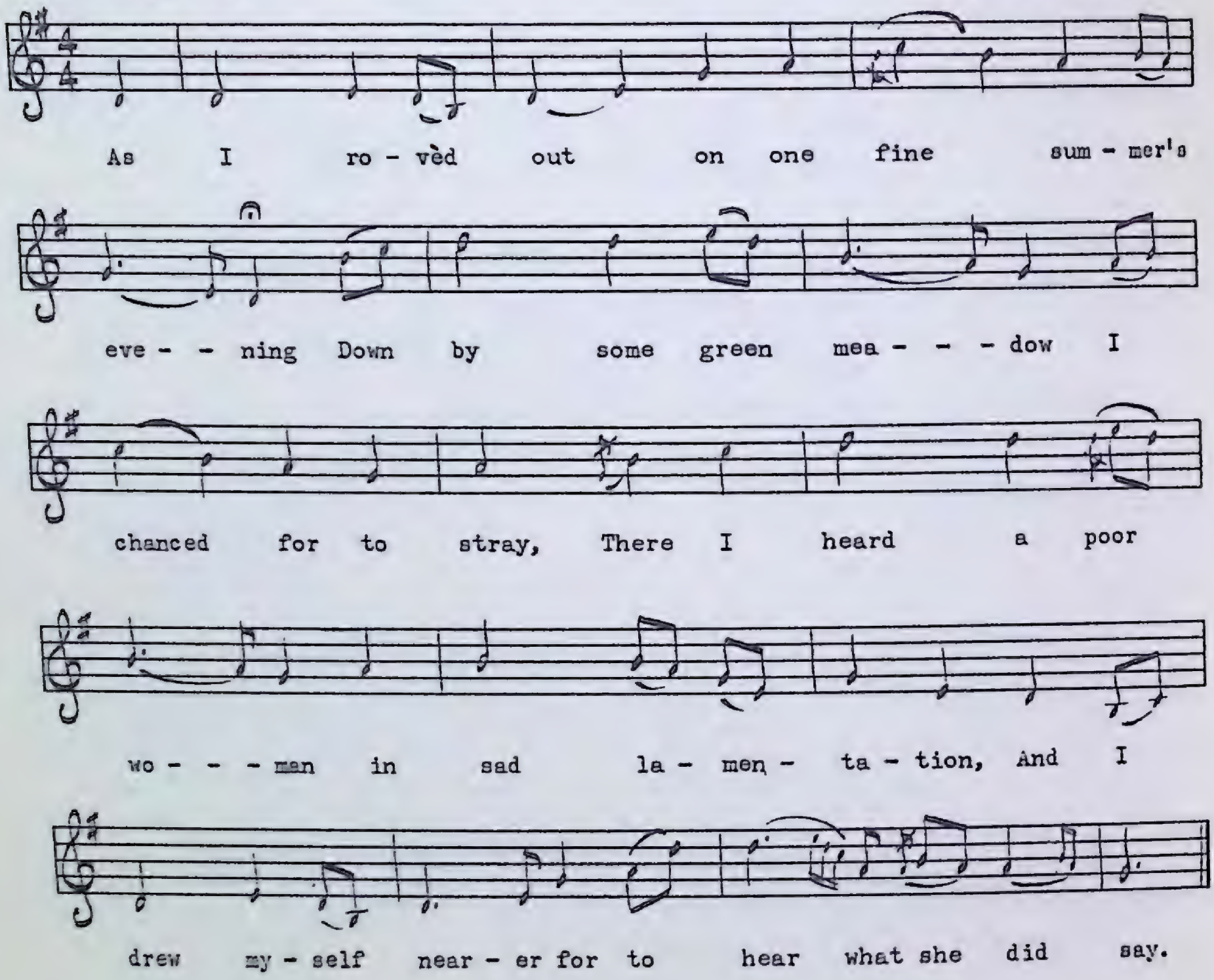
Belle, venez donc m'y conduire,
Un hermitage dans un bateau,
Un hermitage dans un bateau,
Mais tout le long de la rivière,
Quand qu' ça vient pour s'y dire adieu,
Belle, ayant tou's les larmes aux yeux.

La belle a monté dans sa chambre,
Nuit et jour ne fait que pleurer,
Nuit et jour ne fait que pleurer,
En regrettant son amour tendre,
Nuit et jour ne fait que pleurer,
En regrettant son bien-aimé.

The Brave Volunteers

PEA 195 No. 1149
Mrs. Mary Ann Galpin
Codroy, September, 1961

Moderately slow



1. As I rovèd out on one fine summer's evening
   Down by some green meadow I chanced for to stray,
   There I heard a poor woman in sad lamentation,
   And I drew myself nearer for to hear what she did say.

2. I asked that poor widow the cause of her weeping,
   And I offered her my help if she would dry up her tears.
   But at length she replied, "Sir, my grief is unrelieving,
   For the sea is the grave of our brave volunteers.

3. "My Henry and me we were onlye twelve months married
   When war it broke out and four volunteers they signed.
   My Henry he enlisted for to fight for his country,
   And with hard-hearted strangers I am leavèd here behind."

4. He said, "Mary my dear, we are onlye twelve months married,
I am leaving you in sorrow dear, but dry up your tears,
For in short I will return home with riches and honour
When the war is all over for we brave volunteers."

5. It's well do I remember when their good ship she weighed anchor,
With songs and with music the air it did resound,
But little did they think when their hearts were so merry
That they never would again set their foots upon the ground.

6. And sad were the dreams all that night on my pillow,
The wind it did blow and it told in my ears
Of those five hundred young men overwhelmed in the billows,
And not one of them escaped of those brave volunteers.

7. So you maidens of Scotland you'll have right for to remember,
You can water the grass with the tears from your eyes,
But your sad lamentation will never recover
From the depths of the ocean your dear sweethearts lie.

8. You maidens of Ireland you'll have right for to remember,
With your eyes full of tears and your hearts sad and sore,
Of that dark stormy night, the twenty-eighth of November,
When your sweethearts they were drownded on that wild rocky shore.

9. Sleep on my poor infant, you know not of my wailing,
I will cease from deep pining, I will dry up my tears,
For God in His mercy He feeds those young ravens
Whilst we widows we must mourn for our brave volunteers.

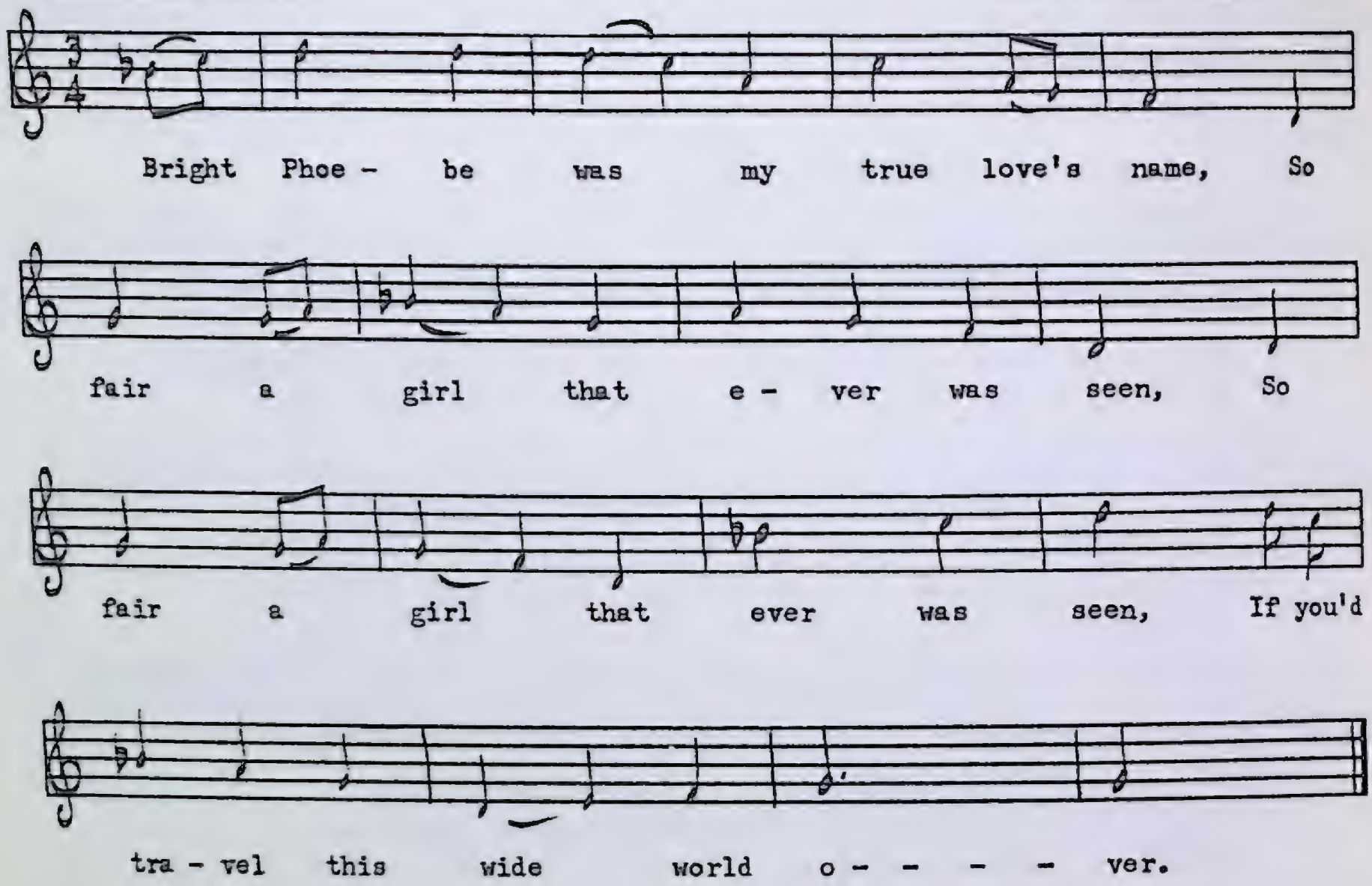
The tune of *The Brave Volunteers* has been used for another lament, *Willie*. The texts also seem to be related, though very distantly.

Bright Phoebe

A

PEA 154 No. 1001
Mrs. Charlotte Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1959

Moderate, free time



1. Bright Phoebe was my true love's name,
   So fair a girl that ever was seen,
   So fair a girl that ever was seen,
   If you'd travel this wide world over.

2. She and I we did agree
   That married shortly we would be,
   As soon as I returned from sea
   We would settle that solemn bargain.

3. But before I did return from sea
   My lovely damsel was slain from me,
   The pride and glory of my heart
   In her cold grave lay mouldering.

4. I am forsaken, I am forlorn,
   I wish to God I had never been born,
   I'd have died before the billows' roar
   Since fortune had proved so cruel.

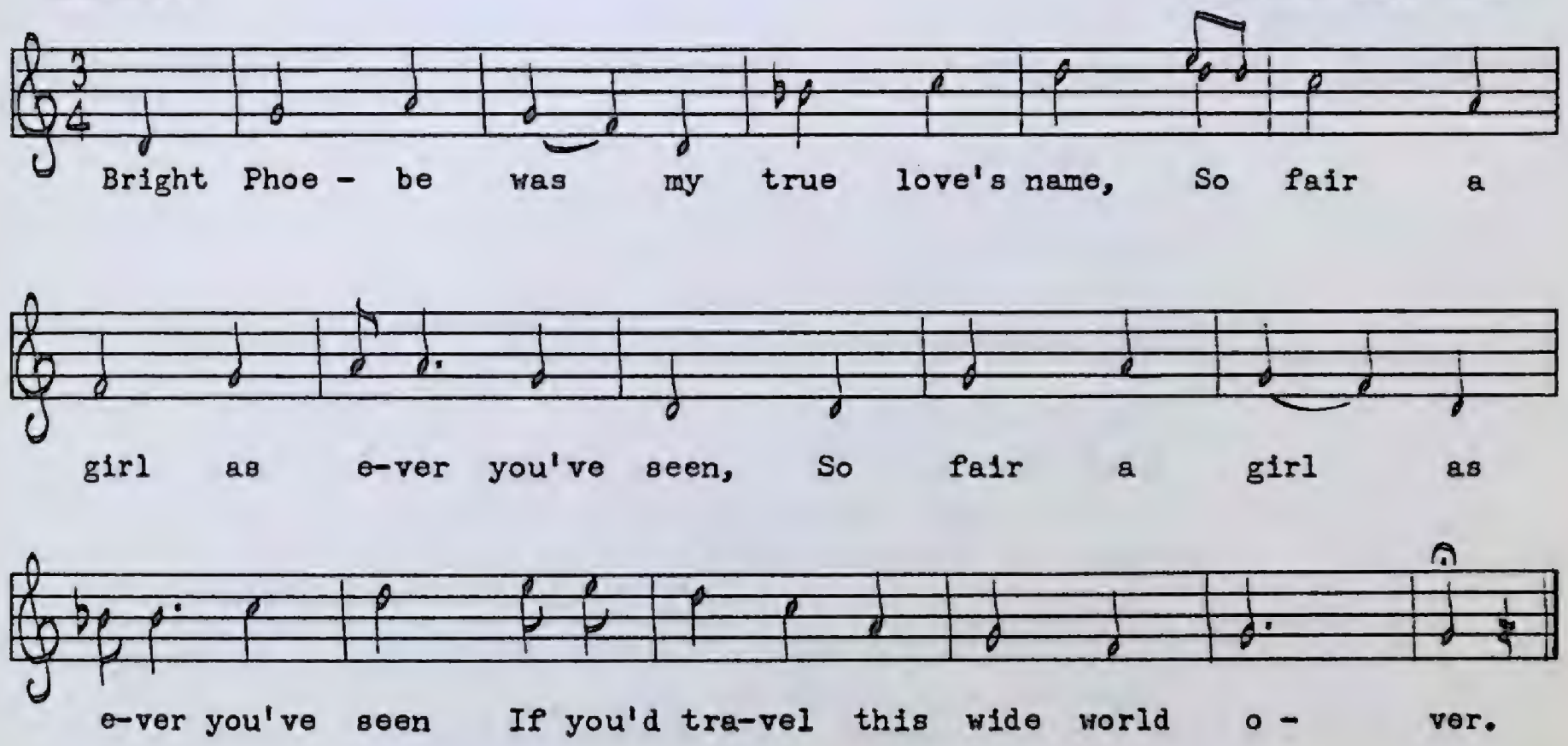
5. I will go down to some silent place
Where no other man shall behold my face,
I'll spend the remainder of my days
Lamenting for bright Phoebe.

The Dorian tunes of these two variants offer an interesting study in comparison. The third phrase of *A* is the opening phrase of *B* and its third phrase as well. Tune *A* is superior in having an almost perfectly balanced set of four different phrases. A third variant by Mrs. Bennett of St. Paul's is similar to Mrs. Decker's, though a little more ornate. This rather rare lament (it is known in Nova Scotia) is one of the most beautiful of the Newfoundland collection.

B

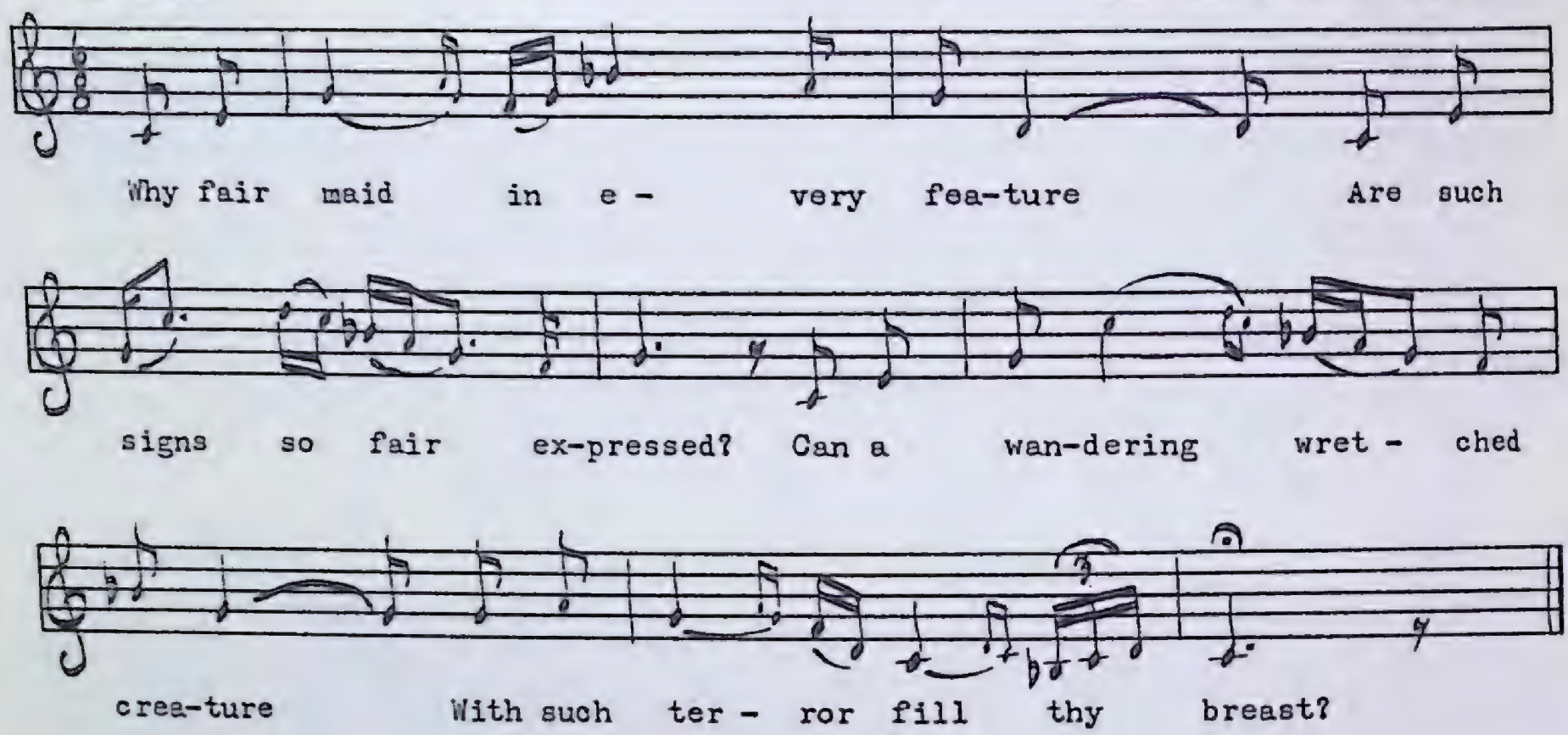
PEA 185 No. 1124
Leonard Hulan
Jeffrey's, July, 1960

Moderate



Crazy Jane

MS 22
Edward Taylor
Joe Batt's Arm, July, 1952



1. Why fair maid in every feature
   Are such signs so fair expressed?
   Can a wandering wretched creature
   With such terror fill thy breast?

2. Does my frenzy look so ugly?
   Trust me sweet, life's airs are vain,
   Not for kingdoms would I harm thee,
   Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.

3. Does my frenzy seem to harm thee?
   Mark me and avoid my woe,
   When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
   Think them false, I found them so.

4. For I love thee so sincerely
   None could ever love again,
   Young Henry fled and with him forever
   Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

5. Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,
   Which was doomed to love but one.
   He sighed—he vowed—and I believed him,
   He was false—and I undone.

6. Since that hour has reason never
   Held her empire o'er my brain,
   Young Henry fled and with him forever
   Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

7. Lonely now and broken hearted,
   And with frenzied thoughts beset
   On that spot where last we parted,
   On that spot where first we met.

8. Then I will sing my lovelorn ditty,
   Still I'll lonely pace the plain,
   And each passerby in pity cries:
   "God help poor Crazy Jane!"

When I heard Mr. Taylor sing this lament, I thought immediately of Yeat's series of Crazy Jane poems. However, it does not appear in the Yeats' collection. Quite by accident I later came across it in a collection called *The Quaver, or Songster's Pocket Companion,* printed and published by William Milner, Cheapside, 1841. No author was given, yet the verse hardly seems traditional folk. Possibly Yeats was familiar with it and used it as a source of inspiration for his own poems about Crazy Jane. Irish scholars probably know the whole history and have traced the Crazy Jane legend to its source. This Newfoundland variant follows the printed version quite closely. The first line of verse 3 in the printed version is different, however:

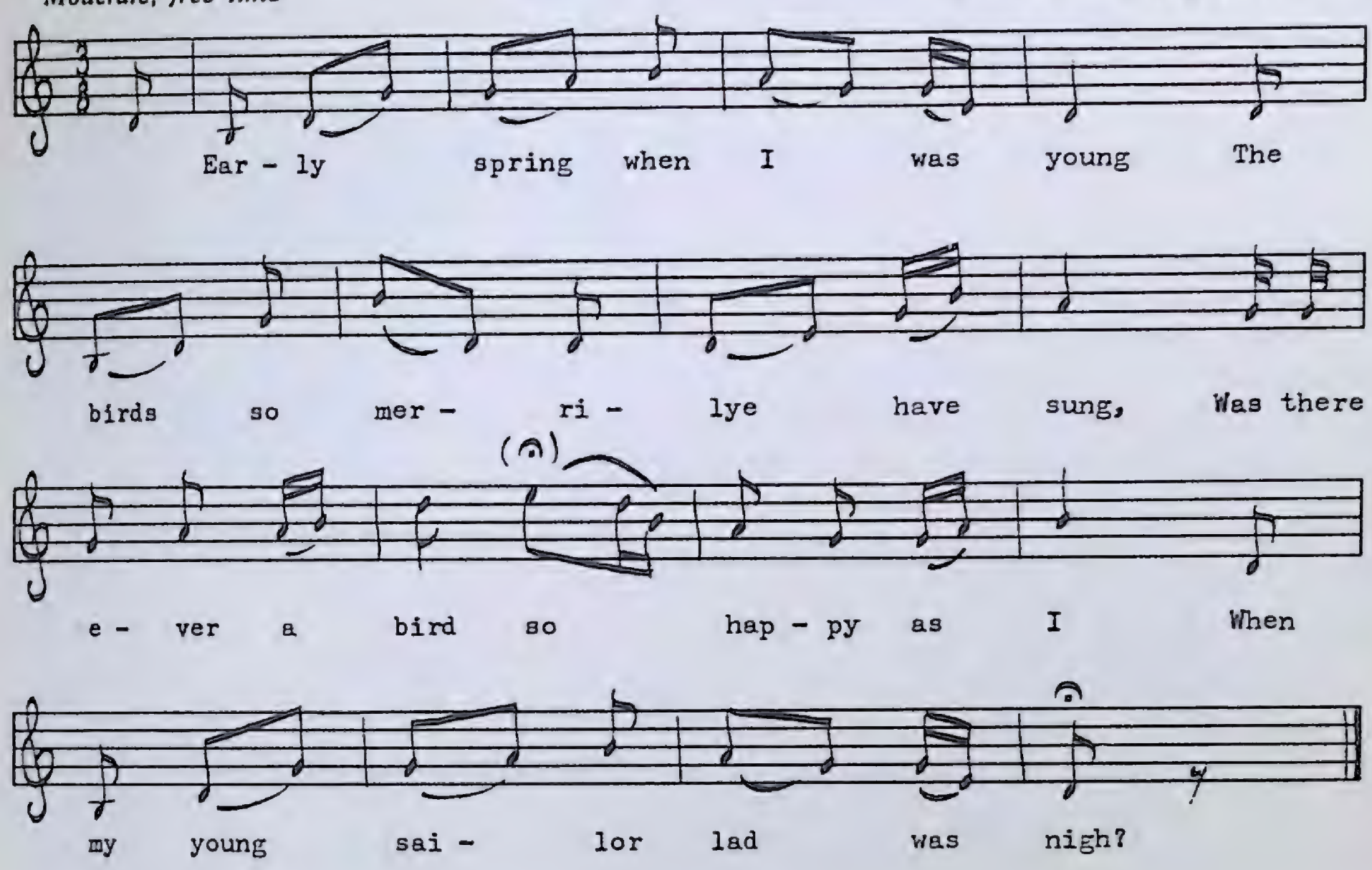
Do you weep to see my anguish?

Verse 5 is from the printed version.

Mrs. James (Charlotte) Decker, Parsons Pond

Early Spring

PEA 102 No. 787
Mrs. Charlotte Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1958



1. Early spring when I was young,
   The birds so merrilye have sung,
   Was there ever a bird so happy as I
   When my young sailor lad was nigh?

2. 'Tis six long months since I've been wed,
   The times so merrilye have fled,
   But tomorrow morning by the dawning of the day,
   The ocean presses my love away.

3. The eastern star is shining clear,
   The day o'er-breaks on the ocean near,
   The sailor leaved his lovely bride
   A-weeping by the ocean-side.

4. The time rolled on and he came no more
   To see his bride on the ocean shore,
   His ship she went down by the rolling of the storm,
   And in the deep my love doth mourn.

5. I wish I were a-sleeping too
   In the arms of my true love in the ocean blue;
   My soul to my God and my body in the sea,
   And the white waves rolling over me.

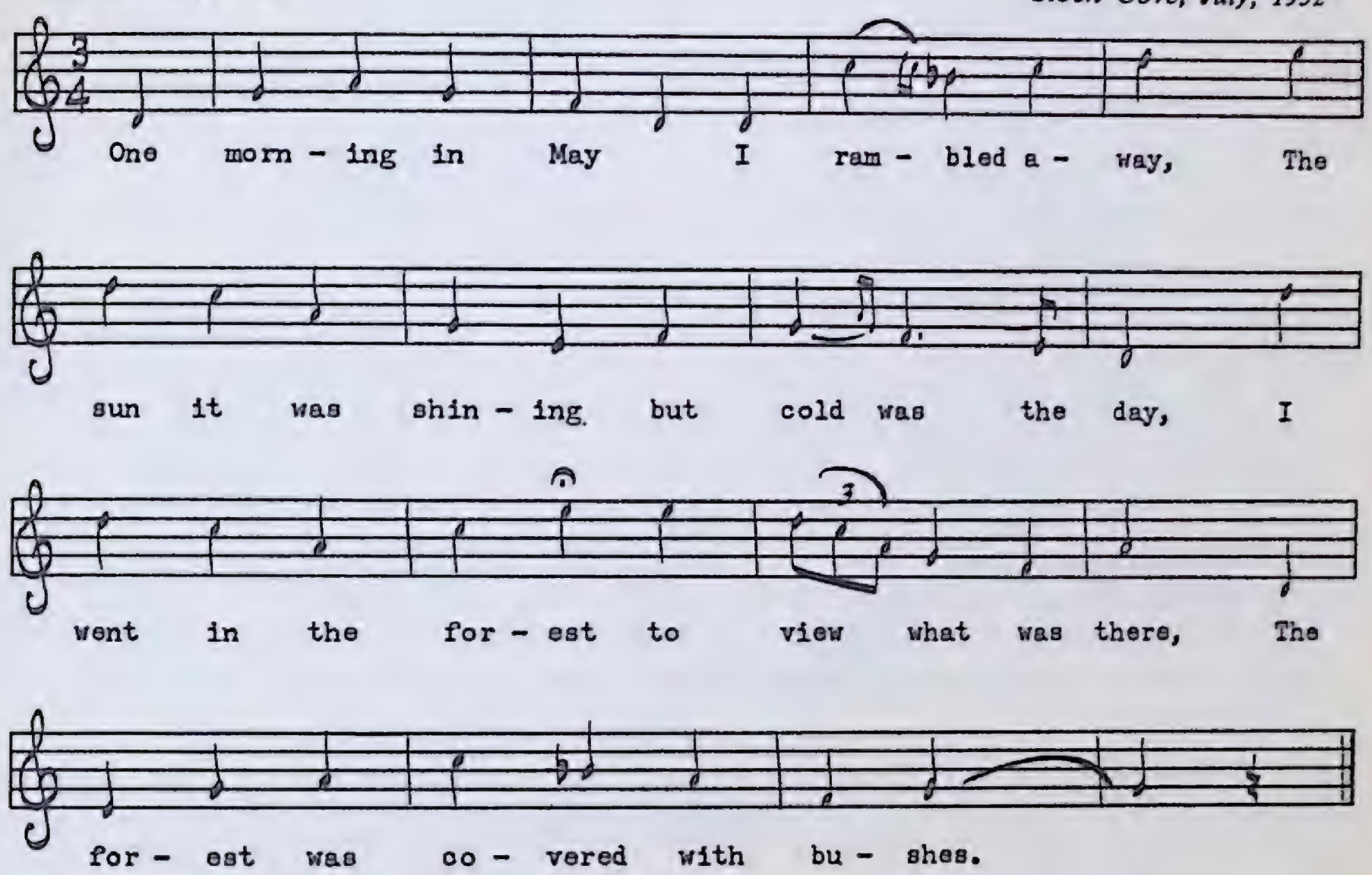
6. The eastern star is shining clear,
The day o'erbreaks on the ocean near,
The sailor lies low and his lovely bride
Is weeping by the ocean-side.

This Newfoundland variant of *The Young Bride's Lament* is one of the most poignant lyrics in traditional English verse. And the pure pentatonic tune is a perfect vehicle for the words. It is the first song Aunt Charlotte remembers learning from her mother about seventy-five years ago. She was six years old. Aunt Charlotte's style is usually quite free, and in this song the metre is impossible to put into notation. It is not strictly duple or triple, but somewhere in between. The best way to approach it is to read the first verse very slowly with exaggerated inflection, and then repeat it using the melody as an inflective device. One will discover an intermediate region where the music and poetry become one. All song tends toward this ideal, but only a few lyrics like *Early Spring* have achieved it.

The False Maiden

A

MS 33
Mrs. Lucy Heaney
Stock Cove, July, 1952



1. One morning in May I rambled away,
   The sun it was shining but cold was the day,
   I went in the forest to view what was there,
   The forest was covered with bushes.

2. The first place I saw my love, in the church stand,
   Gold rings on her fingers, her love by the hand;
   My legs they did tremble, I scarcely could stand,
   To see my love wed with another.

3. "Oh," said the clergy, "step out of the way,
   Step in now young man till I hear what you say;
   And if this is true what you're telling to me,
   Your love shall be wed to no other."

4. The next place I saw my love, coming from church,
   I stepped on before, just onto the porch,
   And as she passed by me I wished her much joy,
   But my curse on the man who stood by her.

5. The next place I saw my love, sitting to eat,
I sat down beside her but nothing could eat,
I loved her fond company much better than meat,
But now she is wed to another.

6. The next place I saw my love going to bed,
With six pretty maidens around her bed shade,
I stepped in between them and kissed the young bride,
Oh if I could lie by her forever!

7. Oh dig me a grave long, narrow, and deep,
Covered all over with lilies so sweet,
That I may lie in it and take my last sleep,
Away from false maidens forever.

The unusual metre and rhyming scheme lend an extra poignancy to this lovely lament. Though probably English in origin, it is found in Irish collections like Lochlainn's *Irish Street Ballads* where it is called *The Lambs on the Green Hills*. Both these Newfoundland tunes are superior to the one given by Lochlainn, which sounds a little like a professional parlour tune. Actually, the Newfoundland variants are from the same source, and both are reproduced to illustrate the divergent development of a simple tune, especially when sung by two musically gifted singers. The texts are almost identical.

B

PEA 206 No. 1181
Patrick Rossiter
Fermeuse, October, 1961

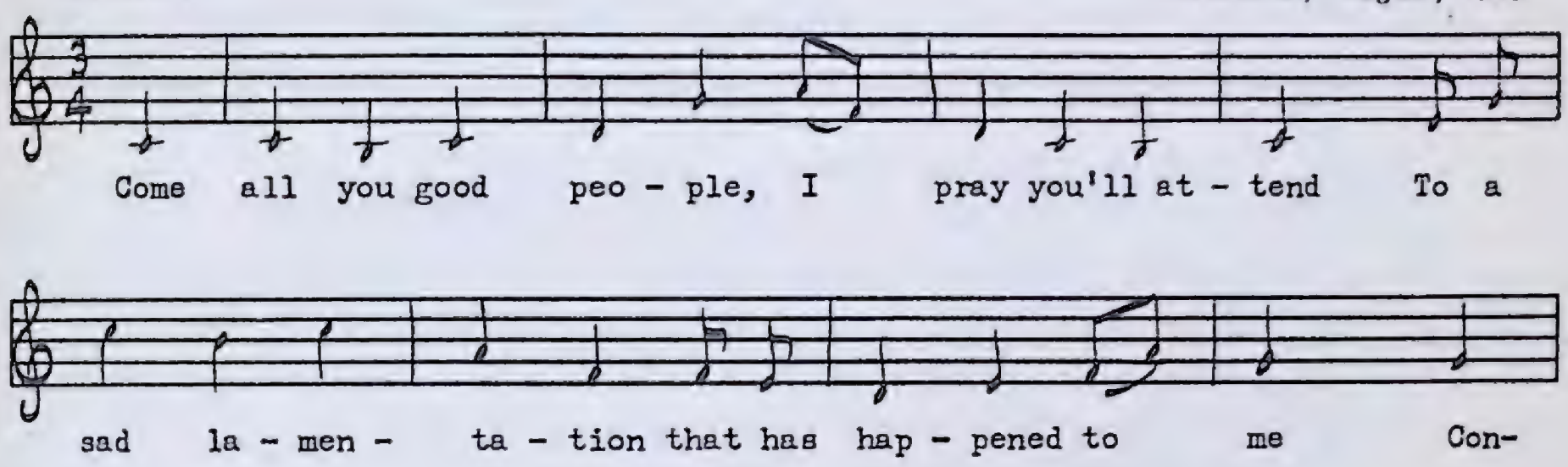
Moderately slow

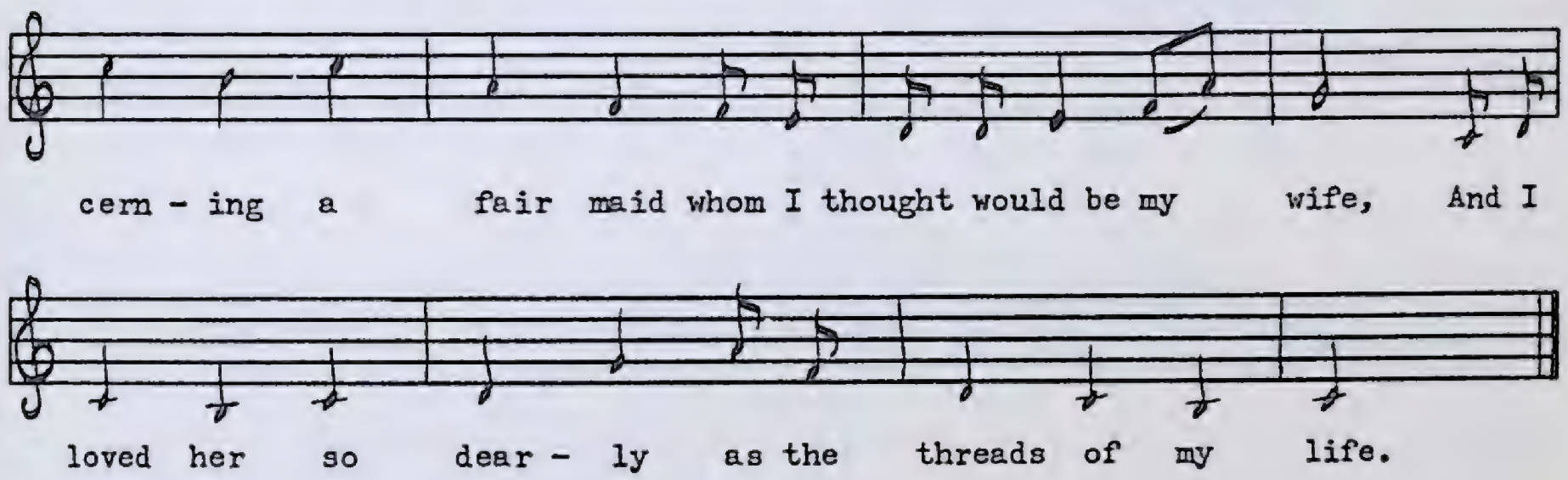
As I ro - vèd out one morn- ing in spring To hear the lark whis-tle, the night- in- gale sing, I went to the for-est to see what was there, But the for - est was co - vered with bu - shes.

Fare You Well, Maggie Darling, Across the Blue Sea

PEA 164 No. 1045
Mrs. Clara Stevens
Bellburns, August, 1959

Moderate





1. Come all you good people I pray you'll attend
   To a sad lamentation that has happened to me
   Concerning a fair maid whom I thought would be my wife,
   And I loved her so dearly as the threads of my life.

2. Long time we had courted in the sweet bonds of love,
   Till at length we went roving in her father's green grove.
   I said, "Handsome Maggie, I am going to sea,
   And I hope, Maggie darling, you will prove true to me."

3. It's a sad lamentation, it's a sad, sad surprise,
   When tears like the raindrops fell down from her eyes.
   "Let no one deceive you while you're on the sea,
   And I hope, Willie darling, you will prove true to me."

4. Six months on the ocean we sailed up and down
   Till at length we weighed anchor in some seaport or town,
   Till a girl named Flora bore down upon me.
   "Fare you well, Maggie darling, across the blue sea."

5. Let us drink and be merry, let the fair toast go round,
Tell the rose of the city on my knee to sit down,
I have money and plenty to support you and me.
"Fare you well, Maggie darling, across the blue sea."

6. To write Maggie a letter it was my intent,
Saying: 'Maggie, dearest Maggie, on me don't depend,
For my mind is so baffled like the waves on the sea,
Fare you well, Maggie darling, across the blue sea.'

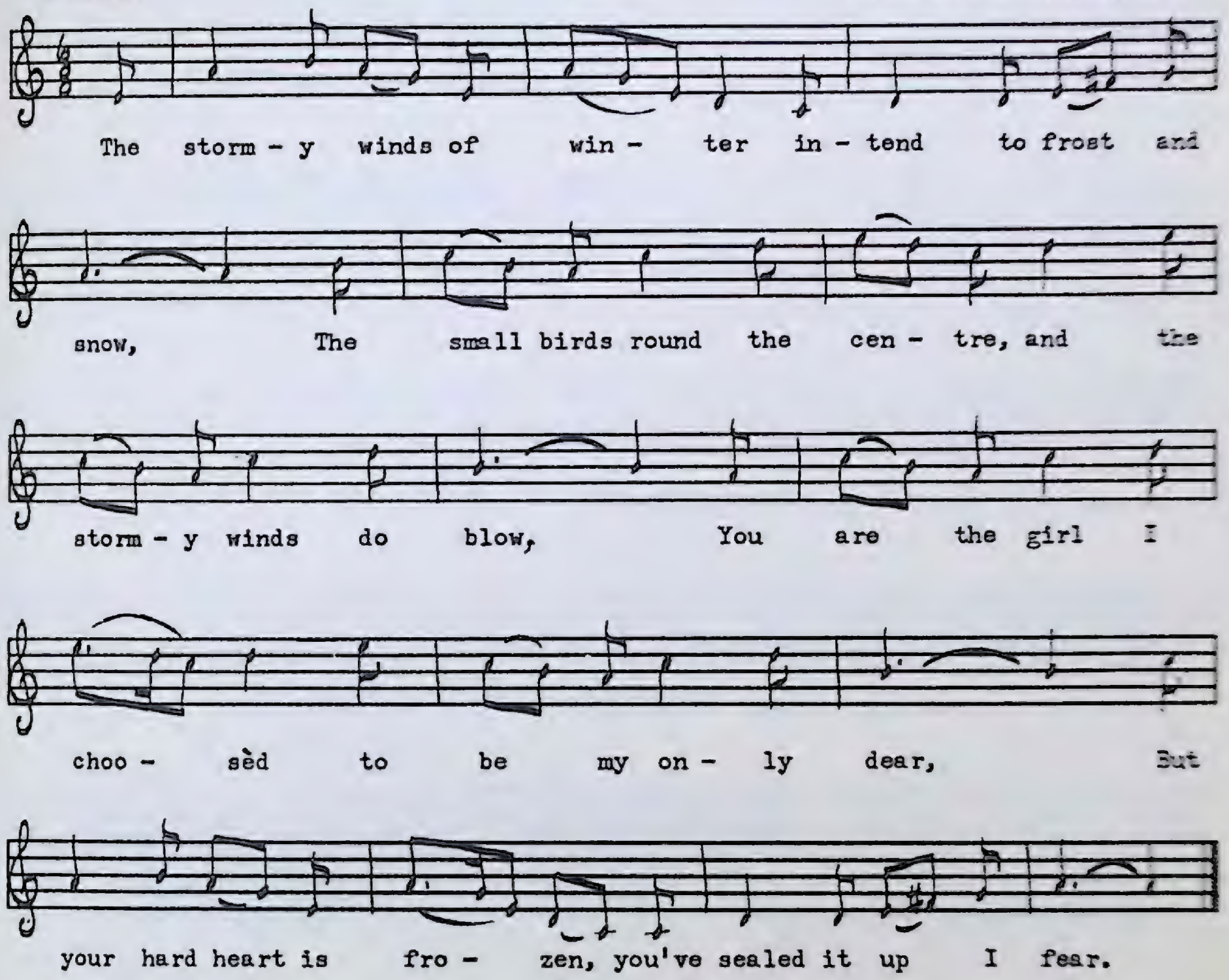
7. And reading this letter to her sad, sad surprise,
When the tears like the raindrops fell down from her eyes.
"Since your mind is so baffled like the waves on the sea
Fare you well, Willie darling, across the blue sea."

8. "And when you are lying on your soft bed of down
Still thinking of Maggie with her arms folded round,
Waking up in the morning, a strange face to be seen,
Instead of sweet Maggie a strange beautiful queen."

Flora

(The Stormy Winds of Winter)

PEA 155 No. 1004
Mrs. Charlotte Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1959



1. The stormy winds of winter intend to frost and snow,
   The small birds round the centre, and the stormy winds do blow,
   You are the girl I choosèd to be my only dear,
   But your hard heart is frozen, you've sealed it up I fear.

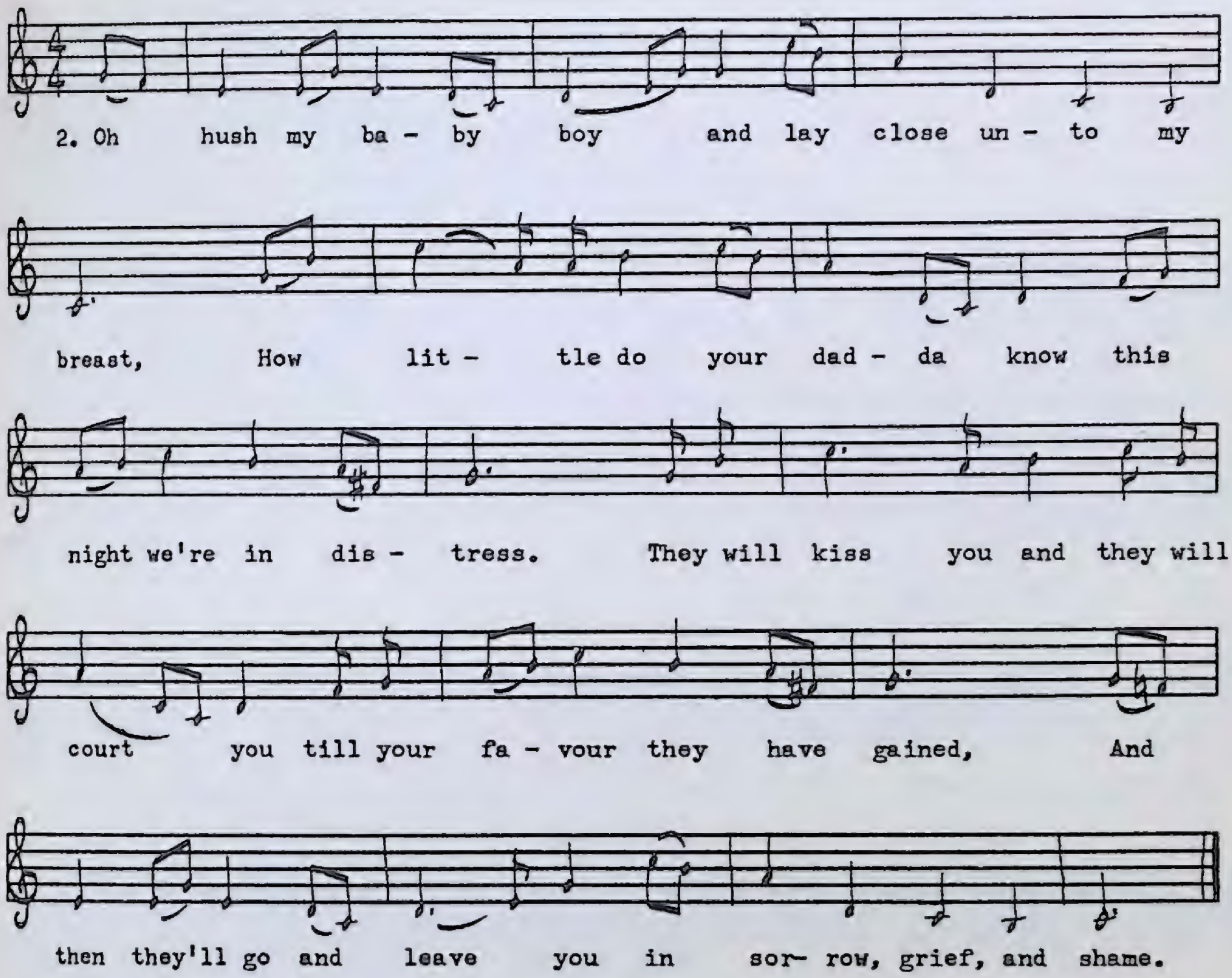
2. I went one night to see my love, was treated most scornfully,
   I asked her if she would marry but she would not agree.
   "The night it is far spent, my love, and almost break of day,
   From you I want an answer, my dear what do you say?"

3. "Oh since you are for changing the old love for the new
   It's time for me to ranging the foaming billows through,
   I'll go and seek some other young girl where love may have its fill,
   This world is wide and lonely, if you won't some other will."

4. "I'll make my way to Flanders, I'll choose a different life,
And with my bold commander my gun shall be my wife,
And when I do get money to a tavern I will go,
I'll drink a health to Flora although she answered no."

The Forsaken Mother and Child

PEA 105 No. 800
Mrs. Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958



1. 'Twas on a cold winter's evening, the very first fall of snow,
   The damsel she came rolling down all in a drift of snow,
   With her baby in her arms she knew not where to go.

2. "Oh hush my baby boy, and lay close unto my breast;
   How little do your dadda know this night we're in distress.
   They will kiss you and they will court you till your favour they have gained,
   And then they'll go and leave you in sorrow, grief, and shame.

3. "How cruel was my father, he locked the door on me,
   And cruel was my mother, she had no pity on me,
   And cruel was that wintry wind that pierced my heart with cold,
   And cruel was that false young man that sold his love for gold.

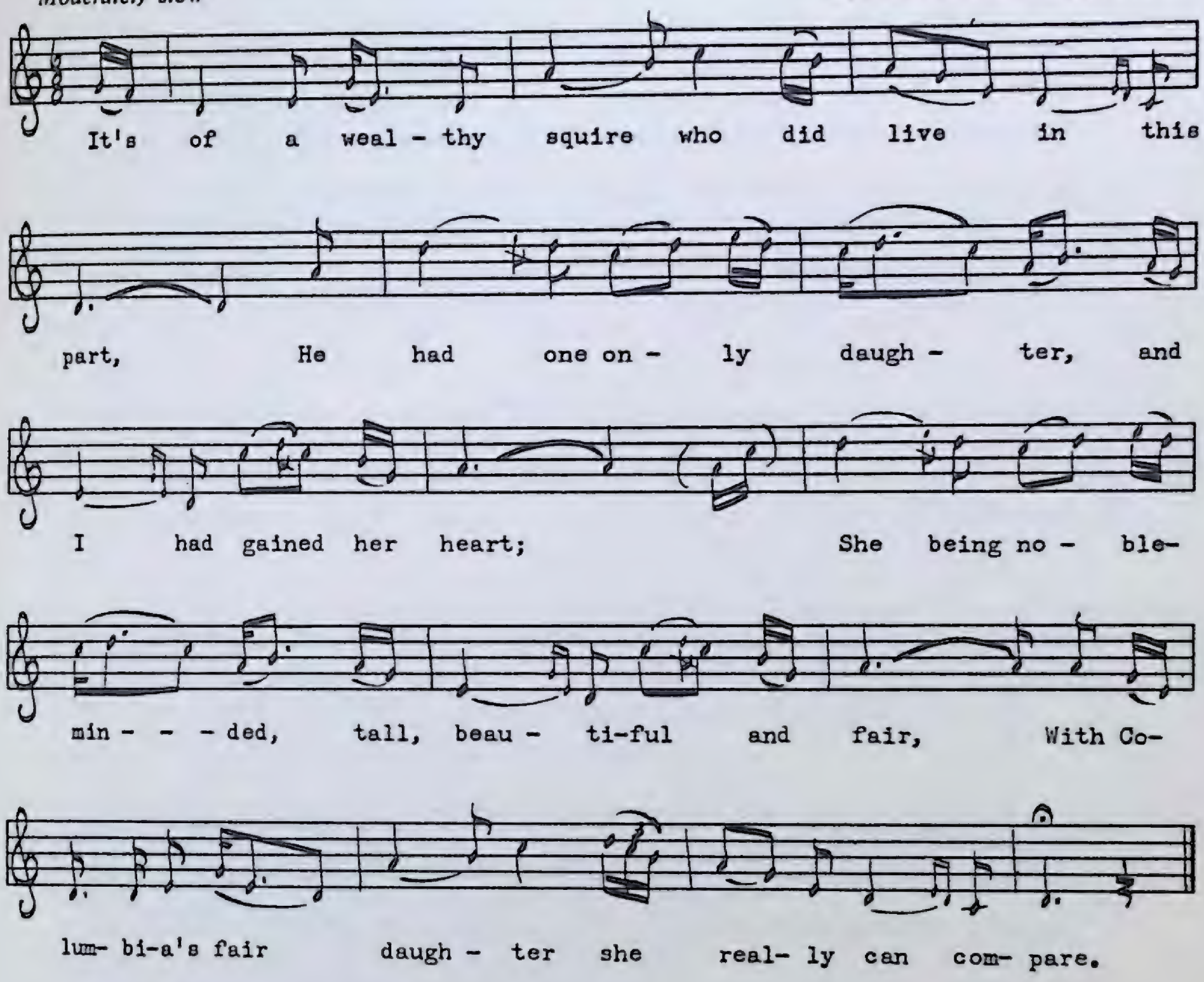
4. "So I'll go down in some lonely valley and there I will lay down,
And pray to the Almighty God to have mercy on my soul."
Where she kissed her baby's pale cold lips and laid it by her side,
She cast her eyes to heaven, the son and mother died.

This 'tearjerker' is one of a number of moralizing nineteenth century ballads which illustrate the extent and depth of public censure over private acts. Even the closest members of the family react according to the official moral line. Roy Mackenzie noted the ballad in Nova Scotia, and more recently Edith Fowke has found it in Ontario. It appears to be quite rare—mercifully so—for no other versions have been noted from oral tradition to my knowledge. The inner modulatory cadences of the tune suggest a harmonic influence. Perhaps it has appeared in harmonized form as a moralizing 'hymn' in some obscure religious tract. One often hears this sort of half-baked hymn in Newfoundland, especially in those outports where evangelists of various Christian sects have moved in to lure the 'natives' away from their wicked habits like dancing and singing folksongs.

The Girl I Left Behind

A

MS 43
Mrs. John Fogarty
Joe Batt's Arm, July, 1952



1. It's of a wealthy squire who did live in this part,
   He had one only daughter, and I had gained her heart;
   She being noble-minded, tall, beautiful and fair,
   With Columbia's fair daughter she really can compare.

2. I told her my intention, it was soon to cross the main,
   Said I, "Will you be faithful till I return again?"
   Big drops of tears came in her eyes, her bosom hove a sigh,
   "Fair youth," said she, "fear not for me, my love can never die."

3. According to agreement I went on board my ship,
   And near the town of Glasgow we made a pleasant trip,
   Where I found gold was plenty, and the girls were someway fine,
   My love began to cool a bit for the girl I left behind.

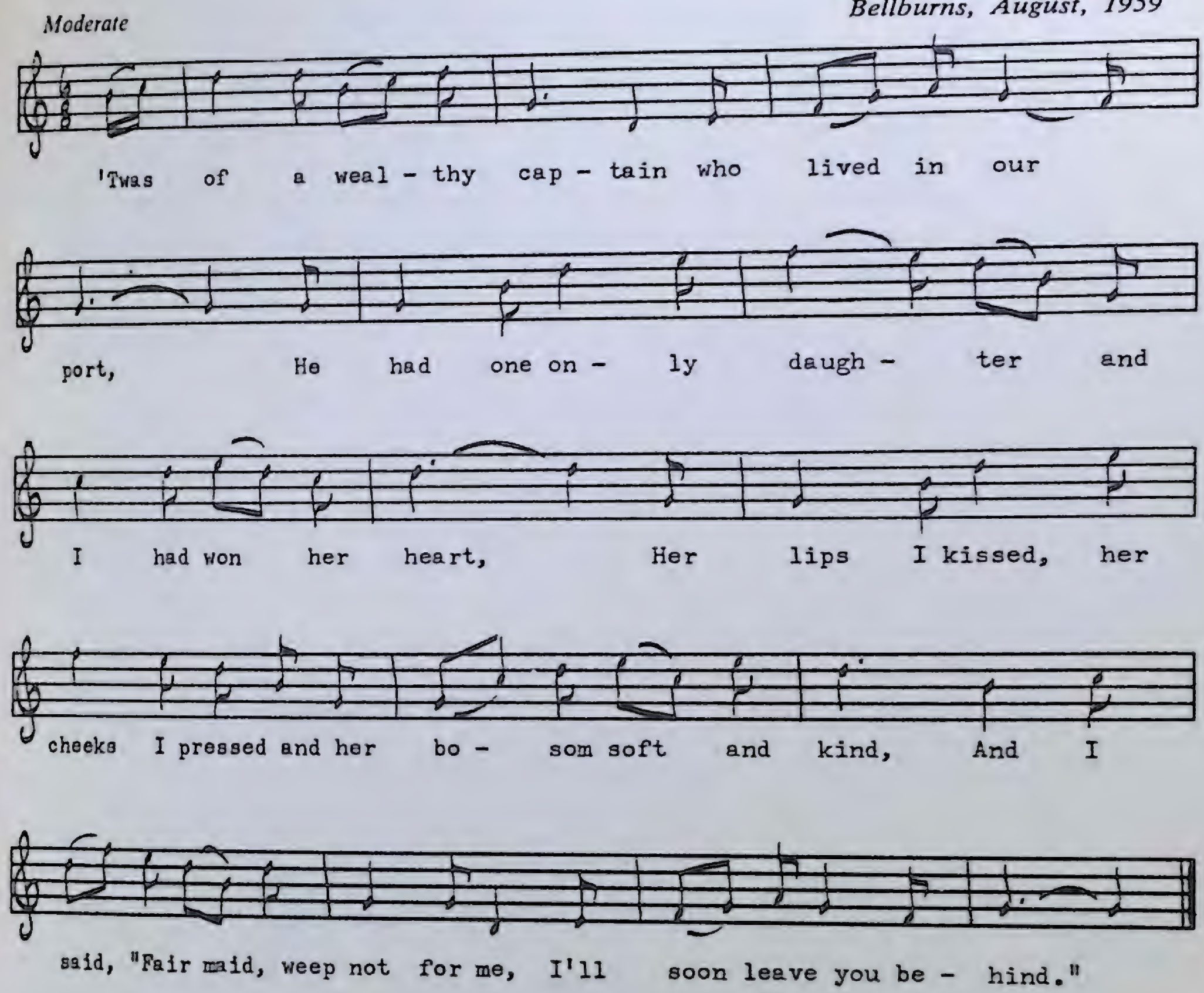
4. We next set out from Dumfries town that hospitable land,
Where handsome Jenny Ferguson, she took me by the hand,
Saying, "I have money plenty if love for me you'll find,
There are parents dear and other friends that you have left behind,
You never, if you marry me, can bear them in your mind."

5. To this I soon consented, I own it to my shame.
How can a man be happy when he knows himself to blame?
It is true I have money plenty, and a wife that's someways kind,
But still my pillow is haunted by the friends I left behind.

6. My father in his winding sheet, my mother she does appear,
The girl I love sitting by her side a-wiping off her tears,
For broken-hearted they all died but now too late I find,
For God had seen my cruelty for the girl I left behind.

B

PEA 160 No. 1026
Mrs. Clara Stevens
Bellburns, August, 1959



1. 'Twas of a wealthy captain who lived in our port,
   He had one only daughter and I had won her heart,
   Her lips I kissed, her cheeks I pressed and her bosom soft and kind,
   And I said, "Fair maid, weep not for me, I'll soon leave you behind."

2. I asked her if she would prove true while I sailed o'er the main,
   I asked her if she would prove true till I returned again.
   She promised me she would prove true till death would prove unkind,
   So I kissed her and I parted from the girl I left behind.

3. Then as I roved out one evening to view a distant land
   I met young Janie Verdon and she offered me her hand,
   Saying, "Money I have plenty, fine houses and fine land,
   And if you'll agree and marry me it's all at your command."

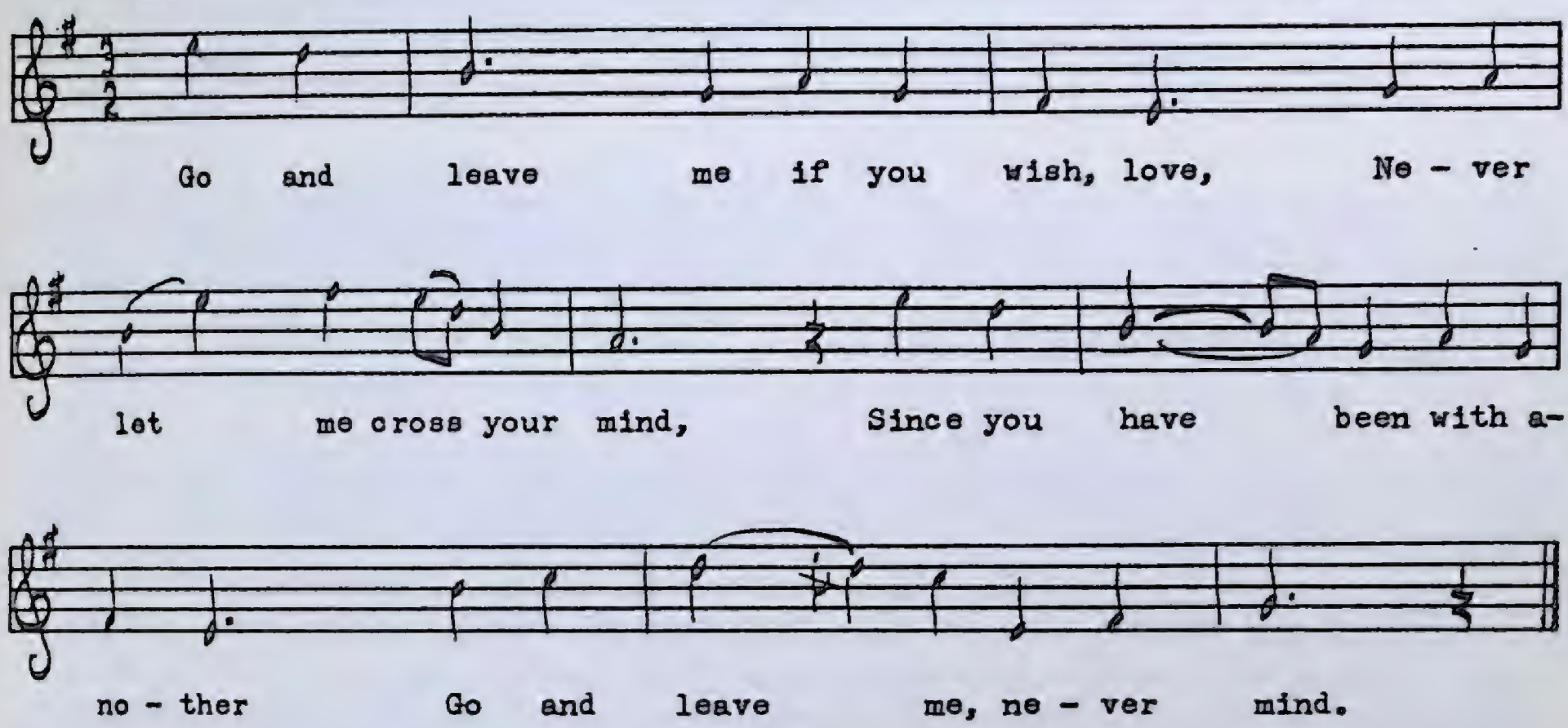
4. Sure I agreed and married her, I own it to my shame.
How can a man live happy when he has himself to blame?
I know my gold is plentiful and my wife to me is kind,
But I'll never forget the bonny wee lass, the girl I left behind.

5. My father is in his winding sheet, my mother she did appear,
The girl I loved sat by her side a-wiping off her tears.
And now my song is ended but I'm not true in mind,
For my pillow still lies untended by the girl I left behind.

This English song goes back at least as far as the early 1800's when it appeared as a broadside. Both tunes would seem to be Irish in origin. The second is usually used for *The Maid of the Mountain Brow*.

Go and Leave Me If You Wish, Love

PEA 5 No. 28 and MS
Mrs. Way
Bonavista, July, 1951
Mrs. Lucy Heaney
Stock Cove, July, 1952



1. Go and leave me if you wish, love,
   Never let me cross your mind,
   Since you have been with another
   Go and leave me, never mind.

2. Many's the tale of love you've told me,
   Many's the long and weary mile
   We have wandered, love, together,
   Talking of life's weary trial.

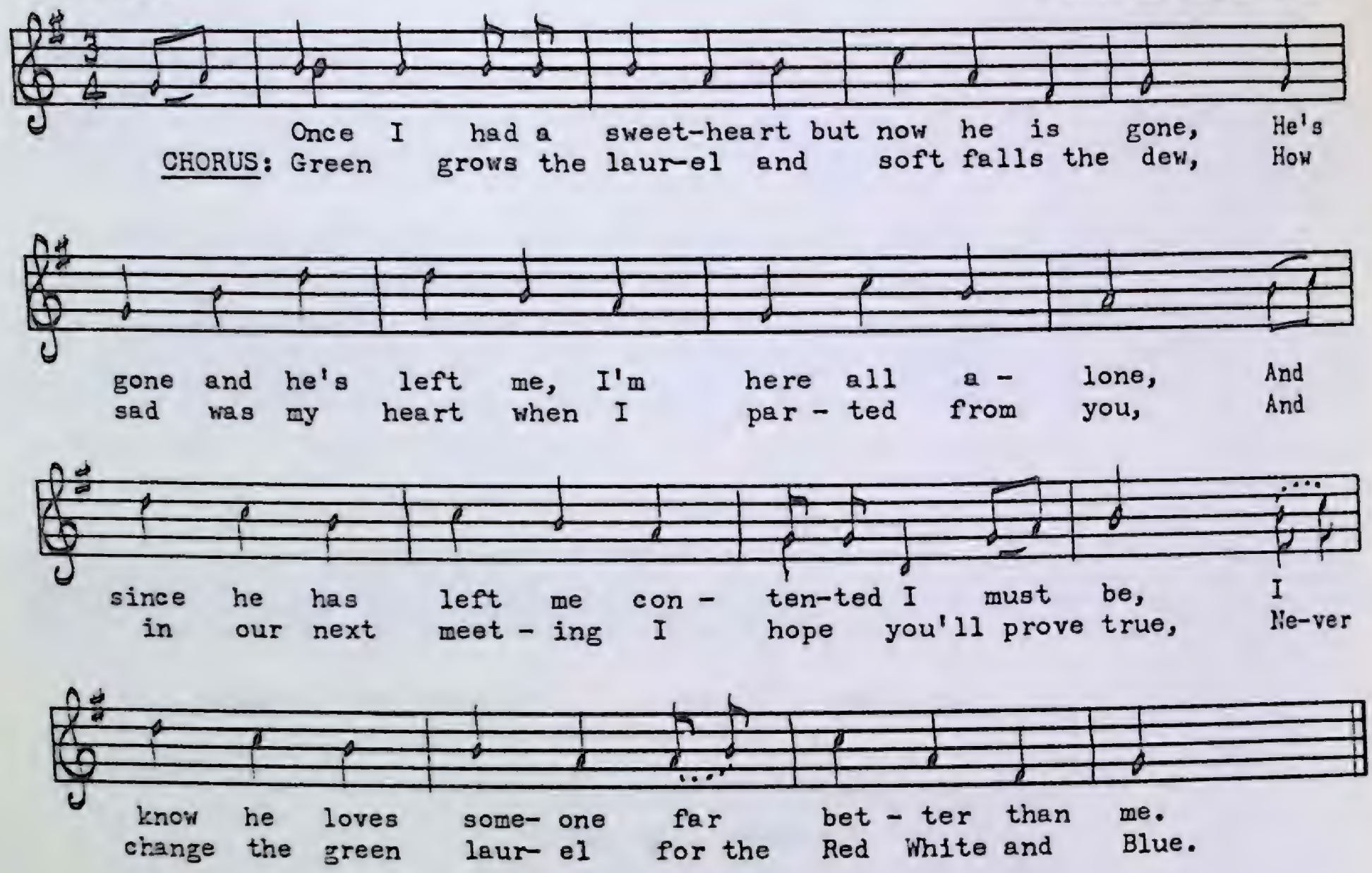
3. Many's the night with you I rambled,
   Many's the hour with you I spent,
   I thought your heart was mine forever,
   But now I find it was only lent.

4. Go and leave me if you wish, love,
   I will stay and think on thee,
   Sitting in my chair of sorrow
   With your baby on my knee.

One of the most poignant laments in the whole Newfoundland collection. A text of this rare item appears in Gavin Greig's *Folk Songs of the North East*, and Sharp notes an Appalachian variant called *The Dear Companion*. The Newfoundland version is a collation from two three-verse variants. Verses 1 and 4 were sung by Mrs. Way, and verses 2 and 3 are from Mrs. Heaney. The tunes are almost identical.

Green Grows the Laurel

PEA 161 No. 1030
Mrs. Clara Stevens
Bellburns, August, 1959



1. Once I had a sweetheart but now he is gone,
   He's gone and he's left me, I'm here all alone,
   And since he has left me contented I must be,
   I know he loves someone far better than me.

   Green grows the laurel and soft falls the dew,
   How sad was my heart when I parted from you,
   And in our next meeting I hope you'll prove true,
   Never change the green laurel for the Red White and Blue.

2. I wrote him a letter so loving and kind,
   He wrote me another with sharp, bitter lines,
   Saying: 'Keep your love letters and I will keep mine,
   And you write to your love and I'll write to mine.'

   So green grows the laurel and soft falls the dew,
   How sad was my heart when I parted from you,
   And in our next meeting I'll have you to know
   Young men are deceivers wherever they go.

3. He passed by my window both early and late,
And the looks that he gave me would make your heart ache,
The looks that he gave me ten thousand would kill,
Wherever he wanders he's my sweetheart still.

So green grows the laurel and soft falls the dew,
How sad was my heart when I parted from you,
And in our next meeting I hope you'll prove true,
Never change the green laurel for the Red White and Blue.

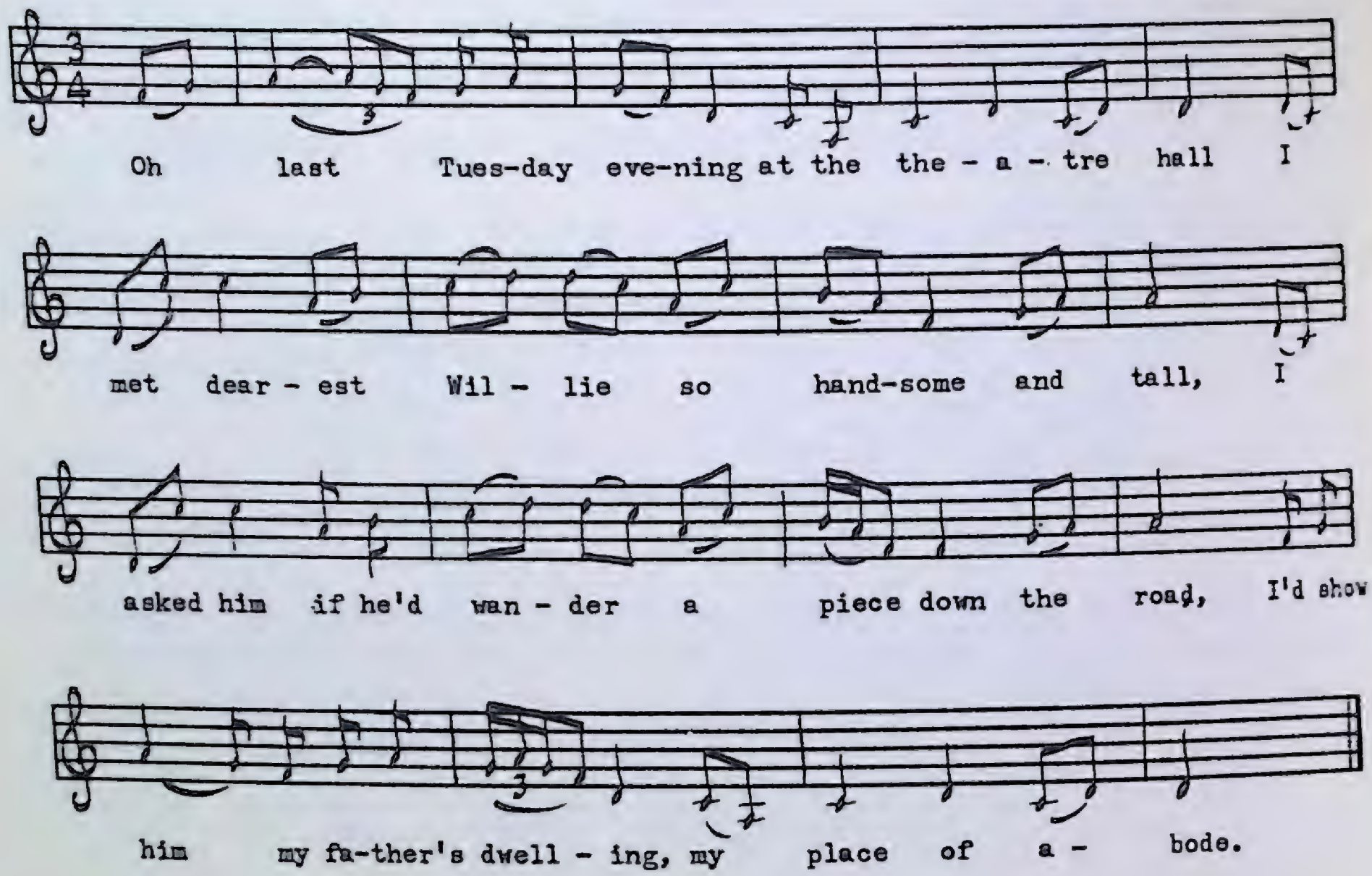
4. Once I was as happy as a red blushing rose,
But now I'm as pale as the lily that grows,
Like a tree in the garden with its beauty all gone,
Don't you see what I've come to for the loving of one?

So green grows the laurel and soft falls the dew,
How sad was my heart when I parted from you,
And in our next meeting I hope you'll prove true,
I will change my green laurel for the Red White and Blue.

Cecil Sharp noted this song under the same title during his researches in the Southern Appalachians. In recent years it has been widely heard on radio and recordings.

Green Grow the Laurels

PEA 160 No. 1029
Mrs. Clara Stevens
Bellburns, August, 1959



1. Oh last Tuesday evening at the theatre hall
   I met dearest Willie so handsome and tall,
   I asked him if he'd wander a piece down the road,
   I'd show him my father's dwelling, my place of abode.
2. "There's a tree in my father's garden, lovely Willie," said she,
   "Where young men and maidens do wait upon me,
   When my father is sleeping in his sweet silent rest,
   Meet me there, lovely Willie, you're the one I love best."
3. My father lay in ambush those cruel deeds for to do,
   And with his sharp weapon he pierced my love through.
   Saying, "Father, dearest father, with woe my heart's filled
   Since the blood of my innocent Willie you've spilled."
4. I will sit myself down on the place where he died,
   And may heaven protect him, he's my own darling bride,
   Tomorrow I am off to a strange country
   Where I will know no one, nor no one know me.
5. Oh green grow the laurels and the tops of them small,
   But love is a phantom will conquer us all.
   Since my Willie is a-sleeping in his sweet silent rest,
   I am hoping for to meet him, lay my head on his breast.

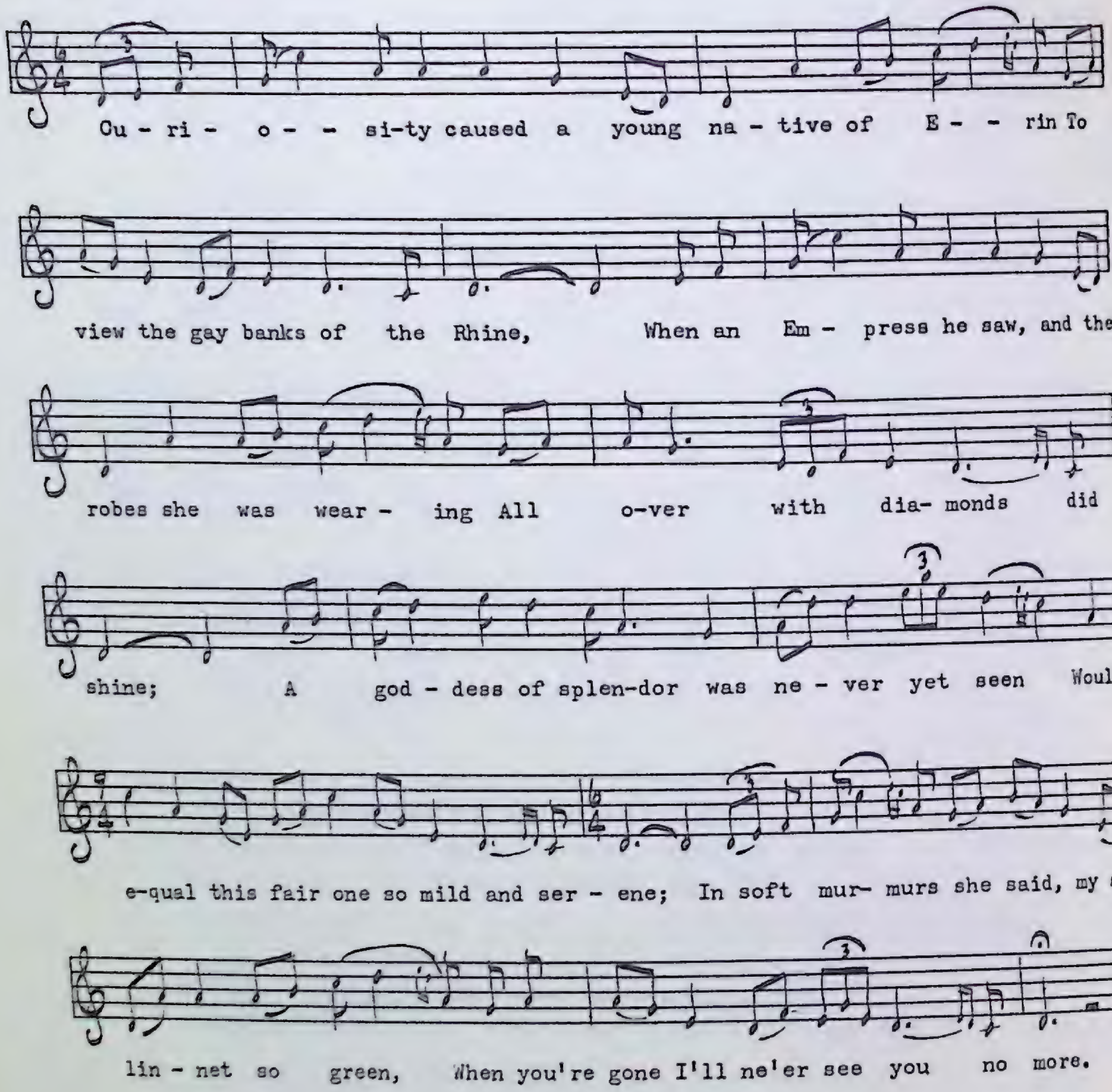
This song is not to be confused with another of similar title, *Green Grows the Laurel.* In its tune and its last verse this song bears a resemblance to *Nancy from London.* Although many ballads have dealt with this theme, I have been unable to find it in other collections in its present form.

The Green Linnet

MS 46

Phillip Foley
Tilting, July, 1952

Moderate



1. Curiosity caused a young native of Erin
   To view the gay banks of the Rhine,
   When an Empress he saw, and the robes she was wearing
   All over with diamonds did shine;
   A goddess of splendor was never yet seen
   Would equal this fair one so mild and serene;
   In soft murmurs she said, my sweet linnet so green,
   When you're gone I'll ne'er see you no more.

2. The cold stormy Alps you freely went over,
Which nature placed there in your way;
Marengo Salone around you did hover,
And Paris rejoiced the next day.
It grieves me the hardship you did undergo,
Over mountains you travelled all covered with snow;
The balance of power your courage laid low,
Are you gone, will I ne'er see you more?

3. The crowned heads of Europe when you were in splendor
Fain would have had you to submit;
But the Goddess of Freedom soon bid them surrender,
And lowered their standard of wit.
Old Frederick's colors in France you did bring,
But his offspring found shelter under your wing;
That day in Virginia you sweetly did sing,
Are you gone, will I ne'er see you more?

4. 'Though numbers of men are eager to slay you,
Their malice you view with a smile;
Their gold through all Europe they sold to betray you,
And they joined the Mamelukes on the Nile;
Like ravens for blood their wild passions did burn,
The orphans they slew and caused widows to mourn;
They say my linnet is gone and will ne'er return,
Is he gone, will I ne'er see him more?

5. When the trumpet of war's grand blast was sounding,
You marched to the north with good will;
To relieve these poor slaves in their vile sack clothing,
You've used your exertion and skill;
You spread out the wings of your envied train,
While tyrants great Caesar's old nest set in flame;
Their own subjects they caused to eat herbs on the plain,
Are you gone, will I ne'er see you more?

6. At famed Waterloo where thousands lay sprawling,
On every field high or low,
Fame on her trumpet true Frenchmen were calling
Fresh laurels to place on her brow;
Usurpers did tremble to hear the loud call,
The third old age building around you did fall,
And the Spaniards their fleet in the harbor did call,
Are you gone, will I ne'er see you more?

7. I will roam through that desert of wild Abyssinia,
And yet find no cure for my pain;
I will go and inquire on the Isle of St. Helena,
But I know they will tell me it's vain.

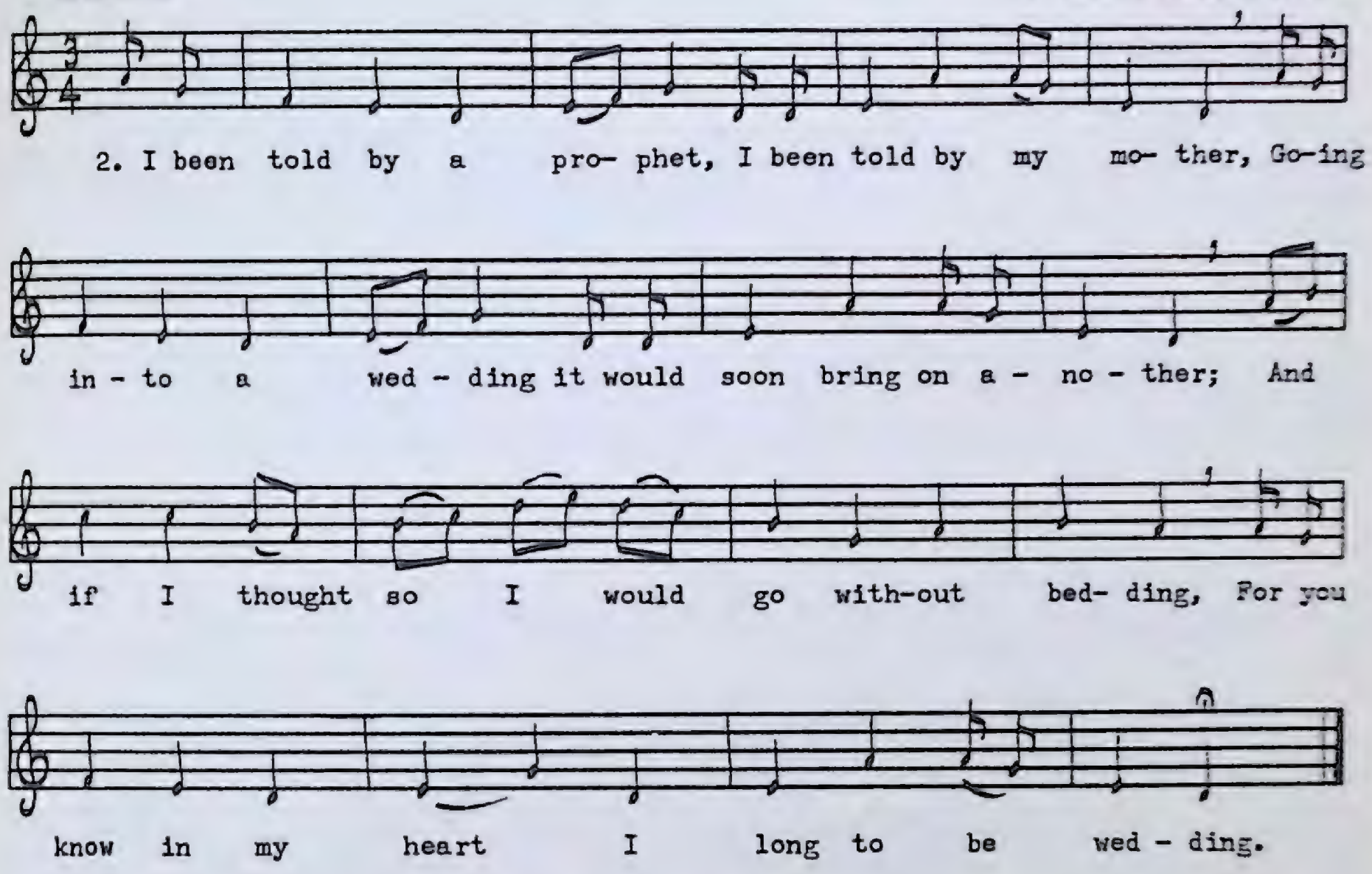
Come tell me, ye critics, come tell me in time,
This nation I'll range my sweet linnet to find;
Was he slain at Waterloo, or at Elba, on the Rhine?
If he was, I will ne'er see him more.

This flowery Irish ode to Napoleon appears almost word for word in a collection of songs and ballads called *Irish Com-All-Ye's* by Manus O'Conor, New York, 1901. The singer obviously learned it from a printed version, or from somebody who had. The beautiful ornate Dorian tune is a perfect vehicle for the words.

I Long To Be Wedding

(The Old Maid's Song)

PEA 96 No. 759
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958



1. Come all you good people, some older, some younger,
   Some fourteen, some fifteen, some sixteen when they marry,
   Here I am forty-five, must yet longer tarry.
2. I been told by a prophet, I been told by my mother,
   Going into a wedding it would soon bring on another;
   And if I thought so I would go without bedding,
   For you know in my heart I long to be wedding.
3. There is my sister Syl, she is younger than I am,
   Before she was fifteen for a bride she was taken,
   Before she was sixteen she had a son and a daughter,
   Here am I forty-five and never got the offer.
4. Come fiddler, come fifer, come brewer, come weaver,
   Black-man or rag-man, foolish or witty,
   Don't let me die a maid, come and marry me for pity.
5. Neither fiddler, nor fifer, nor brewer, nor weaver,
   Black-man or rag-man, foolish or witty,
   Till an old chimney-sweep come and married her for pity.
6. Oh now he has got her he rifles her charms,
   She lays down quite mournful in his black sooty arms,
   Oh now he has got her he swears he will keep her
   While she rolls in the arms of a black chimney-sweeper.

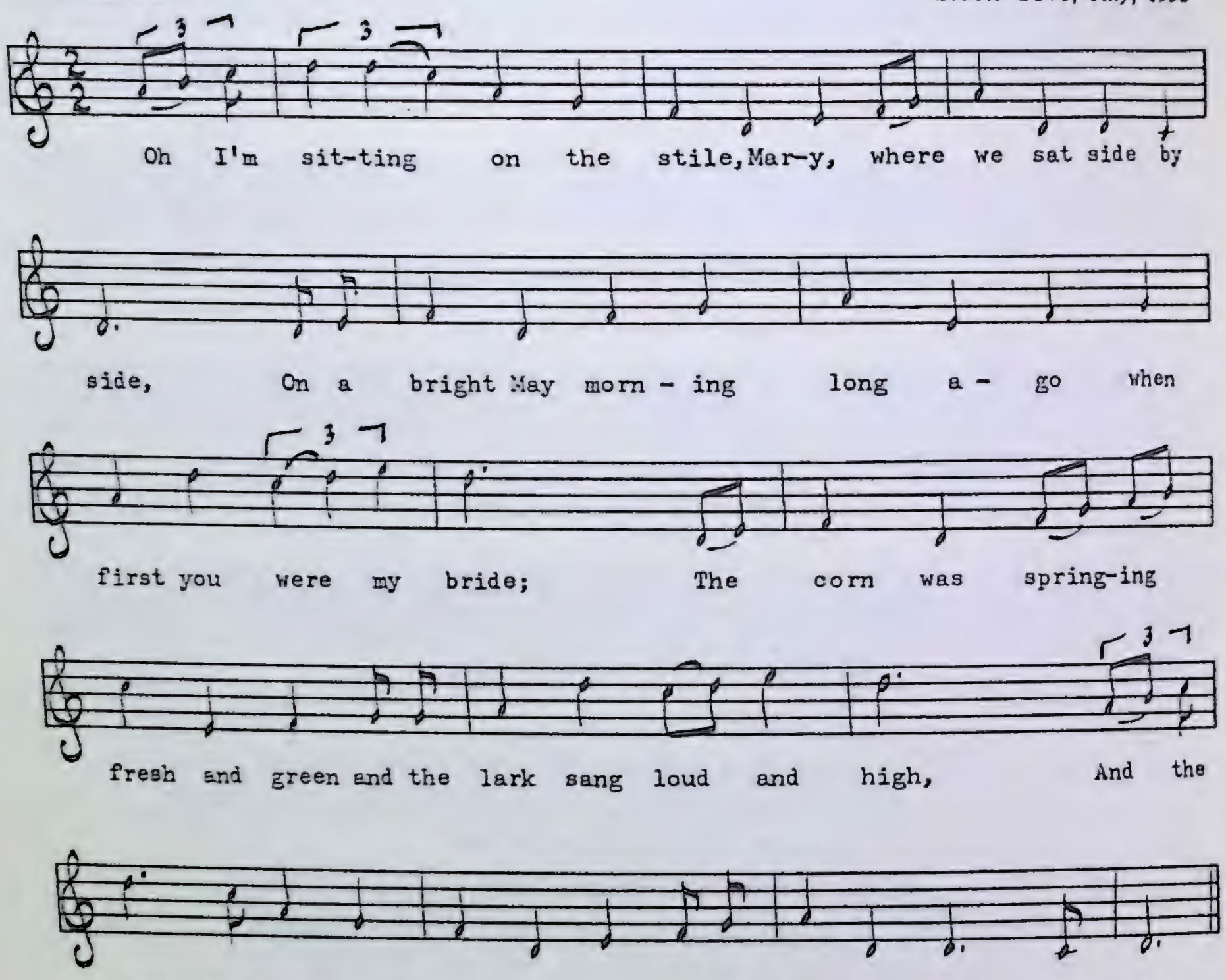
I'm Sitting on the Stile, Mary

(The Irish Emigrant)

A

MS 51
James and Lucy Heaney
Stock Cove, July, 1952

Moderate



1. Oh I'm sitting on the stile, Mary, where we sat side by side,
   On a bright May morning long ago when first you were my bride;
   The corn was springing fresh and green and the lark sang loud
   and high,
   And the red was on your lips, Mary, and the love lay in your eye.

2. The place is little changed, Mary, the day is bright as then,
   The lark's loud song is in my ear and the corn is green again;
   But I miss the softness of your hand and your breath warm
   on my cheek,
   And I still keep listening for the words you never more will speak.

3. 'Tis but a step down yonder lane, the little church stands near,
The place where we were wed, Mary, I see the spire from here;
And the grave-yard stands between us both where you took your final rest,
Where I laid you, darling, down to sleep with your babe all on your breast.

4. I'm very lonely now, Mary, for the poor make no new friends,
But oh they love the better still the few our Father sends;
And you were all I had, Mary, my blessing and my pride,
There's nothing else to care for now since my poor Mary died.

5. I'm bidding you a long farewell, my Mary kind and true,
But I'll not forget you, darling, in that land I'm going to;
For they say there's bread and work for all and the sun shines always there,
But I'll ne'er forget my Mary were it fifty times as fair.

B

PEA 157 No. 1016
Nicolas Keough
Parson's Pond, August, 1959

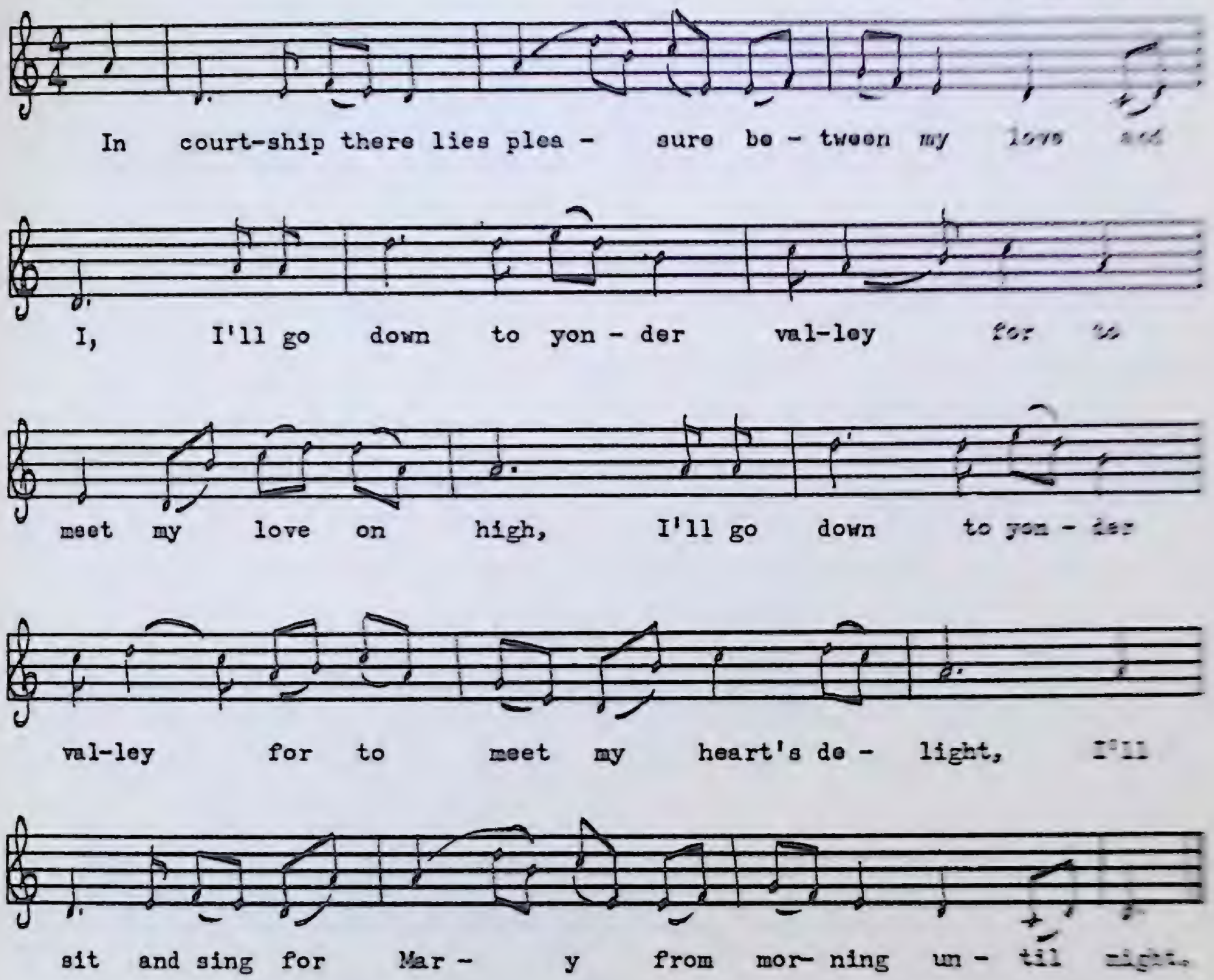
Moderately slow

I'm sit- ting on the stile Mar- y where we sat side by side On a bright May morn - ing long a - go when first you were my bride, Where the corn was spring-ing fresh and green and the lark sang loud and high, And the red was on your lips, Mar - y, and the love light in your eye.

Verse 3, missing from variant *A*, was supplied from *B*. Tune *B* seems to be related to *A* but is different enough in its second line to warrant reproduction. The Heaneys said they learned this from an old copy of *The Family Herald,* a weekly Canadian journal, widely read by rural dwellers. Some of the material on its old-time song page was quite good, although this Irish song (apart from its tune) is not a particularly good example.

In Courtship There Lies Pleasure

VEA 95 No. 96
Mrs. Freeman Barrett
St. Paul's, August, 1958



1. In courtship there lies pleasure between my love and I,
   I'll go down to yonder valley for to meet my love on high,
   I'll go down to yonder valley for to meet my heart's delight,
   I'll sit and sing for Mary from morning until night.

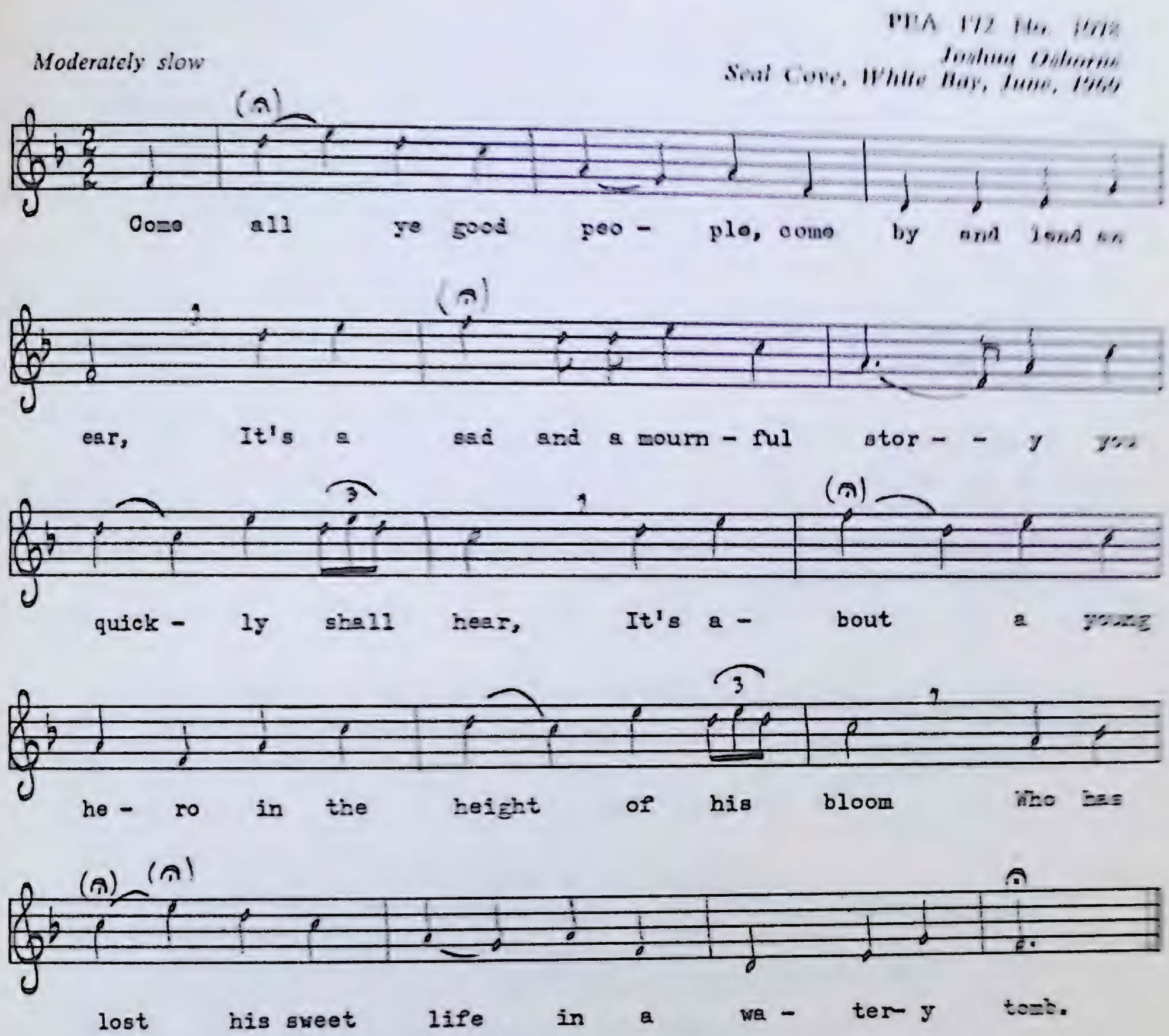
2. I was coming from Mass last Sunday when my love she passed me by,
   I knew that I was slighted by the rolling of her eye,
   I knew that I was slighted for a man of a low degree,
   Saying, "Mary, lovely Mary, these looks have wounded me."

3. I'll buy a bottle of brandy and I'll place it in my love's hand,
   Come pour a drink, love Mary, while courtship lies at hand,
   Come pour a drink, love Mary, let the bottle remain with me,
   Ten guineas there lies waiting and it's married we will be.

4. If ever you fall in love with a pretty little girl with a dark and a rolling eye,
Just roll her in your loving arms and tell her of many a lie,
Just roll her in your loving arms till it causes her heart to yield,
Like some false-hearted lover that ever stood revealed.

5. So fare you well old Carleton, so fare you well to mourn,
So fare you well my blue-eyed girl, I'll never see you any more,
There's Americay lies far, far away, it's a place I'll soon go see.
May the curse be on that young man that stole my love from me!

John Burke



1. Come all ye good people, come by and lend an ear,
   It's a sad and a mournful story you quickly shall hear,
   It's about a young hero in the height of his bloom
   Who has lost his sweet life in a watery tomb.

2. Bad luck attend you, Percy, wherever you may be,
   You would not assist my Johnny for he's drownded in the sea,
   You would leave him for to tumble and to roll in the sea,
   In that cold, cold bed of sorrow far away from me.

3. If you were to hear his mother how bitter she did weep
   For to see his body a-rising and a-floating o'er the deep,
   For the loss of her young hero without spot or a stain,
   He's the pride all of the family, John Burke was his name.

4. If you were to hear his sister how bitter she did weep,
If you were to hear his true love how she mourned in her sleep,
Crying, "Johnny, lovely Johnny, shall I never see you more
On that far, far field of glory on the leeward shore?"

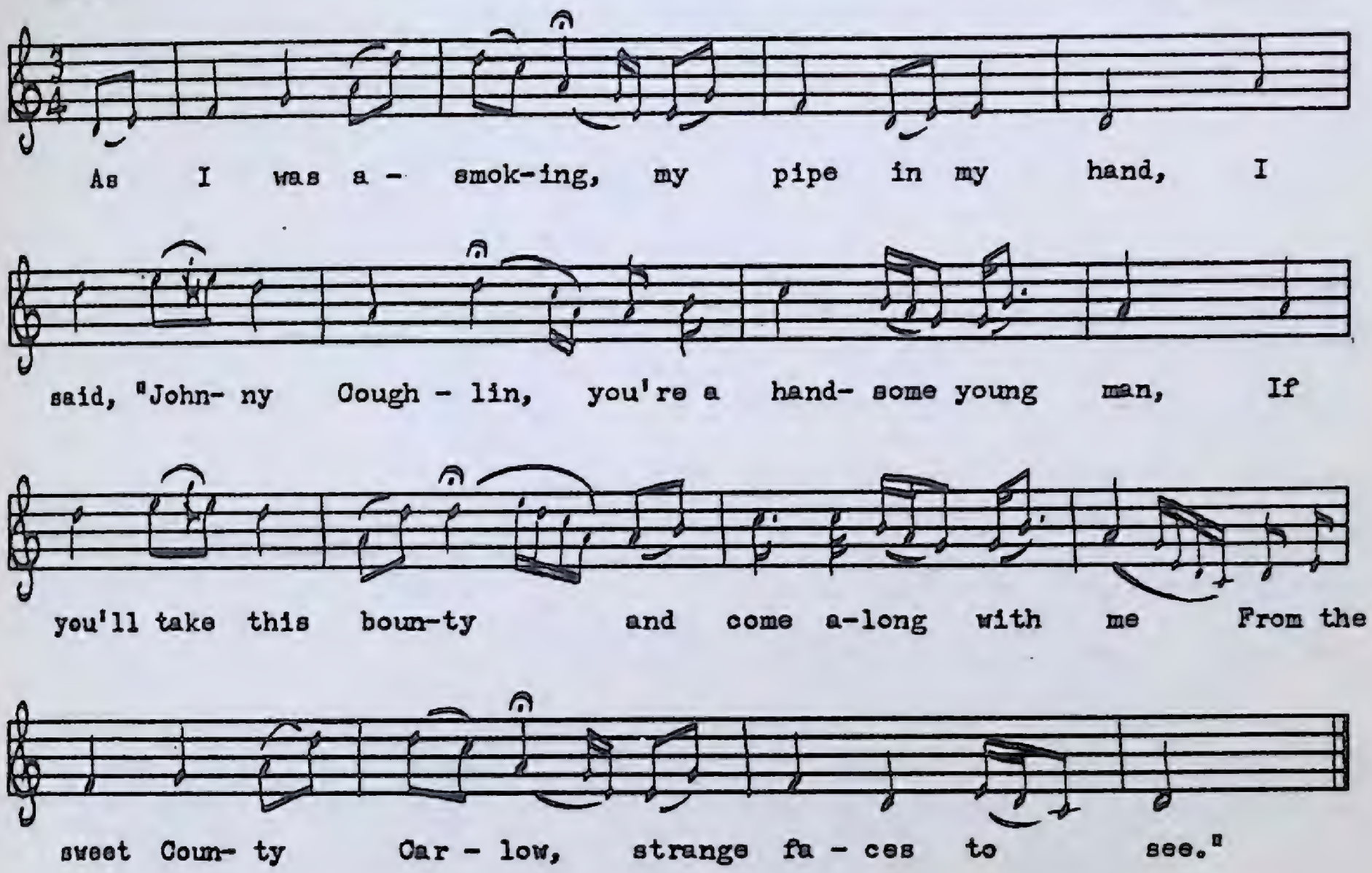
5. "All the ships on yonder ocean will make no motion on the seas,
And the salmon and the trout will forsake their clear streams,
And the birds will leave off singing and the flowers will decay
Since my Johnny was drownded in the flurry off Kerry Bay."

6. The day all of his funeral his true love she was there,
She was dressed all in her rich robes of scarlet so fair
For to view his tender body going down in the clay,
Here's adieu, adieu to Johnny as we all marched away.

I was unable to find any reference to this lament in the Irish collections at my disposal. Although obviously of late composition, the text is quite good, with many felicitous turns of phrase. The tune has no great beauty but is nevertheless distinctive enough not to be mistaken for any other (unlike so many late Irish tunes).

Johnny Coughlin

PEA 159 No. 1022
William Stevens
Bellburns, August, 1959



1. As I was a-smoking, my pipe in my hand,
   I said, "Johnny Coughlin, you're a handsome young man,
   If you'll take this bounty and come along with me
   From the sweet County Carlow, strange faces to see."

2. Put my hand in my pocket, one shilling I drew,
   "Take this, Johnny Coughlin, in hopes you'll prove true."
   And when he took the money the bargain was made,
   Five ribbons he bought her for her bonnet so gay.

3. "You can go where you've a mind to, I have no one to mourn,
   My mother is dead and will never return,
   My father got married, a step-mother brought in,
   Unto me she proved cruel and I'll not call her kin."

4. How happy is the mother who never reared a son,
   How little did she ever think what hardships would come,
   Not a quilt nor a blanket for to cover my skin,
   But an old broken sentry-box where the tide drifted in.

5. Here's adieu to County Carlow and the girl I adore,
   Here's adieu to County Carlow where the big ships do roar,
   Where the small trout and salmon on the sandy banks lie,
   With my hooks and small line to catch them I'd try.

Although his wife, Clara, sang many songs, this is the only song I could persuade Mr. Stevens to sing. It is all the more disappointing because this Irish lament reveals a fioritura style of the highest quality. The text, however, seems to be in rather poor condition; though just poor enough to make it rather mysterious and interesting.

Johnny Dunlay

MS 60
Phillip Foley
Tilting, July, 1952

Moderately slow, free time

There's a tree in the green-wood I love best of all, It

stands by the side of Ay-mer's haun-ted hall, It was

there where the sun - light falls bright far a - way Last we

met 'neath its bran - ches, my John - ny Dun - lay.

1. There's a tree in the greenwood I love best of all,
   It stands by the side of Aymer's haunted hall,
   It was there where the sunlight falls bright far away
   Last we met 'neath its branches, my Johnny Dunlay.

2. To see his fine form as he rode down the hill,
   And the red sunlight shining on his helmet of steel,
   His broad sword and charger so gallant and gay,
   On that evening of woe for my Johnny Dunlay.

3. He stood by my side, and the love smile he wore
   It brightened my heart, although 'twill be nevermore,
   It was to have but one farewell, with speed to the affray,
   It was a farewell forever from Johnny Dunlay.

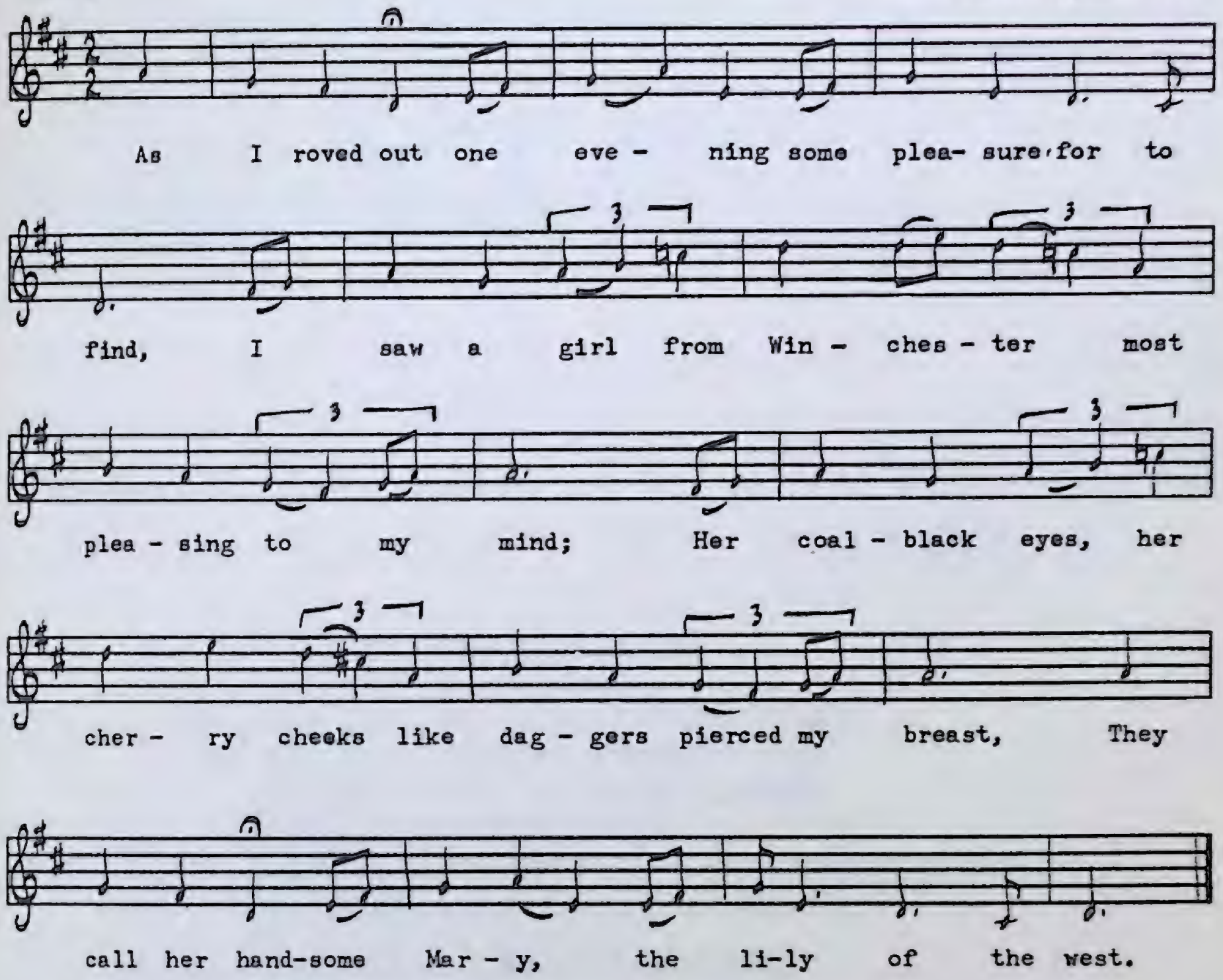
4. Those fair Saxon soldiers lay hid in the dell,
   They burst on our meeting with a wild savage yell,
   Their dark leader's life's blood I saw that sad day,
   It stained the good sword of my Johnny Dunlay.

5. My curse on the traitor, my curse on the ball
   That stretched my true love by Aymer's haunted hall,
   The blood of his brave heart ebbed quickly away,
   He died in my arms, my Johnny Dunlay.

I have not seen this lament in other collections, though it would appear to be Irish in origin. The tune is one of the most beautiful and unusual of the Newfoundland collection. It appears to be in the Mixolydian mode but ends on the fourth degree, creating a Hypoionian bias.

The Lily of the West

PEA 107 No. 805 and MS
Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958



1. As I roved out one evening some pleasure for to find,
   I saw a girl from Winchester most pleasing to my mind,
   Her coal-black eyes, her cherry cheeks, like daggers pierced my breast,
   They call her handsome Mary, the lily of the west.
2. I courted her for many a day, her love I thought to gain,
   Too soon, too soon she slighted me which caused me grief and pain;
   Although she robbed my liberty, deprived me of my rest,
   But still I love my Mary, the lily of the west.
3. As I roved out one evening down by a shady grove,
   I saw a lord of high renown conversing with my love;
   He sang, he sang so merrily whilst I was so repressed,
   He sang for handsome Mary, the lily of the west.
4. I rushed upon my rival, my dagger in my hand,
   I tore him from my own true love, I boldly made him stand;
   Being mad with desperation my dagger pierced his breast,
   I was betrayed by Mary, the lily of the west.

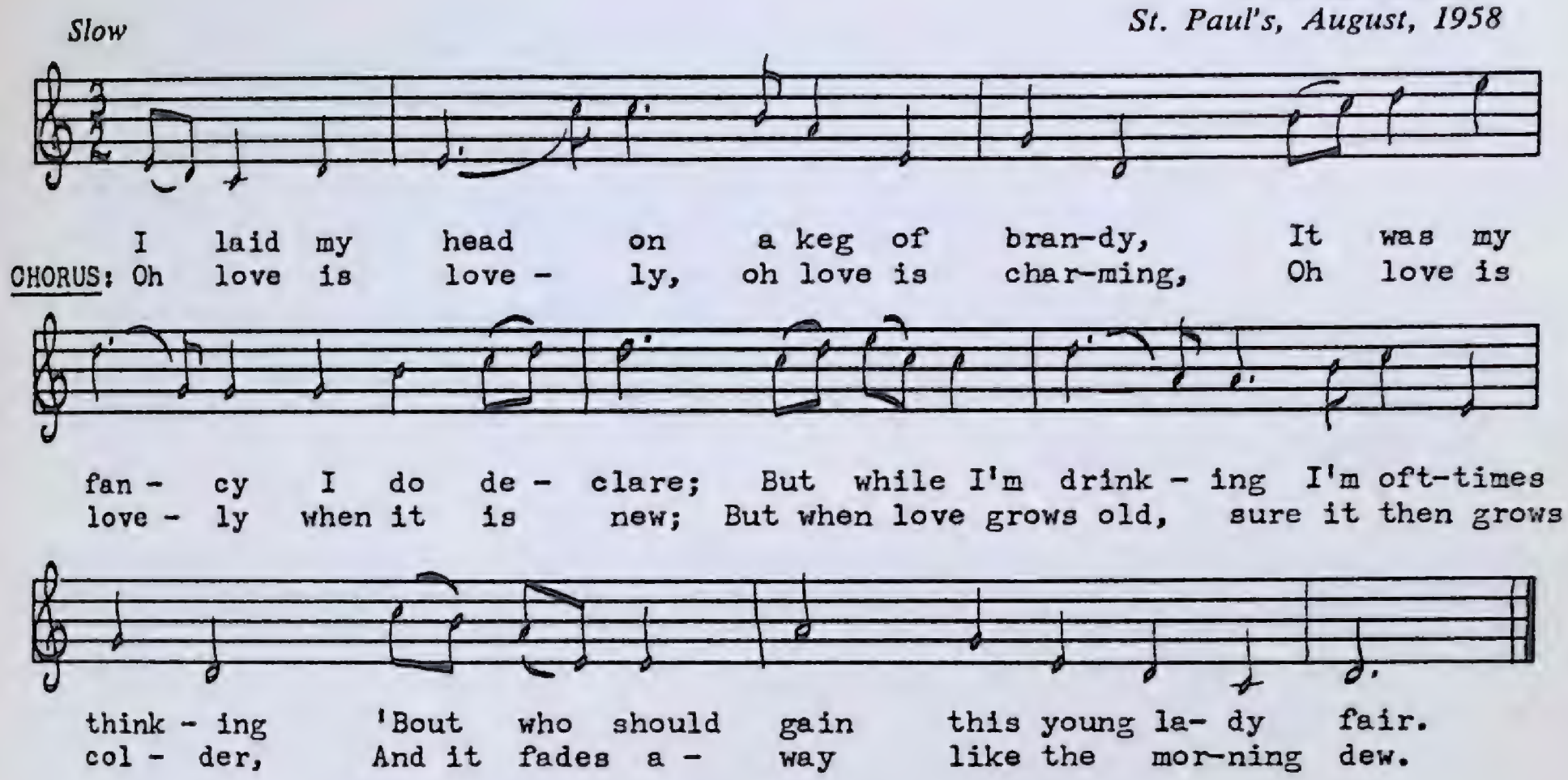
5. Soon I was took and put in prison and sentence given to me,
They put me in the criminal dock but later set me free;
The kindly judge to Mary these words he then addressed:
"Begone, you faithless Mary, the lily of the west."

6. Oh now I've gained my liberty to roam this country through,
I'll roam this country o'er and o'er to find a loved one true;
Although she robbed my liberty, deprived me of my rest,
But still I love my Mary, the lily of the west.

For other variants of this ballad see Sharp's *Folk Songs of the Southern Appalachians;* the *Journal of American Folklore,* XXXV, 368; and O Lochlainn's *Irish Street Ballads.*

Love is Lovely

PEA 94 No. 751
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958



1. I laid my head on a keg of brandy,
   It was my fancy I do declare;
   But while I'm drinking I'm ofttimes thinking
   'Bout who should gain this young lady fair.

   Oh love is lovely, oh love is charming,
   Oh love is lovely when it is new,
   But when love grows old(er), sure it then grows colder,
   And it fades away like the morning dew.

2. Oh ofttimes drunk and cast down lonely,
   I rove around oh from town to town,
   And when my frolicking days are over,
   This fair young damsel will lay me down.

3. I wish to God I was never born,
   Or in my cradle I would have died;
   For such a youth to be ever born,
   To a-love a maid and be denied.

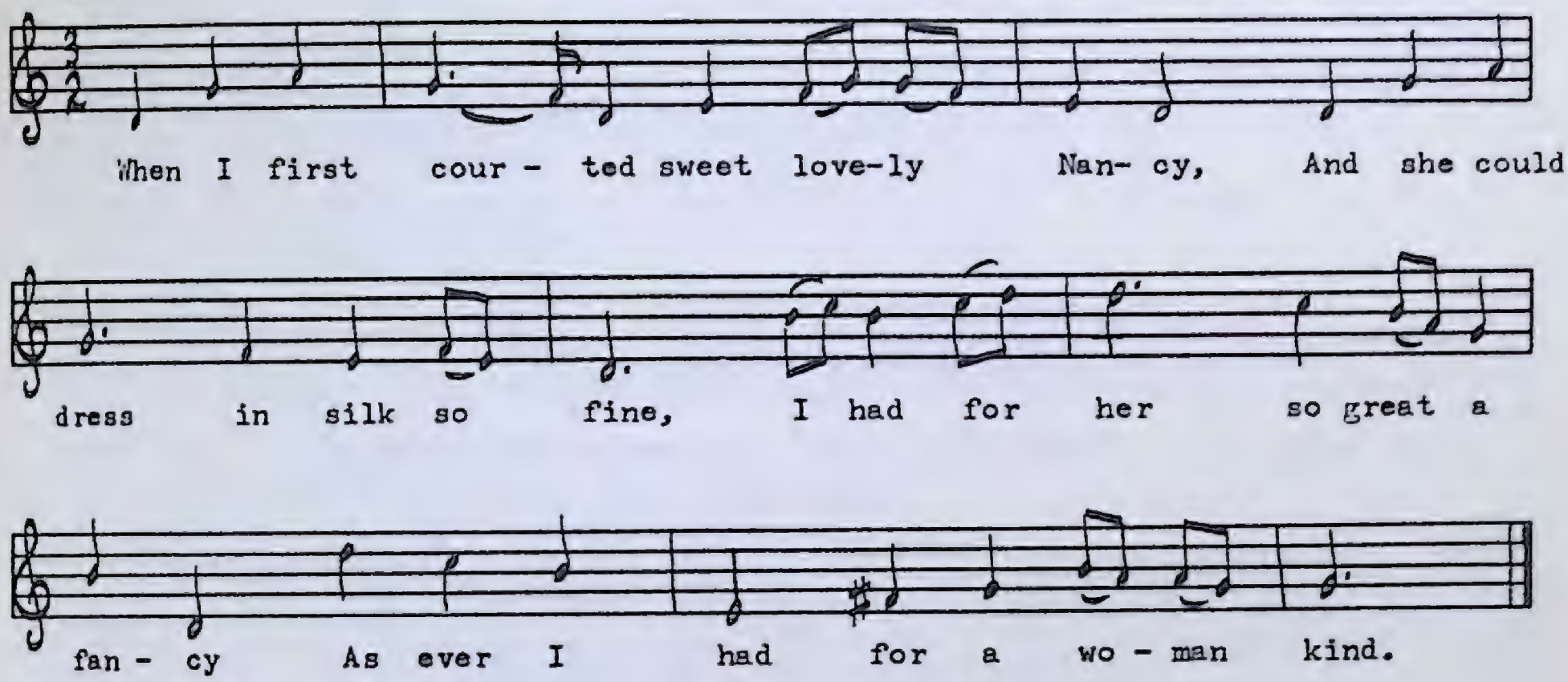
4. The ocean is wide and I can't wade over,
   Neither have I got wings to fly,
   But if I had some old skipper boat-man,
   I would ferry me over my love and I.

5. Oh ofttimes drunk and seldom sober,
   A rolling stone looks so black as ink;
   I will place my coat for the want of money,
   And I'll sing no more till I get a drink!

When I become quite well acquainted with singers, I often entertain them with a little beer or brandy. Sometimes, however, the singing becomes so engrossing that I forget to replenish the glasses, a lapse that is never brought to my attention directly. If the dry spell continues for an unbearable length of time, the singer jogs my memory very discreetly by singing a song which ends like *Love Is Lovely*. This is certainly the most civilized way of asking for a drink I have ever encountered, and just one of the many subtle social graces practised by outport Newfoundlanders. I am ashamed to admit that this is not the only time I have been delinquent as a host. For another example see the last verse of *The Riverhead La'nchin' on Jubilee Day*. *Love Is Lovely* is a Newfoundland variant of an English love lament called *Waly Waly* by Cecil Sharp, who noted four variants in England and one in the Appalachians (For background on the English variants see James Reeves' *The Idiom of the People*).

Lovely Nancy

PEA 120 No. 865
Mrs. Wallace Kinslow
Isle aux Morts, June, 1959



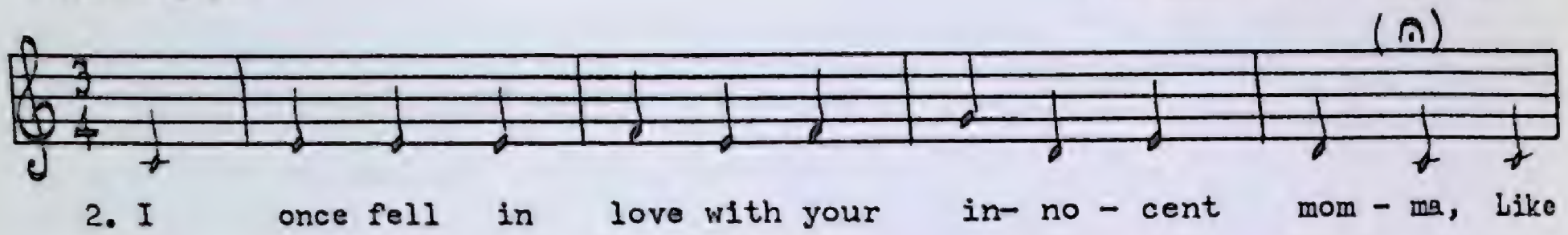
1. When I first courted sweet lovely Nancy,
   And she could dress in silk so fine,
   I had for her so great a fancy
   As ever I had for a woman kind.
2. One day I went to see lovely Nancy,
   I carried with me a wedding ring,
   Constantly she did deny me,
   What could I think of such meaner thing?
3. So straight I'll go unto her old mother,
   Thinking that she'll stand by her friend,
   Seven long weeks on bread and cold water,
   This cruel woman confounded me.
4. And now she's married to a boasty captain,
   The smartest man is he in our town,
   Constantly that he did regard her,
   The love they carried will soon cut down.
5. One day I met her in the fields a-walking,
   She bowed her head as she passed me by,
   Once he were my falsehearted keeper,
   And now I see it's the other way.
6. Come all young girls I pray take a warning,
   Don't ever throw your first love away,
   For there's many a dark and cloudy morning
   Brings forth a pleasant sunshiny day.

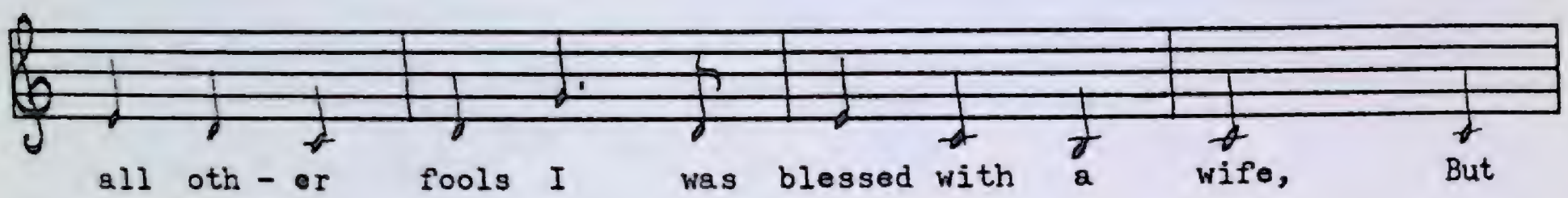
For another tune closely resembling this see *The Spanish Main*.

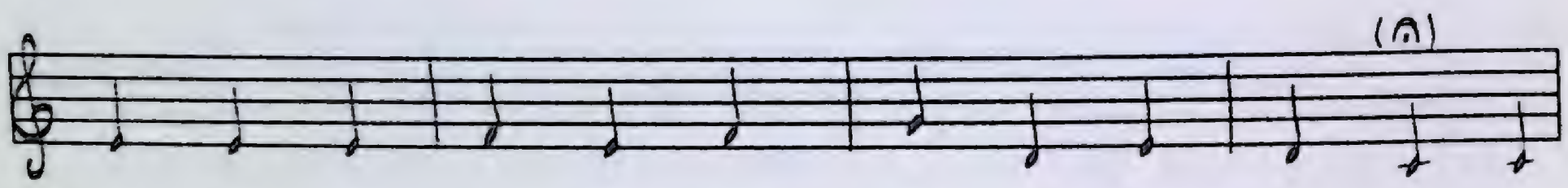
The Milkman's Lament

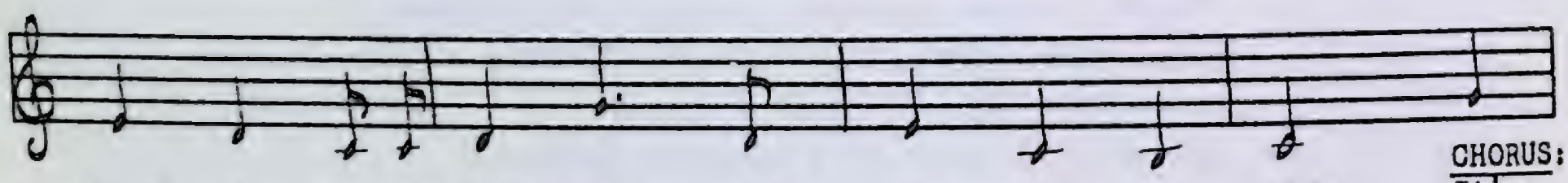
PEA 120 No. 864
Mrs. Wallace Kinslow
Isle aux Morts, June, 1959

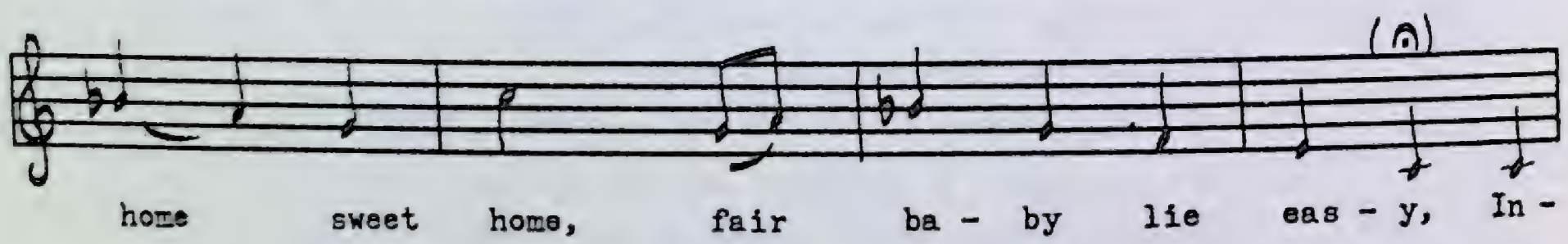
Moderately fast

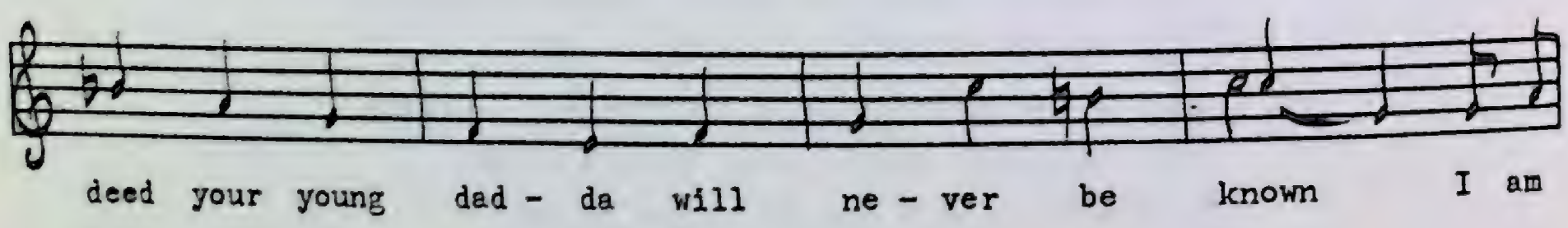


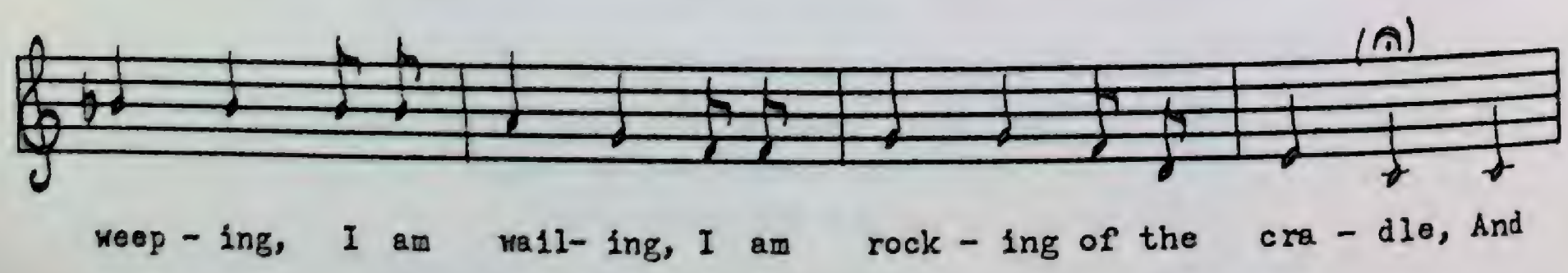


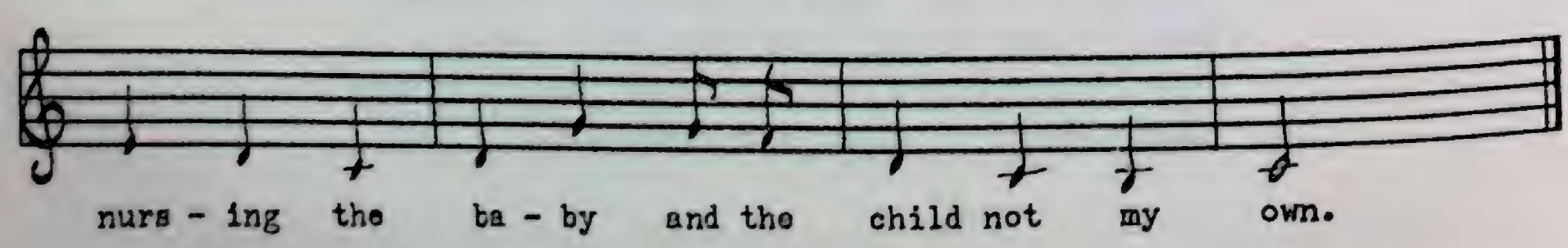












1. I am a young milkman in sad lamentation,
   I worked all my life for honour and gain,
   Till at length I courted a pretty young maiden,
   And love is the cause of a good many's pain.

   It's home sweet home, fair baby lie easy,
   Indeed your young dadda will never be known,
   I am weeping, I am wailing, I am rocking of the cradle,
   And nursing the baby and the child not my own.

2. I once fell in love with your innocent momma,
   Like all other fools I was blessed with a wife,
   But to my misfortune and sad lamentation
   I found she was the plague all the days of my life.

3. Some other night she may go to some party,
   I stays at home, rocks the cradle alone,
   The innocent baby which calls me his dadda,
   But little do he think I am not his own.

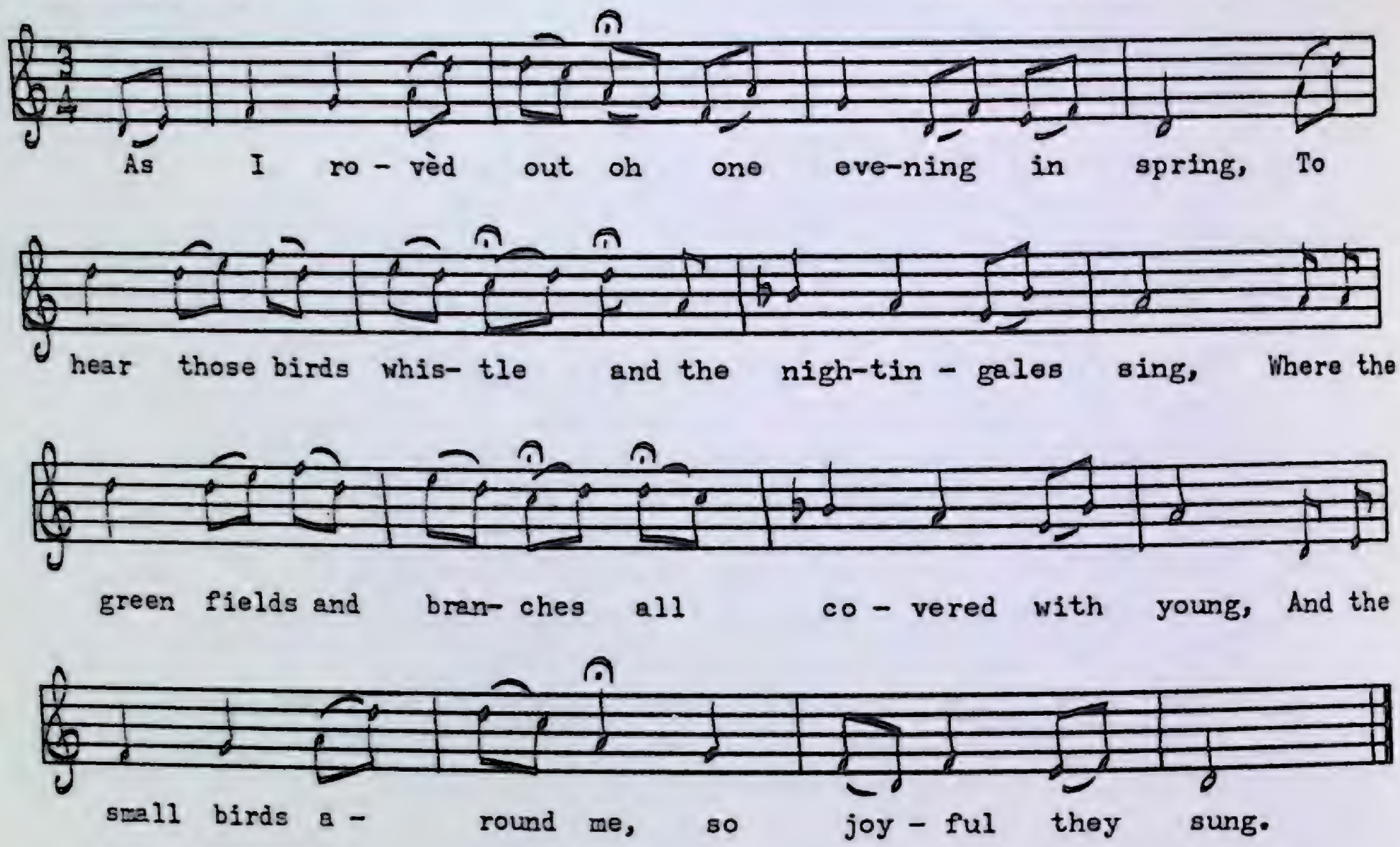
4. Come all you young men that now goes a-courting,
   Pray take my advice leave the women alone,
   It's by the Lord Harry as sure as you marry
   You'll be rocking the cradle and the child not your own.

My Flora and Me

A

PEA 115 No. 846
Arthur Nicolle
Rocky Harbour, August, 1958

Moderately slow



1. As I roved out oh one evening in spring,
   To hear those birds whistle and the nightingales sing,
   Where the green fields and branches all covered with young,
   And the small birds around me so joyful they sung.

2. Was there ever a young man so happy as me,
   So happy as Flora, my Flora and me?
   I will go to my Flora and this I will say:
   "When shall we get married?—pray mention the day."

3. "To wed gentle shepherd my time is not come,
   To wed gentle shepherd, my age is too young,
   I will first go to service till I'm twenty-one,
   And then we'll get married if love follows on."

4. To fulfill her promise to service she went,
   To wait on a lady it was her intent,
   To wait on a lady, a rich lady gay,
   Young Flora was clothed in most costly array.

5. The twelve-month being over, being over and spent,
   I wrote her a letter to hear her intent.
   The answer that she sent to me: 'Lead a long single life,
   For I never intend to be a poor shepherd's wife.'

6. In reading those few lines it grieved my heart sore
   To think that my Flora could love me no more,
   To think that my Flora could be so unkind,
   Like a false-hearted lovyer she soon changed her mind.

7. I wished I never knowed her, or she to know me,
   I wished I never loved her, or she to love me,
   My heart it's ensnared by her snowy-white breast,
   And I'm deeply wounded, and I can't take no rest.

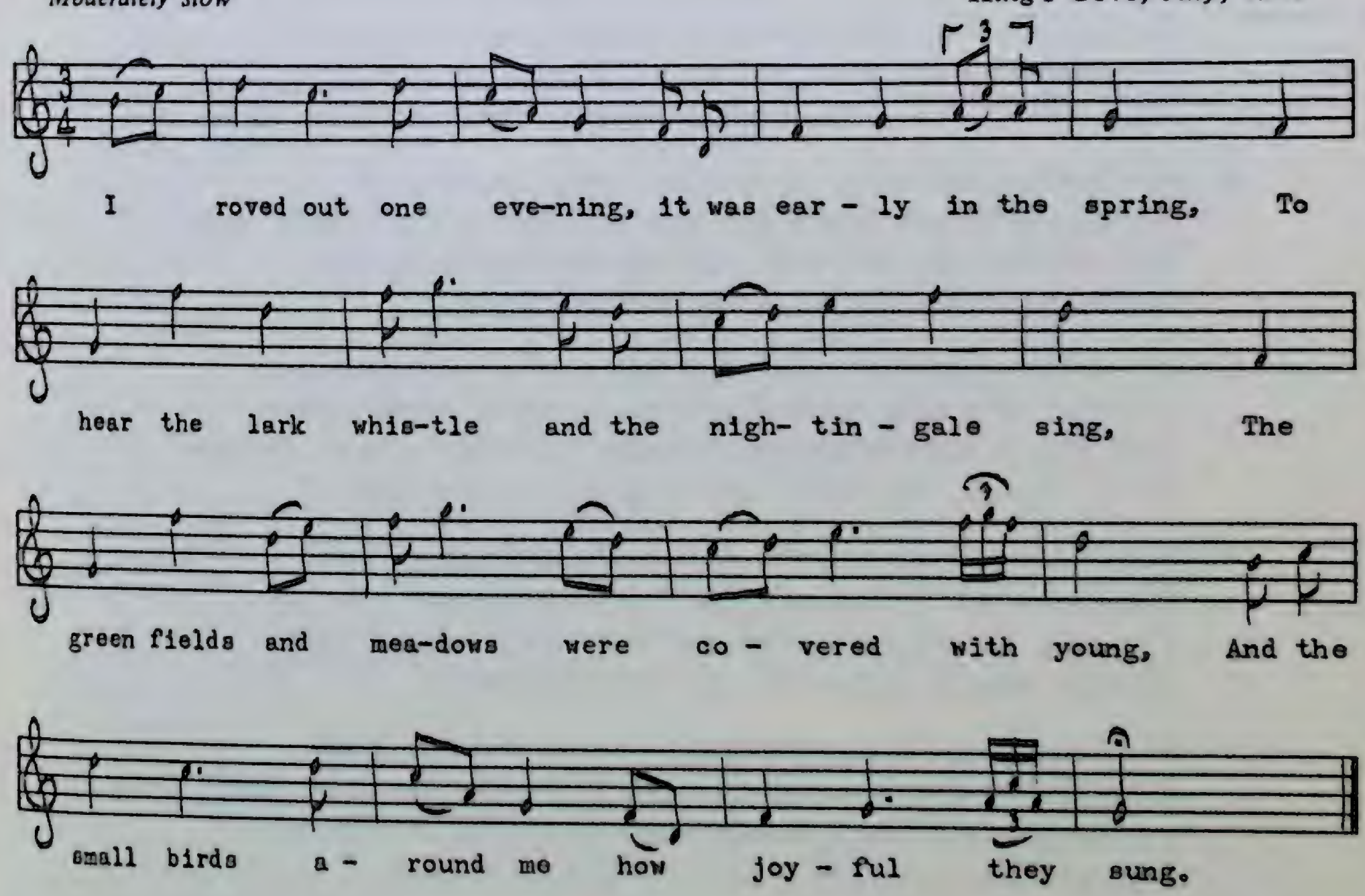
8. Oh once I was happy as a bud on a rose,
   And now I'm so pale as the lily that grows,
   Like a tree in yonder valley when the blooms are all gone,
   Don't you see what I'm come to by loving but one?

9. To the green fields and branches we shall now bid adieu,
   Likewise to my Flora, she proved so untrue,
   Likewise to my Flora, she proved so unkind,
   Like a false-hearted lovyer she soon changed her mind.

To give the best wording a few phrases in the text were taken from variant *B* and two other variants. All the texts are similar, though Mr. Nicolle's is the most complete. Both the variants given have excellent modal tunes; *A* is Aeolian, and *B* Mixolydian.

B

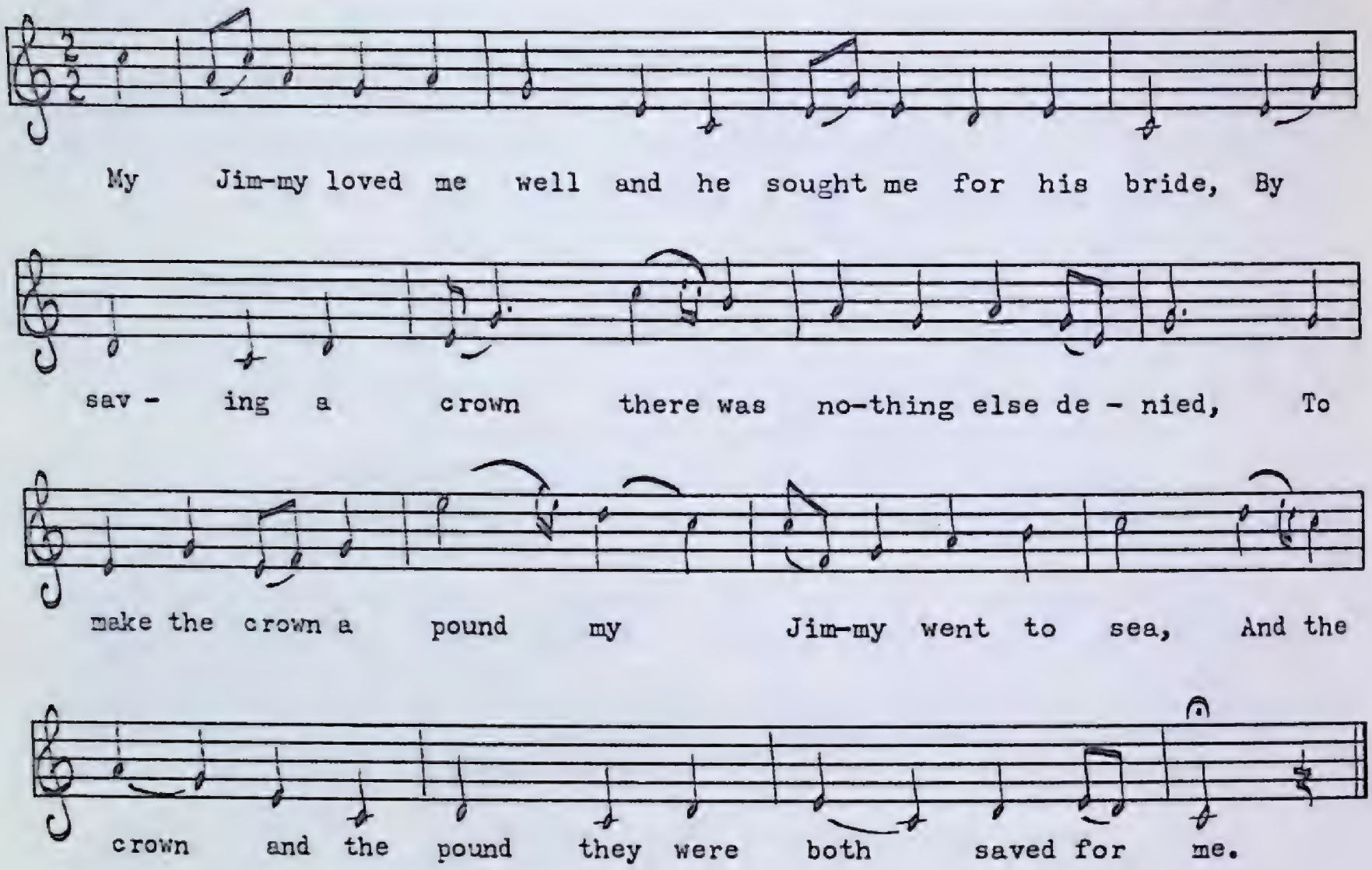
MS 81
Michael Aylward
King's Cove, July, 1952



Old Robin Gray

MS 101
Phillip Foley
Tilting, July, 1952

Moderately slow



1. My Jimmy loved me well and he sought me for his bride,
   By saving a crown there was nothing else denied,
   To make the crown a pound my Jimmy went to sea,
   And the crown and the pound they were both saved for me.

2. He scarce had been gone but a week and a day,
   When my father broke his arm and our cow was stole away,
   My mother she fell sick, and my Jimmy on the sea,
   And old Robin Gray came a-courting me.

3. My father couldn't work nor my mother couldn't spin,
   I toiled day and night but their bread I couldn't win.
   Old Robin maintained them both and with tears in his eyes
   Said, "Jenny, for their sake will you be my bride?"

4. My heart it said no, for I looked for Jimmy back,
   But the wind blew a gale and his ship became a wreck,
   His ship became a wreck, oh why didn't Jimmy dee,
   Or why was he spared to say woe unto me?

5. My father urged me so but my mother did not speak,
   Oh they looked into my eyes till I thought my heart would break,
   I gave him my hand, 'though my heart was on the sea,
   And old Robin Gray was a kind man to me.

6. We scarce had been wed, 'twas a week more than four,
When I mournfully sat on a stone by the door,
When I saw Jimmy's ghost for I didn't think 'twas he.
He said, "I've come back, love, for to marry thee."

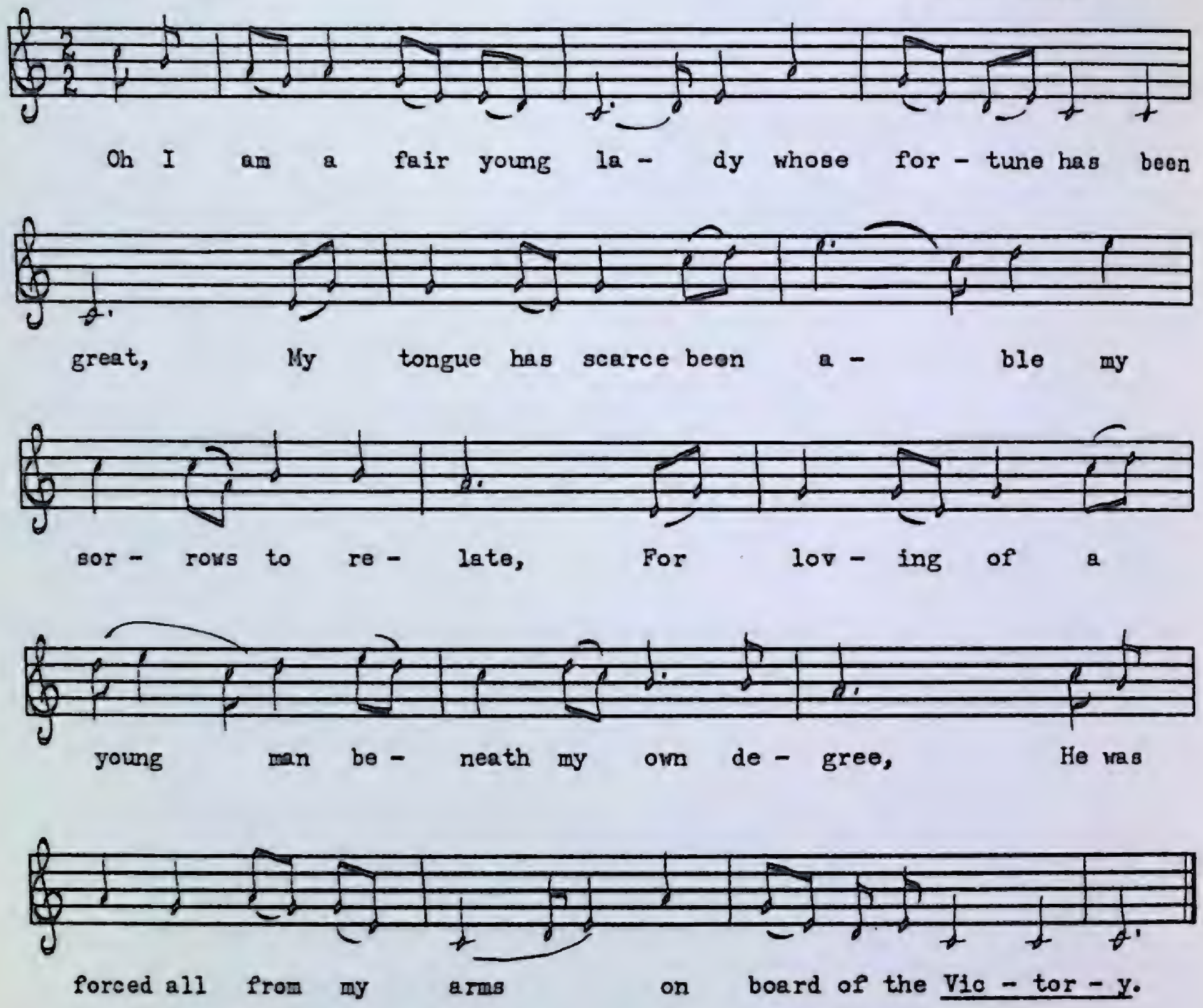
7. 'Twas little did we speak for little did we say,
We had but a kiss and we tore ourselves away.
I'll do my best the good wife to be,
For old Robin Gray is a kind man to me.

A similar variant of this little Scotch ballad appears in *The Quaver, or Songster's Pocket Companion* published by William Milner, Cheapside, 1841. Jimmy is called Jamie in the printed version.

On Board of The "Victory"

PEA 155 No. 1006
Mrs. Charlotte Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1959

Moderate, free time



1. Oh I am a fair young lady whose fortune has been great,
   My tongue has scarce been able my sorrows to relate,
   For loving of a young man beneath my own degree,
   He was forced all from my arms on board of the *Victory*.

2. His eyes like shining diamonds, the arrows on the moon,
   His cheeks were like two roses bloomed in the month of June,
   He was manly in proportion to every degree,
   And my heart lies in his bosom on board of the *Victory*.

3. It was my cruel parents who had him sent away,
   It was my cruel father who sent my love to sea.
   If he were born of noble blood and me of a low degree
   They never would have sent that lad I love on board of the *Victory*.

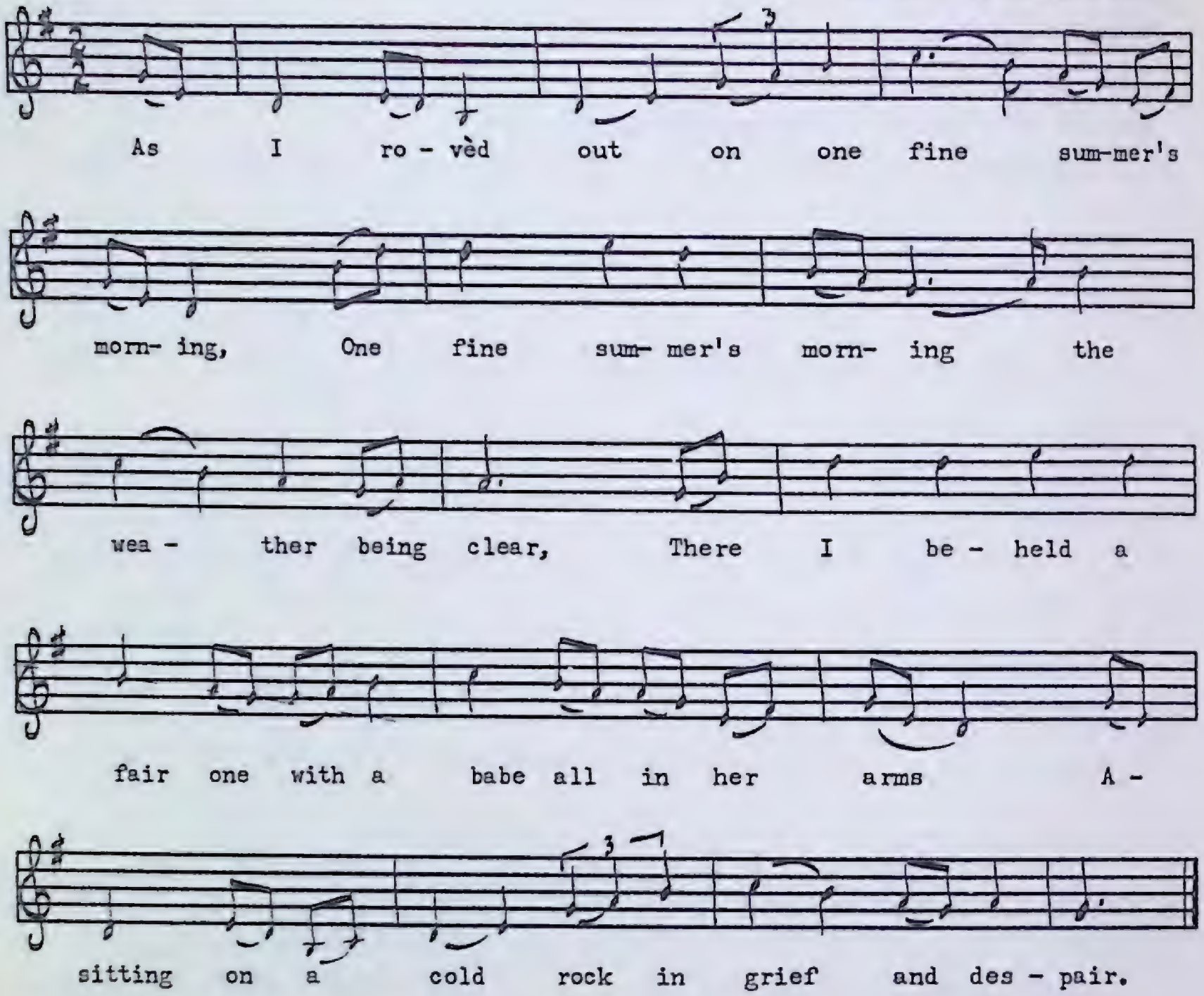
4. As I lay on my pillow I dreamed I was at rest,
   I dreamed I was a-lying all on my true love's breast,
   I dreamed I was enjoying my love's sweet company,
   To be pulled close in his arms on board of the *Victory*.

A three-verse variant from Nova Scotia appears in Helen Creighton's *Maritime Folk Songs*. The tunes are different, but their melodic contours suggest they came from a common ancestor.

Willie

PEA 165 No. 1048
George Decker
Rocky Harbour, August, 1959

Moderate, free time



1. As I rovèd out on one fine summer's morning,
   One fine summer's morning the weather being clear,
   There I beheld a fair one with a babe all in her arms,
   A-sitting on a cold rock in grief and despair.
2. "How hard is my fortune, dear Willie, dear Willie,"
   Three times she exclaimèd, "Shall I ever see you more?"
   Three times she exclaimèd, "Shall I ever more behold you?
   I'm afraid your tender body will lay rolling in the sea."
3. The *Quay of Dunloch* was a steam-packet vessel
   Bound down for Liverpool on winds fair that day,
   With the sky being clear and the land disappearing,
   And Willie in his countenance looked cheerful and gay.
4. The night coming on it looked dark, sad, and dreary,
   Our ship by the billows was tossèd to and fro,
   Two sailors were washed overboard out in the foaming ocean,
   While men, women, and children were all crying down below.

5. Oh some were on their bended knees for mercy imploring,
Some more crying out helplessly in grief and despair,
While the raging seas were roaring and sailors all swearing,
For when they saw the danger they all mocked at their prayer.

6. They hove out their long boats all in the foaming ocean,
And into one of them got my Willie and me,
But before we reached the shore oh one boat was overwhelmed,
And instantly forty bodies lay rolling in the sea.

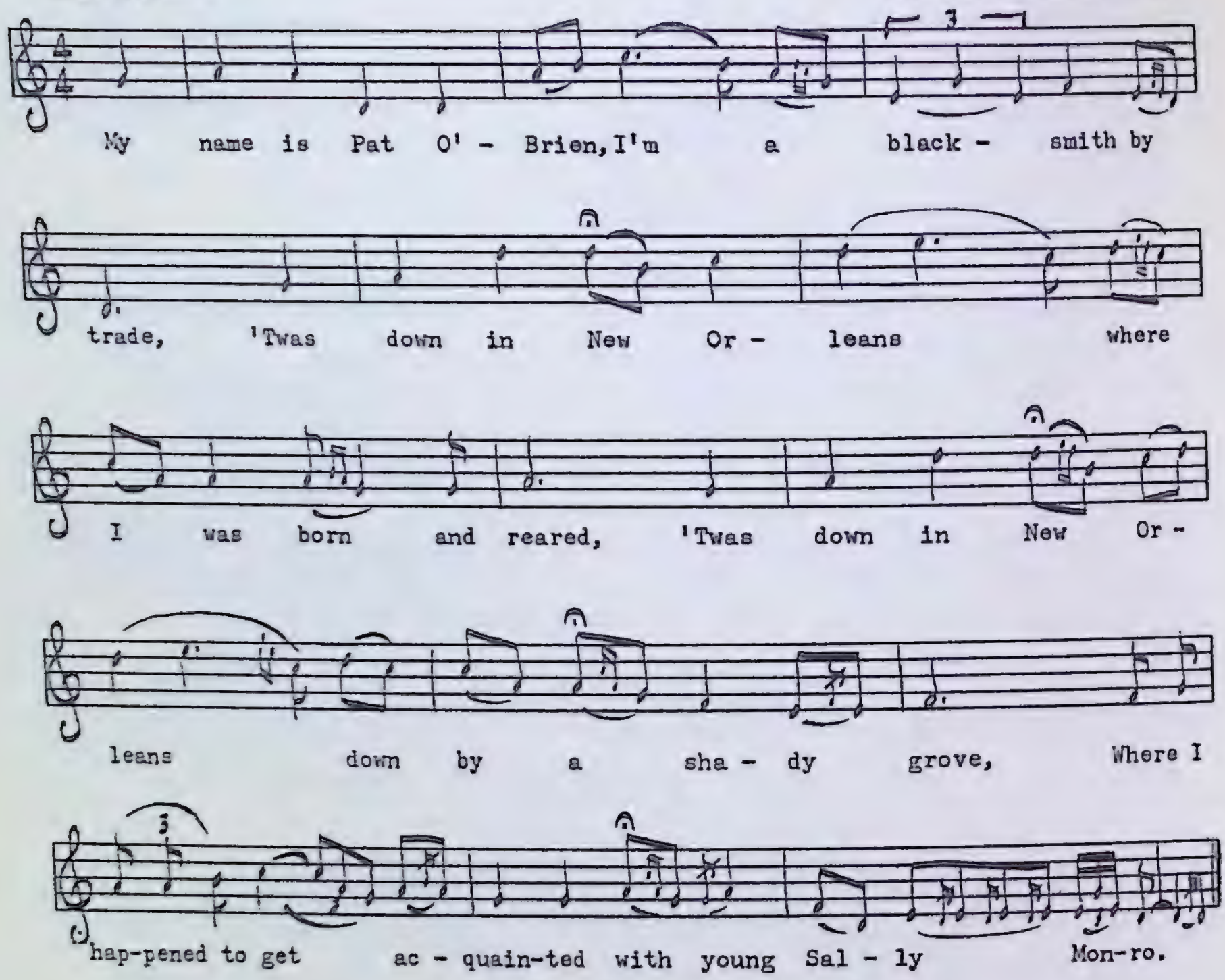
7. Oh ragèd was my Willie, for reckoning he implorèd,
He landed me safe on a highland on shore,
For to save his agèd father his sweet life he did venture,
Which caused me to see my tender Willie no more.

8. Oh now I am leavèd as a poor distressèd widow,
Scarce twelve months being married as you may plainly see,
Me to beg for my bread among cold hard-hearted strangers.
Kind heavens look down on my infant and me!

Greenleaf and Mansfield collected this previously in Newfoundland as *The Quay of Dundocken*. See also *The Isle of Man Shore* in the *Bulletin of the Folk Song Society of the Northeast* (Maine) No. I, p. 8–9.

Young Sally Monro

PEA 204 No. 1178
Patrick Rossiter
Fermeuse, October, 1961



1. My name is Pat O'Brien, I'm a blacksmith by trade.
   'Twas down in New Orleans where I was born and reared,
   'Twas down in New Orleans down by a shady grove,
   Where I happened to get acquainted with young Sally Monro.
2. I wrote Sally a letter and some loving words I penned,
   I wrote Sally a letter and I mailed it by a friend,
   But instead of being a friend to me to me he proved a foe,
   He never gave my letter to young Sally Monro.
3. But he told Sally's mother for to beware of me,
   That I already had a girl in my own country.
   "I'm glad," said Sally's mother, "I'm glad you told me so,
   He never will enjoy my young Sally Monro."
4. Six weary weeks had passed and gone and no news did I hear
   Concerning of my darling of whom I did love dear,
   Till on one Sunday evening down by a shady grove
   Who happened to pass by me but young Sally Monro.

5. I said, "My dearest Sally, if you'll come along with me
I'll take you down to New Orleans, it's married we will be."
"If you have no objections along with you I'll go,
Providing you will prove loyal to young Sally Monro."

6. That day being on a Monday and Tuesday thick with fog,
When soon our gallant ship she struck upon a rock,
Two hundred handsome passengers to the bottom down did go,
And one of the odd number I lost Sally Monro.

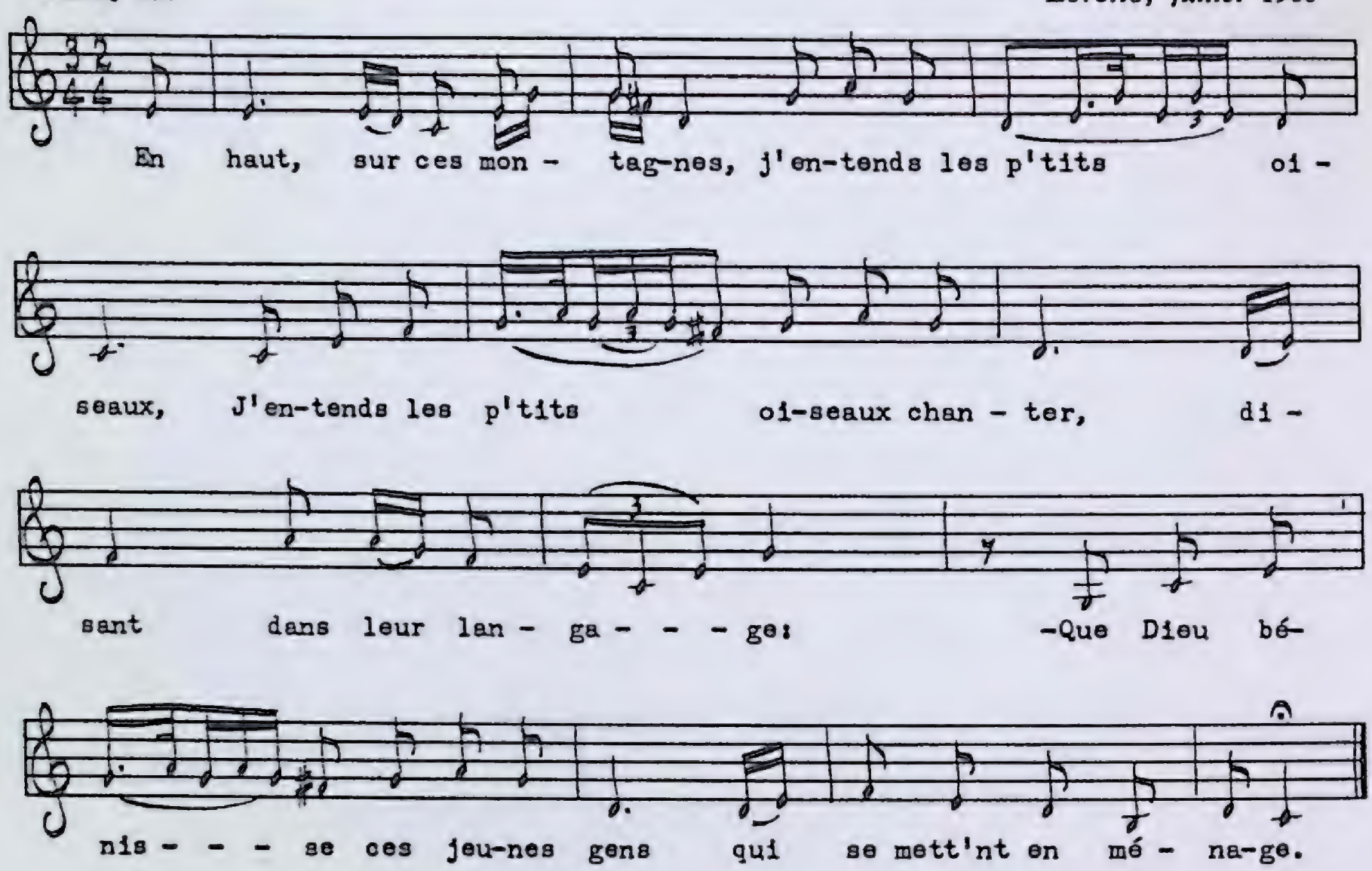
7. It was from Sally's mother I stole Sally away,
I never forget it until my dying day.
'Twas never for to injure her that ever I done so,
I'll mourn till the day I die for young Sally Monro.

There seems to be some confusion in the hero's history, in that he was "born and reared" in New Orleans yet has a girl in his "own country." Either he or Sally should live somewhere else (preferably Ireland) to avoid confusion. I cannot recall seeing the ballad before, but I think it safe to assume that it is an Irish immigrant ballad of American origin. This Dorian tune is a somewhat restrained example of Patty Rossiter's fascinating fioritura style.

Love Lyrics

Adieu de la mariée à ses parents

PEA 180 No. 1107
Mme Joséphine Costard
Loretto, juillet 1960



En haut, sur ces montagnes, j'entends les p'tits oiseaux, (*bis*)
J'entends les p'tits oiseaux chanter, disant dans leur langage: } (*bis*)
«Que Dieu bénisse ces jeunes gens qui se mett'nt en ménage». }

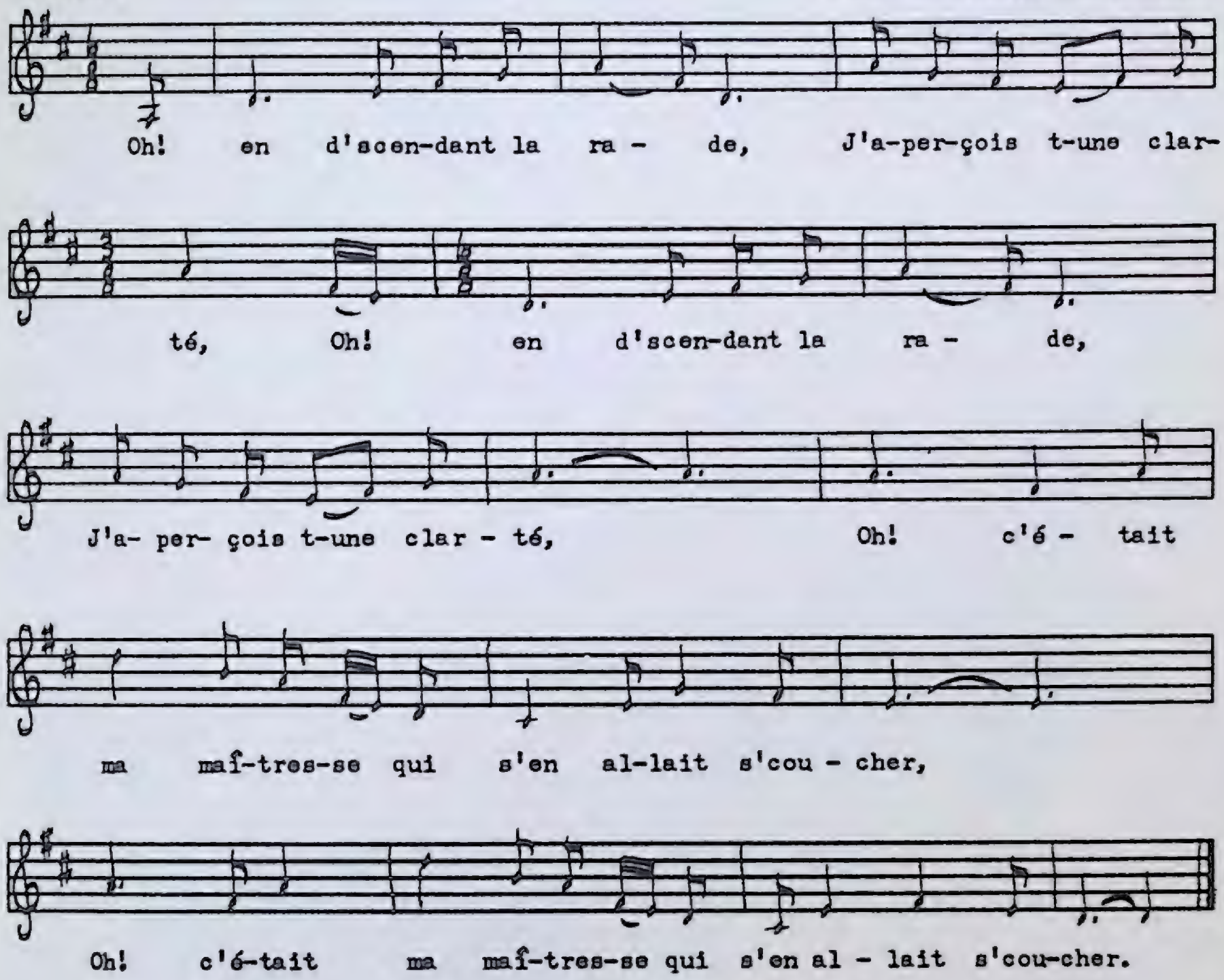
Pour se mettre en ménage, il faut avoir de l'argent. (*bis*)
Il faut nourrir femme et enfants et embrasser l'ouvrage } (*bis*)
Et dire adieu pour ces beaux temps, nous voilà t-en ménage. }

Huit jours après ses noces, ell' s'en fut chez son père. (*bis*)
—Mon pèr', vous m'avez marié', mariée avec un homme } (*bis*)
Qu'il va souvent au cabaret, qu'il mène s'abandonne. }
voici l'cochon d'ivrogne. (à la reprise)

—Ma fill', prenez courage, i' aura du changement, (*bis*)
Chérissez, caressez-lé, ma fill', prenez courage, } (*bis*)
Vous le voirez dans peu de temps un peu dans vot'e ménage. }

L'amant à la fenêtre de sa maîtresse

PEA 141 No. 952
Cyril Robin
Cape St. George, juillet 1959



Oh! en d'scendant la rade, j'aperçois t-une clarté. (*bis*)
Oh! c'était ma maîtresse, qui s'en allait s' coucher,
Oh! c'était ma maîtresse qui s'en allait s' coucher.

Je m'en fus t-à sa porte, trois petits coups frappai. (*bis*)
—Ouvrez la porte, la belle, oh! la porte à votre amant,
En revenant de guerre su' un grand bâtiment.

—Mon amant z-à la porte, je ne peux la rouvrir. (*bis*)
Mon père, aussi ma mère, sont dans le lit couchés,
Avons barré les portes, p'is emporté les clés.

—Si j'va's à votr' fenêtre, me la rouvrirez-vous? (*bis*)
Moi, j' su's couvert de neige, dans l'eau jusqu'aux genoux,
Voici la récompense qu'on reçoit de vous.

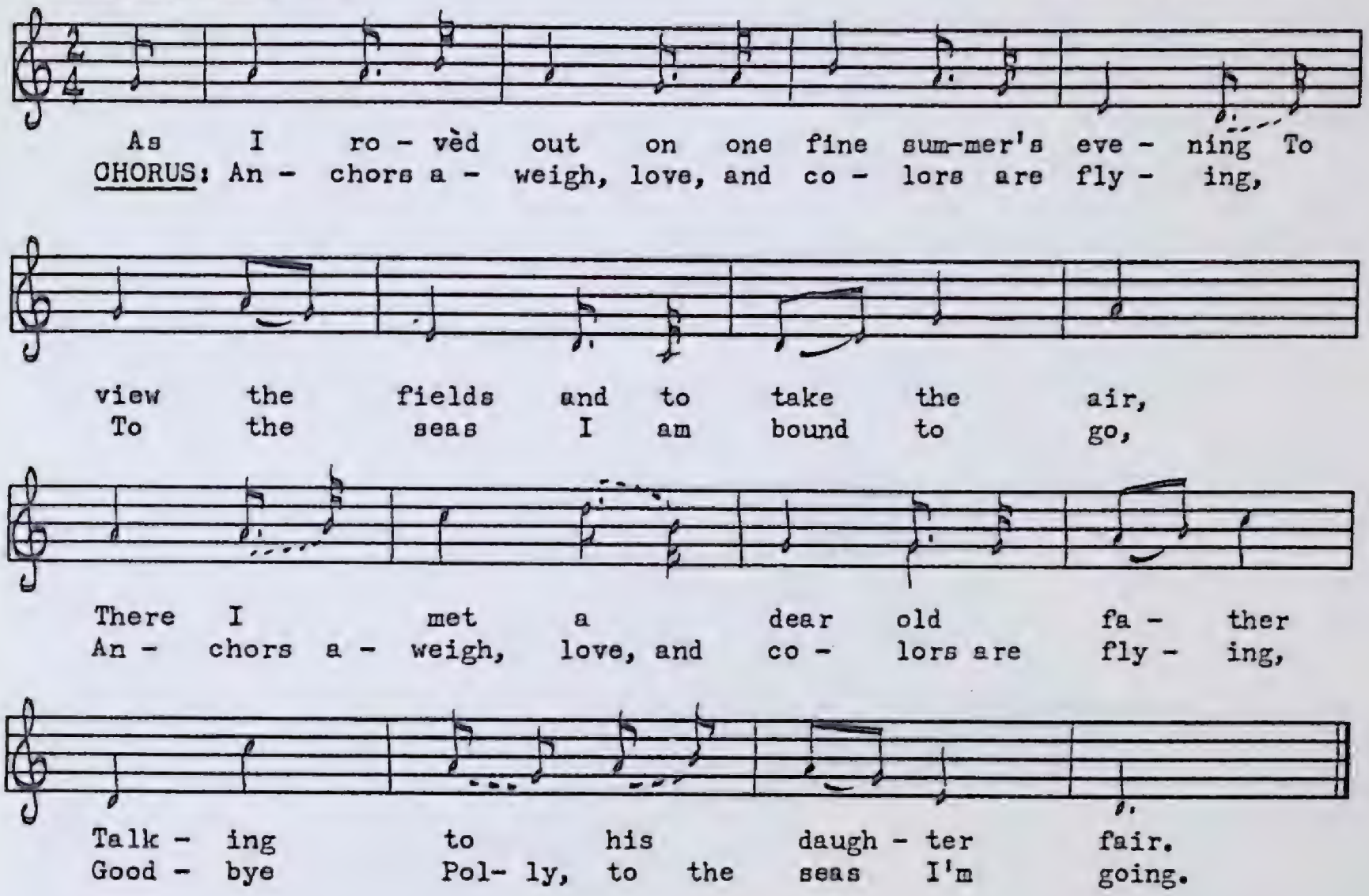
—Les oiseaux dans ma chambre, ils sont un peu frileux. (*bis*)
Disant, dans leur langage, galant, tu perds tes pein's,
Disant, dans leur langage, galant, tu perds ton temps.

—Si j'ai perdu mes peines, j'ai bien sauvé mon temps. (*bis*)
Combien de fois, la belle, que nous 'ons 'té tous deux,
Le soir, dans ta chambrette, comme deux jeunes amoureux.

Anchors Aweigh, Love

PEA 162 No. 1035
Mrs. Clara Stevens
Bellburns, August, 1959

Moderate, steady time



1. As I rovèd out on one fine summer's evening
   To view the fields and to take the air,
   There I met a dear old father
   Talking to his daughter fair.

   Anchors aweigh, love, and colors are flying,
   To the seas I am bound to go,
   Anchors aweigh, love, and colors are flying,
   Goodbye Polly, to the seas I'm going.

2. "Oh daughter, dearest daughter, oh why don't you marry,
   Why do you tarry a single life?"
   "Father, dear father, I would rather tarry
   Until I become a sailor's wife."

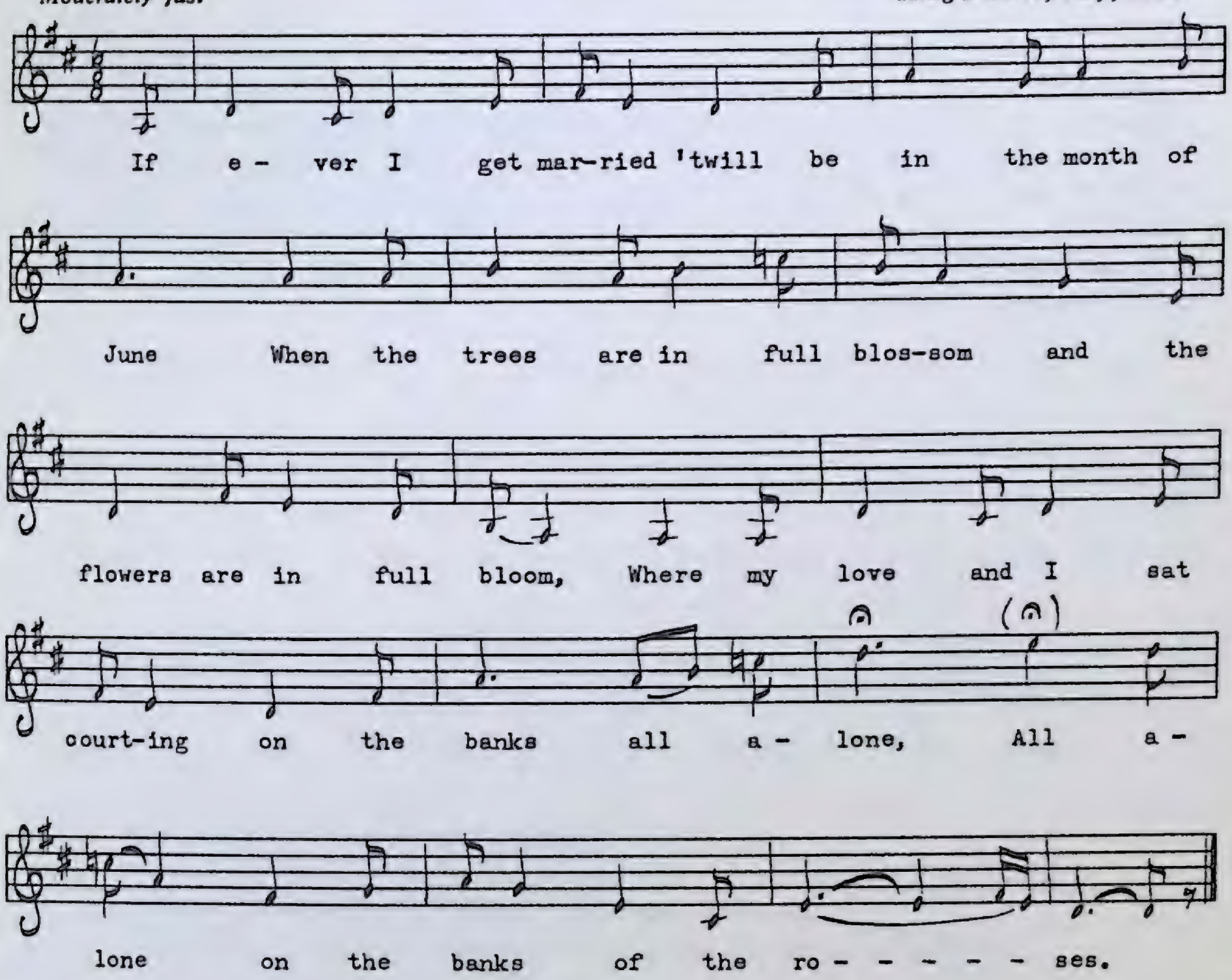
3. "Father, would you have me to wed with a farmer
   And rob me of my heart's delight?
   Oh bring to me the sailor with his tarry, tarry trousers
   Who shines to me like diamonds bright."

4. Polly is the wife of a fine jolly sailor,
   You see how neat and clean she does go,
   See how neat and clean he keeps her
   Dressed in silk from top to toe.

5. Polly threw her arms 'round her true lover's shoulders,
Saying, "To the seas no more don't go,
Stay at home with me, dearest Willie,
Stay at home and do not roam."

The Banks of the Roses

MS 4
Kenneth Monks
King's Cove, July, 1952



1. If ever I get married 'twill be in the month of June
   When the trees are in full blossom and the flowers are in full bloom;
   Where my love and I sat courting on the banks all alone,
   All alone on the banks of the roses.

2. On the banks of the roses where my love and I sat down,
   I took out my charming flute and played my love a tune;
   In the middle of the tune she smiled and said:
   "Oh Jimmy, lovely Jimmy, do not leave me!"

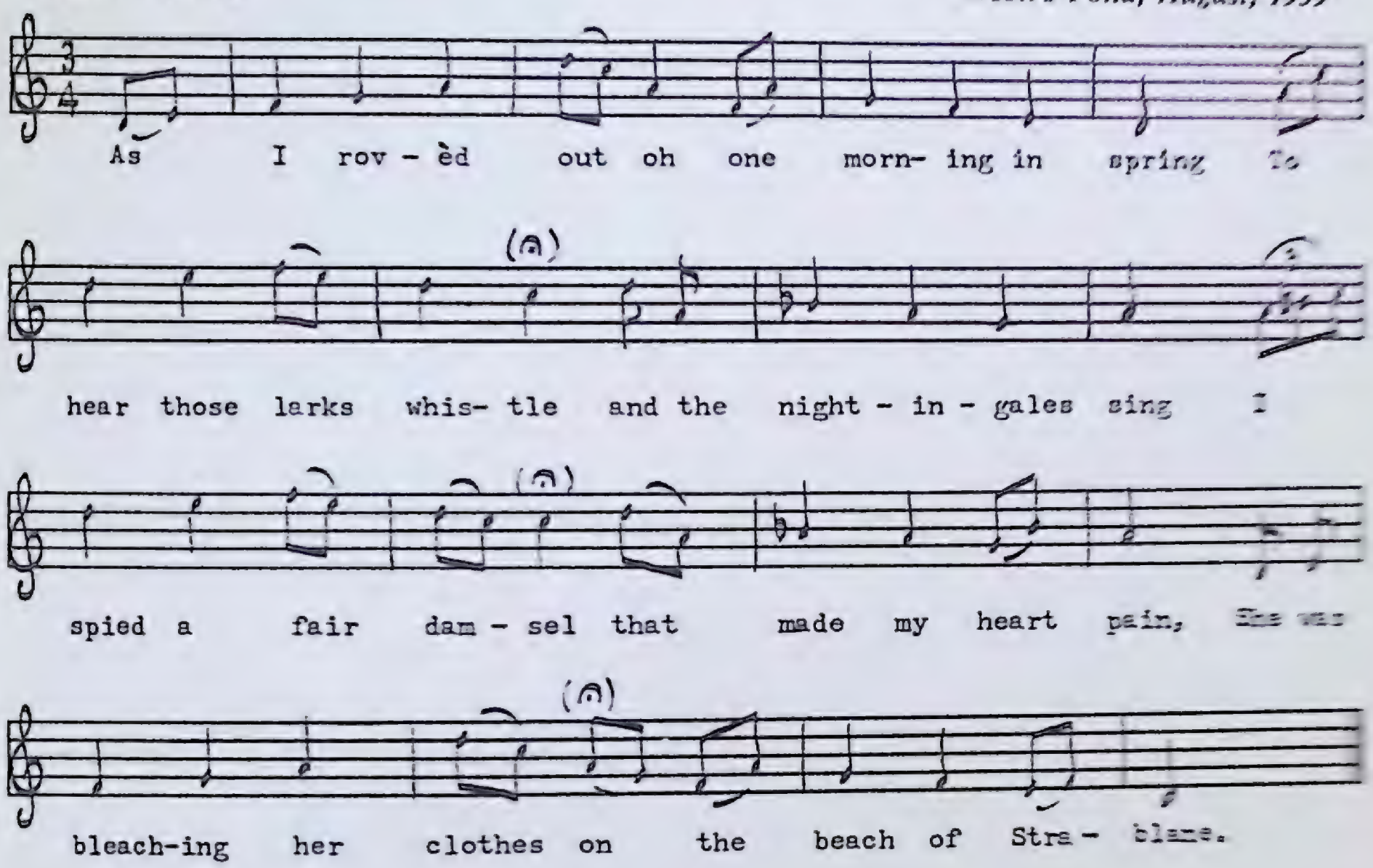
3. "Oh Nancy, lovely Nancy, I heard your parents say
   They would rather see their daughter dear lying in cold clay,
   They would rather see their daughter dear lying in cold clay,
   Than a cold heart like mine to enjoy her."

4. "Oh Jimmy, lovely Jimmy, don't mind what they say,
As I'm the youngest daughter, my fortune it is gay,
The riches in this wide world for you I will forsake,
You're my darling on the banks of the roses."

A similar variant appears in *Irish Street Ballads* collected by Colm O Lochlainn, whose mother had learned it from her father who was born in Limerick in 1819. The text of this Newfoundland variant is superior to the Irish one, and the tune is especially so. Another quite different Newfoundland version called *The Banks of the Dizzy* may be found in the Greenleaf-Mansfield collection, *Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland*. Sometimes Jimmy plays on his fiddle rather than on his flute, but in either case the symbolism is obvious.

The Beach of Strablane

PEA 156 No. 1612
Nicolas Keough
Parson's Pond, August, 1959



1. As I rovèd out oh one morning in spring
   To hear those larks whistle and the nightingales sing
   I spied a fair damsel that made my heart pain,
   She was bleaching her clothes on the beach of Strablane.

2. I steppèd up to her, these words I did say:
   "You're the prettiest girl my two eyes ever have seen,
   There's three months and better have run in my mind
   That we would get married, love, if you feel inclined."

3. "Get married, get married?—my age is too young,
   Besides, all you young men have a false flattering tongue,
   My dadda and mamma they'll both be on me
   If I marry a laddie who's a rover like thee."

4. "Some marry for money to be proud all the day,
   Some marry for beauty but the flower will decay,
   But if ever I get married ye will all plainly see,
   The girl that is loyal, that's the girl for me."

5. I turned myself round for to go away,
   Though my heart lingered there and bid me to stay,
   The clouds and the fog soon gave way to rain,
   So we shook hands and parted on the beach of Strablane.

6. "Come back bonny laddie and say you'll be mine,
For the last word you told me has changèd my mind."
"If it has changed your mind, my love, it's here you'll remain,
And I'll go and court some other girl on the beach of Strablane."

Belle Nanon

PEA 182 No. 1112
Mme Joséphine Costard
Loretto, juillet 1960

Modéré

Bel- le Na - non, dans ton jar- din, On fait l'a-mour, on boit du vin. C'est dans ma main, Je tiens mon ver- re, Dans mon au- tre, ma bien ai - mé - e. Dans mon verr', je verse à boire, Ah! c'est la fleur de l'o- ran - ger. Dans mon verr', je verse à boire, Ah! c'est la fleur de l'o- ran - ger.

Belle Nanon, dans ton jardin,
On fait l'amour, on boit du vin. } (*bis*)
C'est dans ma main, je tiens mon verre,
Dans mon autre, ma bien-aimée.
Dans mon verr', je verse à boire,
Ah! c'est la fleur de l'oranger. } (*bis*)

—Mon cher amant, ne l' sais-tu pas
Que pour t'aimer, je ne peux pas? } (*bis*)
Ne l' sais-tu pas que j'ai un père,
Car mon bonheur dépend qu'à lui,
Parle-lui de cette affair',
Ah! si il veut et moi aussi. } (*bis*)

—C'est à ton père, j' lui en ai parlé,
Il n'a pas daigné d' m'écouter. } (*bis*)
Ah! ça n' dépend qu'à toi, la belle,

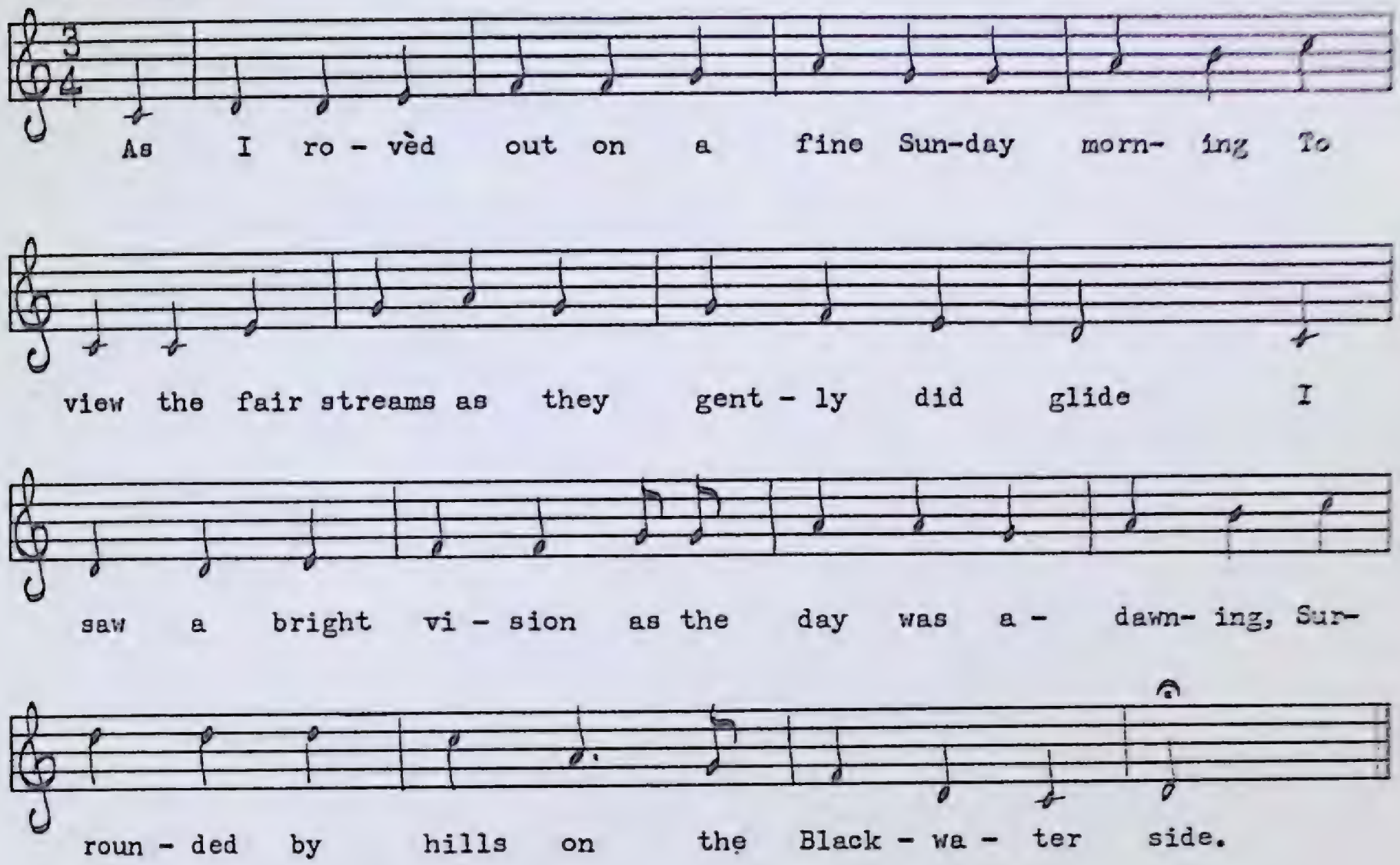
Dirige-moi, délivre-moi,
Retire-moi de cette peine
Et car je me reste un moment. [?] } (*bis*)

—Mon cher amant, pour t'apaiser,
Prends sur ma bouche un doux baiser. } (*bis*)
Dessur mon teint couleur de rose,
Où c' qu'est l'amour, on est certain,
N'ajoutez pas d'autres choses
Car mon papa me l' défend. } (*bis*)

The Blackwater Side

MS 11
Matthew Brennan
Stock Cove, July, 1951

Moderately fast



1. As I rovèd out on a fine Sunday morning
   To view the fair streams as they gently did glide
   I saw a bright vision as the day was a-dawning,
   Surrounded by hills on the Blackwater side.

2. I says, "My fond maiden you are long enough courtin',
   We're both fit for marriage I solemnly vow,
   And if you are inclined with wedlock we'll join,
   Say aye, yes, or no, you must answer me now.

3. "I'll give you first offer, accept of it quickly,
   I'm ready and willing to make you my bride,
   You're the girl I admire, grant me your desire,
   You're the lovely sweet maid on the Blackwater side."

4. "Kind sir, in this dress and sure in the rest
   I'm not fit for marriage, that can't be denied,
   My clothing is bare, I have nothing to wear,
   I grew very hard since my father he died.

5. "My friends went away unto Americay,
   And with my old mother I mean to abide,
   If you wait a year or two I will gang 'way with you,
   And I'll leave all my friends on the Blackwater side."

6. "Fair maid if you do you will happen to rue,
I have one in my view that won't be denied,
If it's laboring in vain I'll never ask you again,
It won't be on coaxing," as he did reply.

7. Now this fair maid arose, to her mother she goes,
And told her this story so plain as you see,
Where they got her consent and to church both they went
And joined hands together in sweet unity.

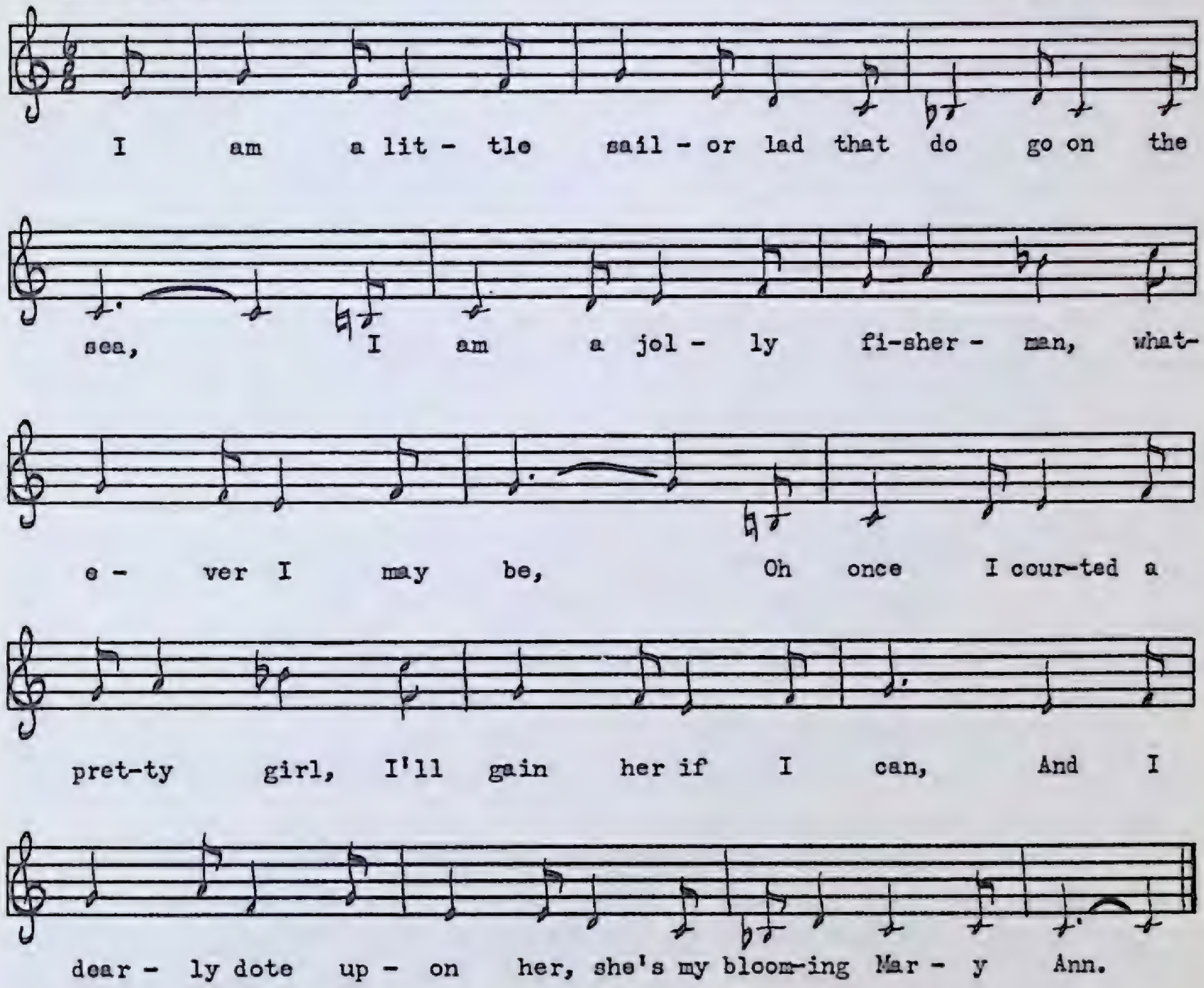
8. Where their wealth did increase and their troubles grew less,
In the sweet bonds of wedlock we both shall be tied,
And the truth I will tell so ye all may know well,
You will find me to dwell on the Blackwater side.

Blooming Mary Ann

A

PEA 132 No. 914
Joseph Bruce
Searston, July, 1959

Moderately fast



1. I am a little sailor lad that do go on the sea,
   I am a jolly fisherman, whatever I may be,
   Oh once I courted a pretty girl, I'll gain her if I can,
   And I dearly dote upon her, she's my blooming Mary Ann.

2. The very first time I saw my love sure it was to a spree,
   The very first glimpse I got of her I said she was for me,
   As I went to the spree that night a-courting we began,
   And it was my first acquaintance with blooming Mary Ann.

3. As I went to the spree that night myself for to enjoy,
   For singing and for dancing like any other boy,
   Where some danced reels, some more danced jigs, each girl unto her man,
   But among them all danced none at all like blooming Mary Ann.

4. Oh when the spree was over and homeward we did go,
And what shall follow after, you shortly shall know.
"When shall we meet again," I said, "when shall we meet again?"
"'Twill be on next Sunday evening," cried blooming Mary Ann.

5. Three days passed and Sunday came, I thought it was high time
For to get ready and go see that blooming girl of mine,
I washed my hands, likewise my face, my clothes I did put on,
And 'twas down the street I went to meet my blooming Mary Ann.

6. 'Twas walking down and all around and singing merrily
Until I came to her father's cot, the place where she should be,
Until I came to her father's cot, the place where she did stand,
And 'twas there I was kind treated by blooming Mary Ann.

7. Oh up speaks her old father and this to me did say,
"If you love each other I suppose 'twill have to be,
I'll give you a little money and a house and farm of land
If you'll stay on shore forever more with my daughter Mary Ann."

8. Oh I being young in the world as plainly you can see,
And to refuse that offer what a foolish lad I'd be,
I thanked him for his money and his house and farm of land,
And I fell into the arms of his daughter Mary Ann.

9. Oh now we are married, boys, and evermore to be,
Her parents they do like me, they do speak well of me,
Instead of plowing the ocean I can plough unto my land
And I bless the day I came from sea, met blooming Mary Ann.

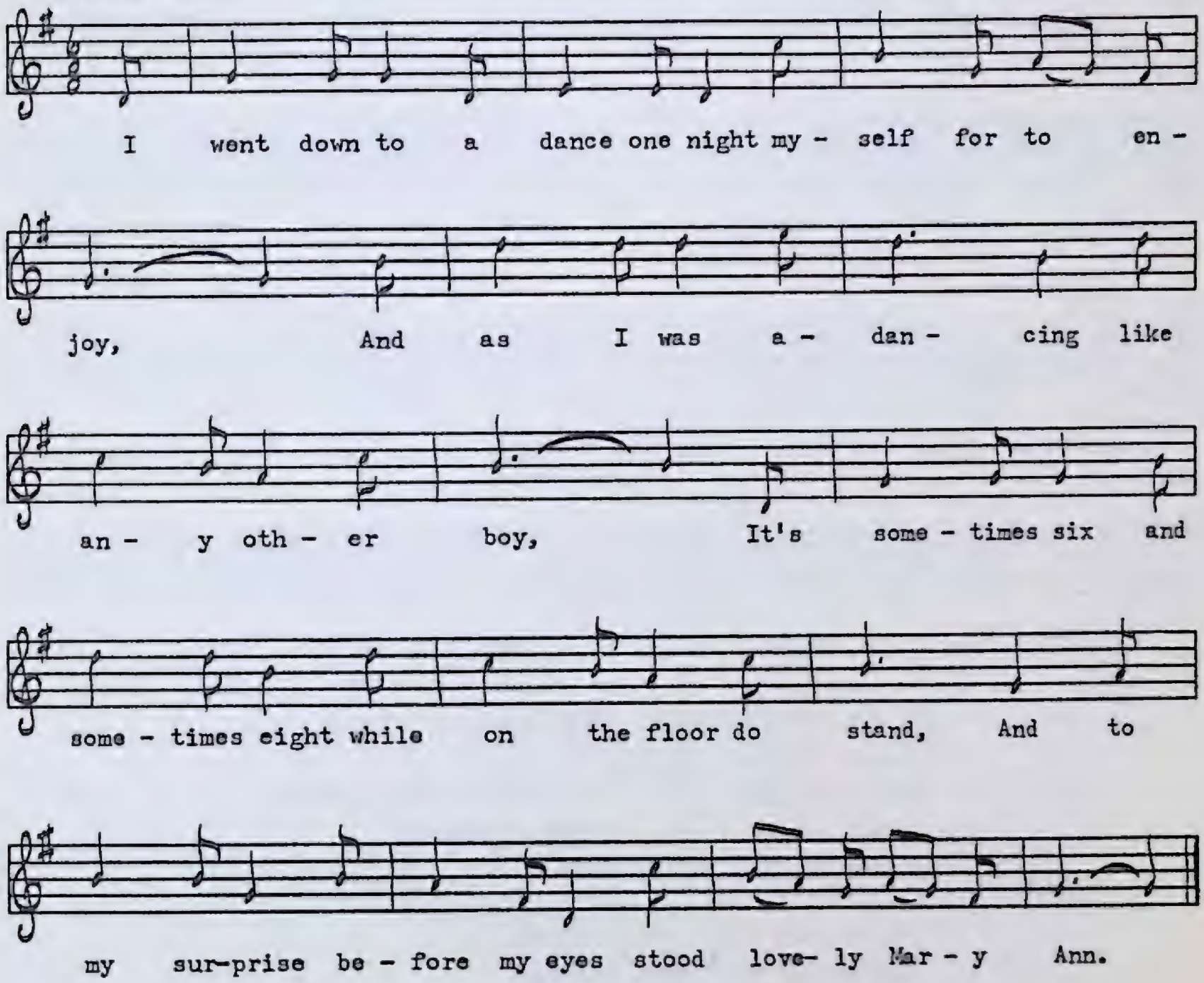
10. Come all you jolly sailor lads that do go on the sea,
If ever you meet with such a chance embrace it tenderly,
If ever you meet with such a chance embrace it if you can,
And especially if it should be like blooming Mary Ann.

B

(Lovely Mary Ann)

PEA 127 No. 893
Kenneth Pink
Rose Blanche, June, 1959

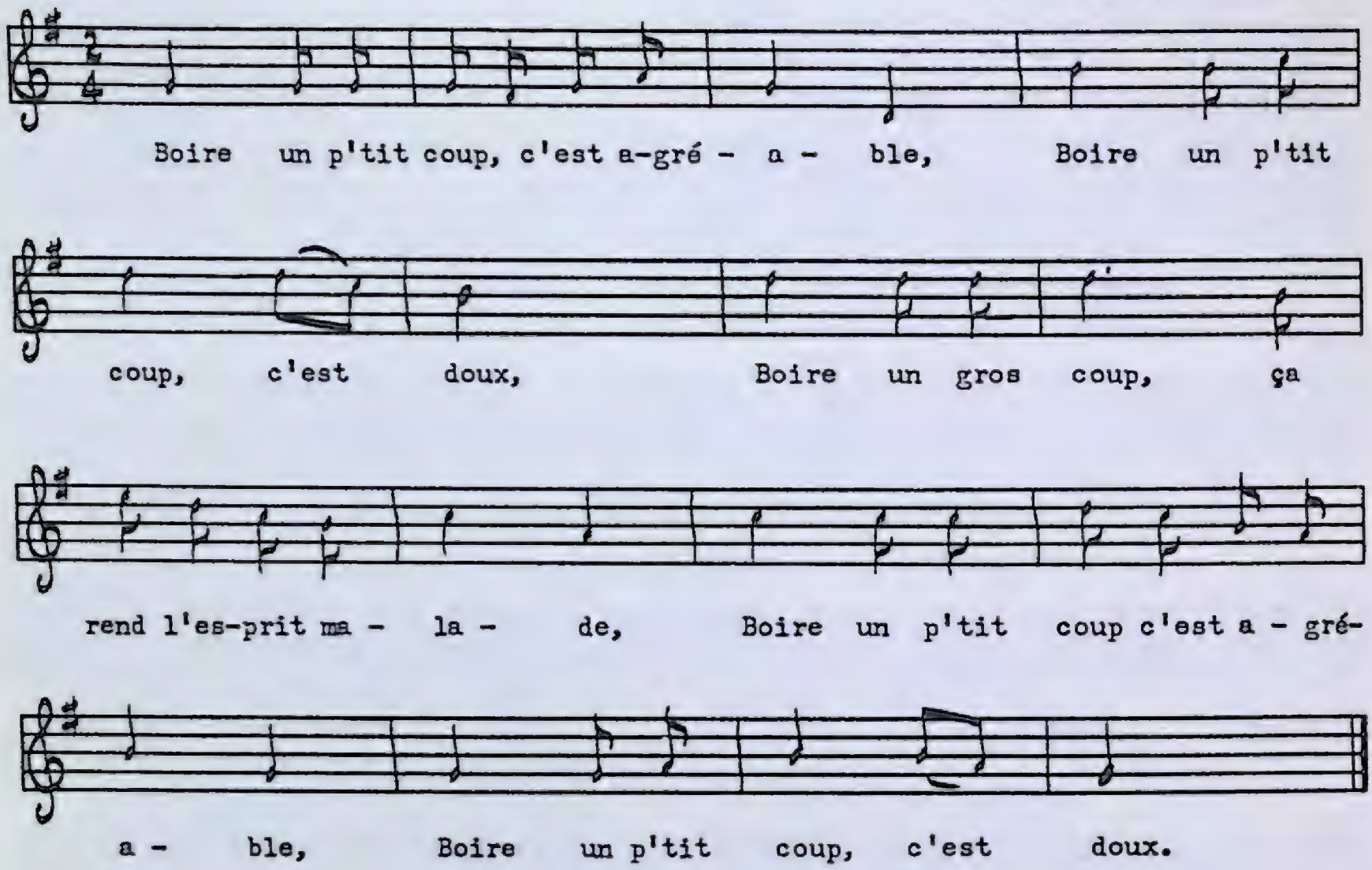
Moderately fast



Boire un p'tit coup, c'est agréable

PEA 134 No. 927
Mme Lucie Cormier
Upper Ferry, juillet 1959

Modéré



Boire un p'tit coup, c'est agréable,
Boire un p'tit coup, c'est doux,
Boire un gros coup, ça rend l'esprit malade,
Boire un p'tit coup, c'est agréable,
Boire un p'tit coup, c'est doux.

Allons au bois marionnette,
Allons au bois tous deux,
Nous cueillerons des pommes et des noisettes,
Allons au bois marionnette,
Allons au bois tous deux.

Boire un p'tit coup, c'est agréable,
Boire un p'tit coup, c'est doux,
Boire un gros coup, ça rend l'esprit malade,
Boire un p'tit coup, c'est agréable,
Boire un p'tit coup, c'est doux.

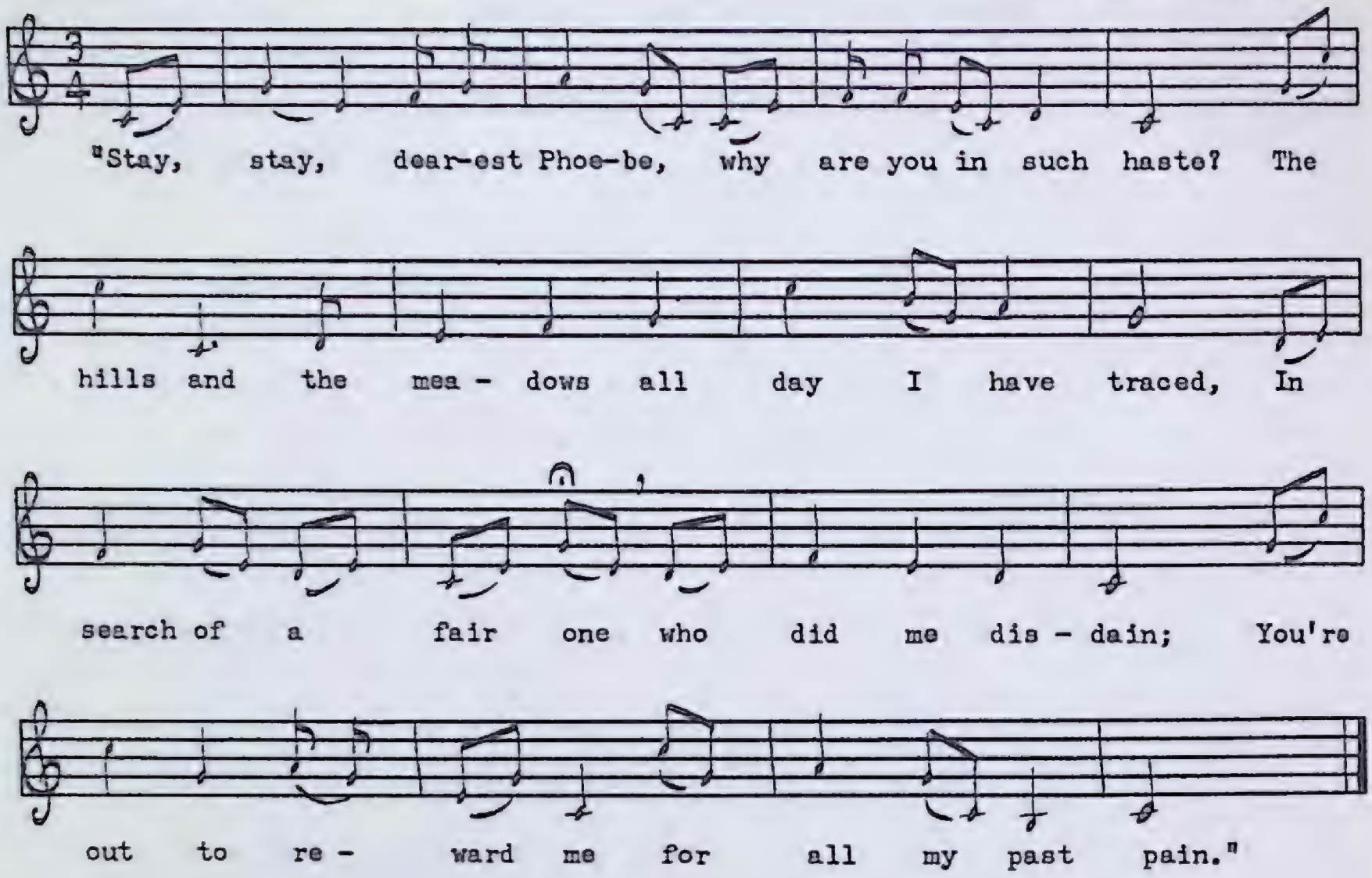
Marie-z-ons-nous marionnette,
Marie-z-ons-nous tous deux,
Nous coucherons dans la même couchette,
Marie-z-ons-nous marionnette,
Marie-z-ons-nous tous deux.

Boire un p'tit coup, c'est agréable,
Boire un p'tit coup, c'est doux,
Boire un gros coup, ça rend l'esprit malade,
Boire un p'tit coup, c'est agréable,
Boire un p'tit coup, c'est doux.

Bold Escallion and Phoebe

PEA 88 No. 724
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1958

Moderately slow



1. "Stay, stay, dearest Phoebe, why are you in such haste?
   The hills and the meadows all day I have traced,
   In search of a fair one who did me disdain
   You're out to reward me for all my past pain."

2. "Severe bold Escallion, how dare you be seen
   With a virgin like me now is scarcely sixteen,
   To be seen all alone with a man I'm afraid
   The world soon will call me no longer a maid."

3. "Never mind what the world says it will all prove a lie,
   We are not all alone there's a cottage close by,
   Let them judge by our actions but be cheerful my dear,
   No harm is intended to my Phoebe I'll swear."

4. "Severe bold Escallion, you may say what you will,
   You may lie, swear, or flatter, or try your best skill,
   But before I will be conquerèd I will have you to know
   I will first die a virgin, so I pray, let us go."

5. "Oh Phoebe, my charmer, such thoughts I never had,
   I come for to know if to-morrow you'll wed,
   But since you have so slighted me I will bid you adieu,
   I will go and seek some other girl that's more kinder than you."

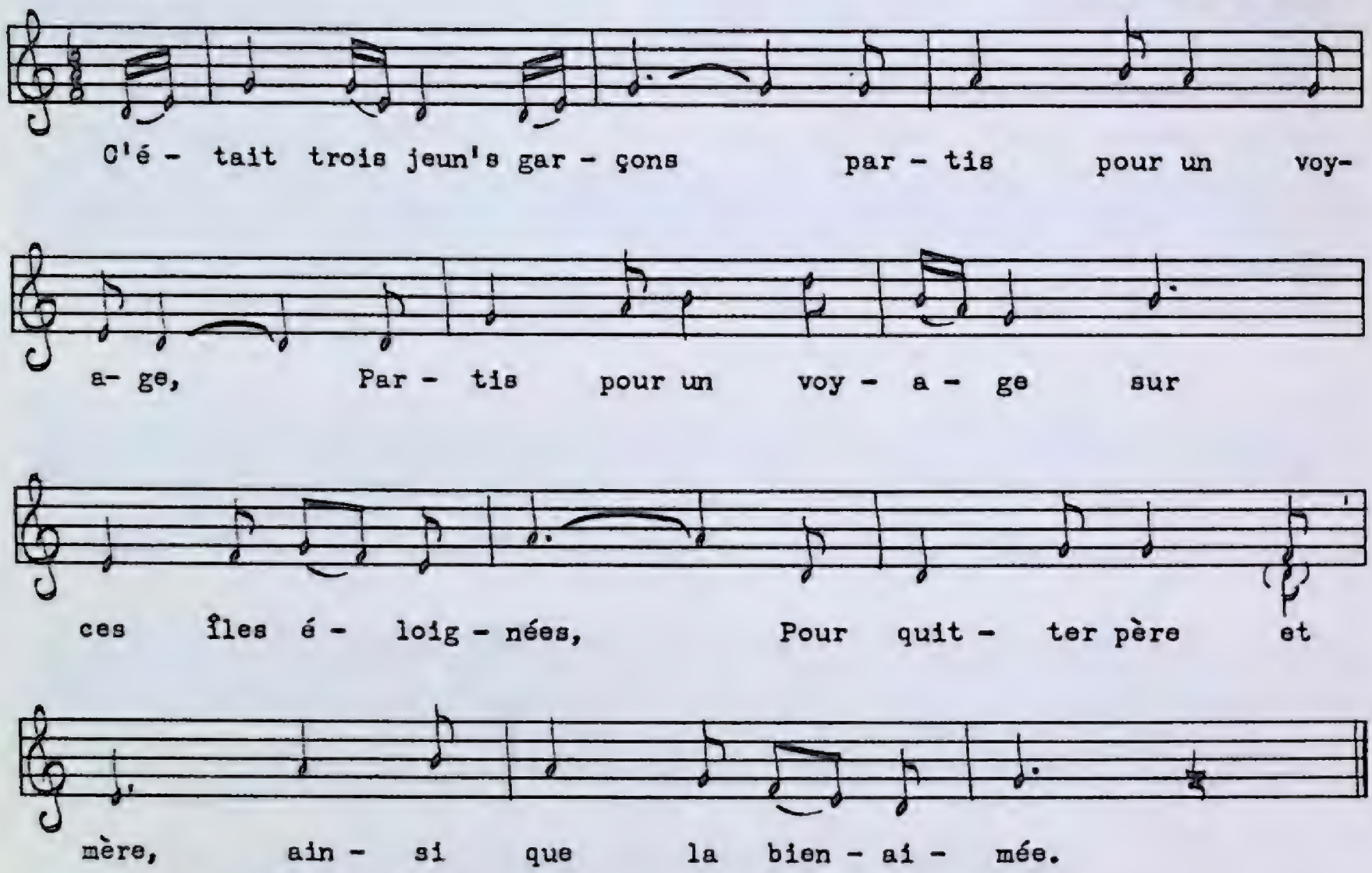
6. "Stay, stay, bold Escallion, one moment more stay,
And I will consent if you mean what you say,
Let the morrow first come, my love, and the church you will find,
The girl you thought slight you she will always prove kind."

This Newfoundland variant comes from a poem entitled *Corydon and Phoebe: A Dialogue,* which was included in a twenty-four page musical folio called *"The New Ballads* sung by Mr. Lowe and Miss Stevenson at Vauxhall, set by Mr. Worgan, Book the Fourth, 1755. London: Jn. Johnson." A similar variant called *Colin and Phoebe* may be found in *Traditional Tunes* by Frank Kidson who quotes the original poem. An even earlier and more 'literary' version called *Corydon and Phyllis* was published in the seventeenth century.

C'était trois jeunes garçons partis pour un voyage

PEA 182 No. 1111
Mme Joséphine Costard
Loretto, juillet 1960

Assez vite



C'était trois jeun's garçons partis pour un voyage, (*bis*)
Partis pour un voyage sur ces îles éloignées,
Pour quitter père et mère, ainsi que la bien-aimée. } (*bis*)

Le plus jeun' de les trois aimait beaucoup la sienne, (*bis*)
Aimait beaucoup la sienne sans d' pouvoir la quitter,
L' long d' ces mers, il s'y promène en faisant que pleurer. } (*bis*)

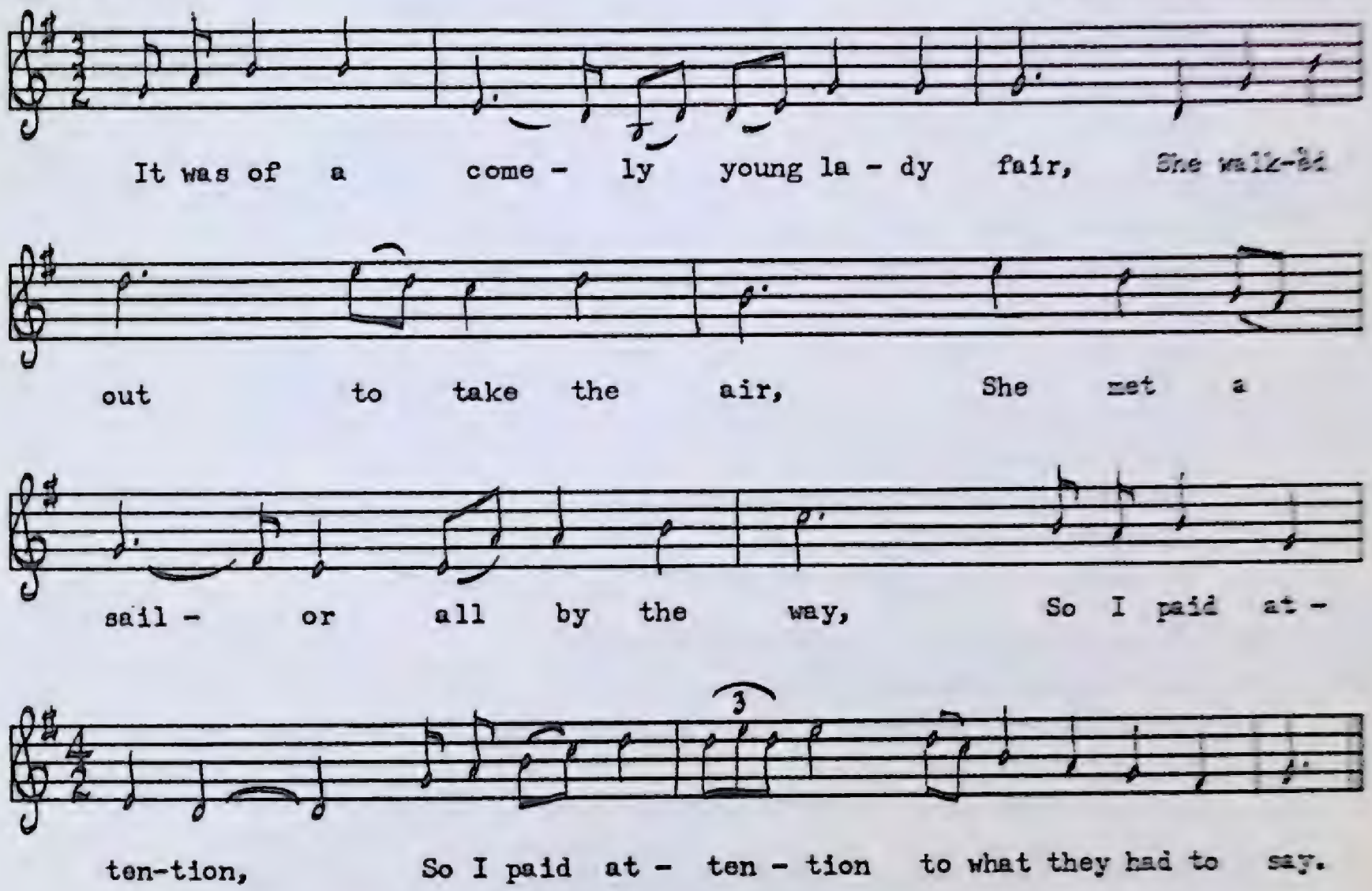
Quand il fut arrivé bien loin dessur ces îles, (*bis*)
Il lui prend un mal de tête et un poing de côté,
Il s'ass'it sur ces trois â'b'es en faisant que pleurer. } (*bis*)

Tout loin qu'il entend venir la voix d'un' hirondelle, (*bis*)
La voix d'un' hirondelle qui lui parlait d' l'amour,
Il croyait qu'c'était la bell' qui v'nait à son secours. } (*bis*)

—Va-t'en, bell' hirondell', va-t'en, prends ta volée, (*bis*)
Va-t'en, prends ta volée sur les genoux d' la belle,
Sur les genoux d' la belle, va-t'en t'y reposer. } (*bis*)

The Dark-Eyed Sailor

PEA 154 No. 1066
PEA 8 No. 33
Tune: Charlotte Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1959
Text: Howard Morry
Perryland, July, 1951



1. It was a charming young maiden fair
   Walked out one evening to take the air,
   She met a sailor down by the way,
   And I paid attention,
   And I paid attention to hear what they would say.

2. Said William: "Lady why walk alone?
   For the day's far spent and the night coming on."
   She answered him while tears did fall:
   "It's a dark-eyed sailor,
   It's a dark-eyed sailor that's proving my downfall.

3. "It is seven long years since he left this land,
   And a gold ring he took from off his hand;
   He broke the ring gave half to me,
   While the other lies rolling,
   While the other lies rolling in the bottom of the sea."

4. Said William: "Drive him from out your mind,
For some other sailor as good you'll find,
Love turns away and cold does grow,
Like a winter's morning,
Like a winter's morning when the fields are white with snow."

5. These words did her fond heart inflame,
And she said: "Tell me you will cast no shame."
She drew a dagger and loud did cry:
"For my dark-eyed sailor,
For my dark-eyed sailor a maid I'll live and die."

6. But still she said: "I'll never disdain
A tarry sailor, but I'll treat the same;
Go drink his health, here's a piece of kind,
For this dark-eyed sailor,
For this dark-eyed sailor still claims this heart of mine.

7. "His two dark-eyes and his curly hair,
And his manly form did my heart ensnare;
Yet here he was not direct like you,
To advise a maiden,
To advise a maiden to slight her boy in blue."

8. When the ring did young William show,
She seemed distracted between joy and woe.
"Oh welcome William, I have lands and gold
For my dark-eyed sailor,
For my dark-eyed sailor so manly and so bold."

9. In the little cottage down by the sea,
They're in wedlock bound and you'll well agree.
Young girls be true while your love's at sea,
For a stormy morning,
For a cloudy morning brings forth a pleasant day.

All the Newfoundland variants of this English broadside song are similar. It is also well known in the Maritimes and in the United States where it was printed in many song books during the nineteenth century.

Diana and Her Sailor Bright

Moderately fast

It's of a rich mer - chant in Lon -

had one on - ly daugh - ter, a beau - ti - ful

a - na was her name, sir, scarce four - teen years old,

for her-self a for-tune in both sil - ver and gold.

1. It's of a rich merchant in London did dwell,
   He had one only daughter, a beautiful girl,
   Diana was her name, sir, scarce fourteen years old,
   She had for her self a fortune in both silver and gold.

2. It happened upon a fine summer's day
   A ship of her father's sailed into the bay,
   Like other pretty maidens on board the ship did go
   For to view her father's ship and his jolly kievo(?)

3. She had not been on board scarce a short space of time
   When on a bright young sailor she soon fixed her mind,
   She was put into a boat and was rowed unto the shore,
   She was ill with a pain that she'd never had before.

4. "Oh where's my lovely sailor? Go bring him to me,
   Send for my sailor and married we will be,
   For that one stroke of love is more than I can bear,
   And if you don't receive me I'll die in despair."

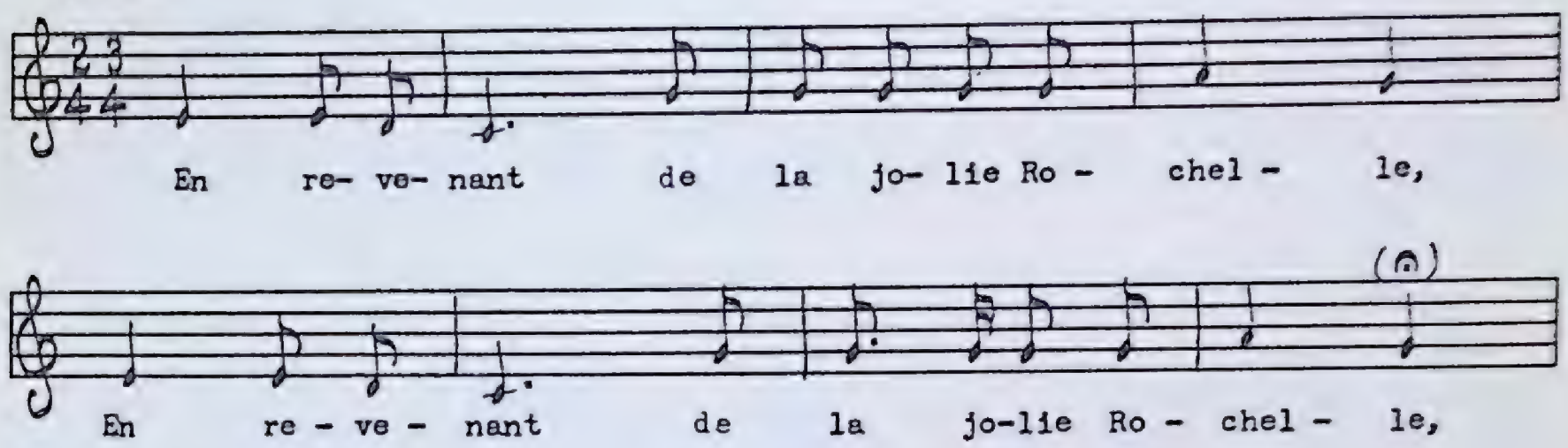
5. She looked all around to see if he had come.
   "Oh yes," said the sailor, "oh madam here I am."
   She flew into his arrums, embraced him with a kiss,
   "Whatever I do or say there you'll take it as amiss."

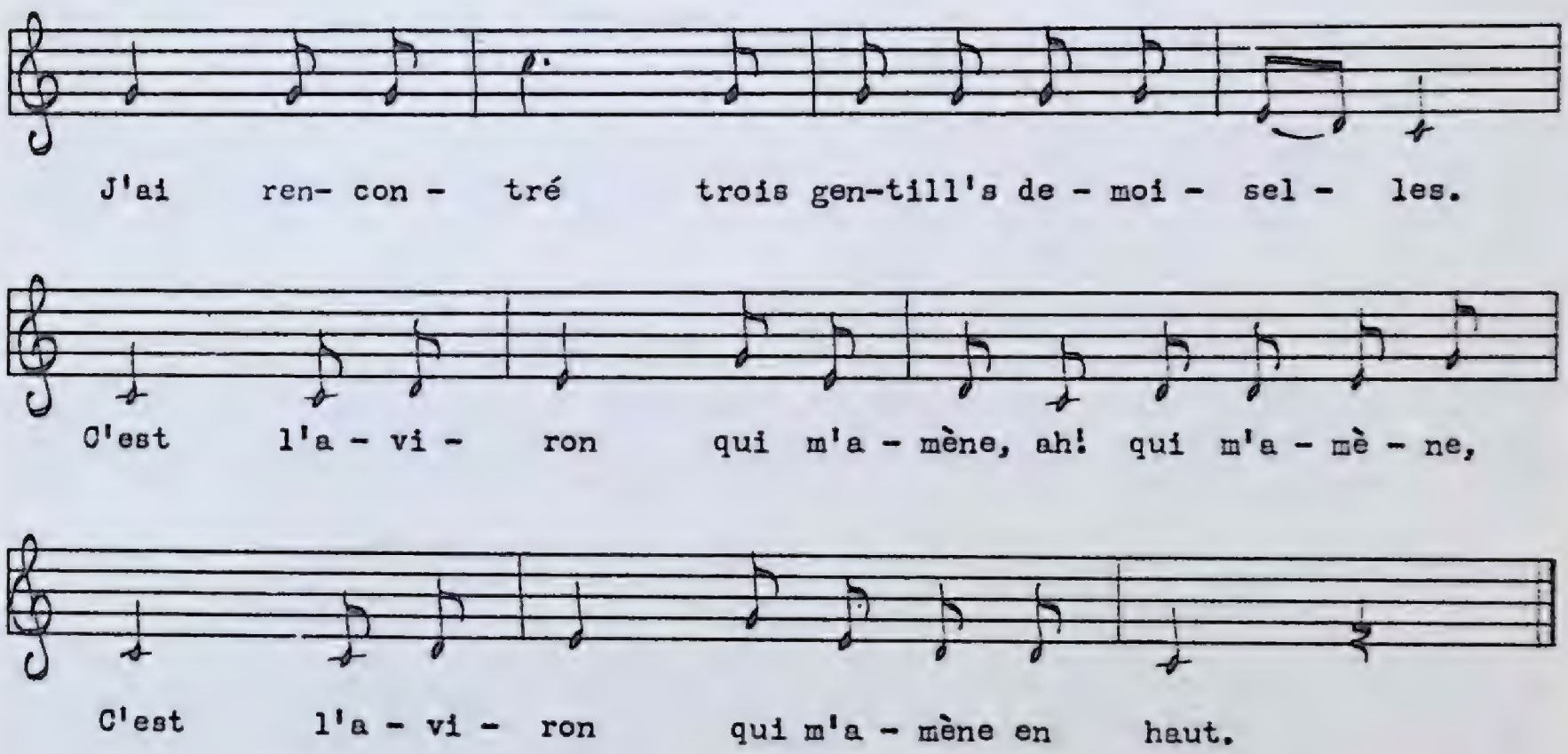
6. 'Twas in her father's garden this young couple walked,
'Twas in her father's garden this young couple talked,
'Twas in her father's garden they walked hand in hand,
He said, "Lovely Diana, take my heart in command."

En revenant de la jolie Rochelle

PEA 198 No. 1161
Mme Joséphine Costard
Loretto, septembre 1961

Assez vif





En revenant de la jolie Rochelle, (*bis*)
J'ai rencontré trois gentill's demoiselles.

C'est l'aviron qui m'amène, ah! qui m'amène,
C'est l'aviron qui m'amène en haut.

J'ai pas choisi, mais j'ai pris la plus belle. (*bis*)
Je l'emmenai à la claire fontaine.

Je l'emmenai à Paris sur son père. (*bis*)
Quand elle fut là, elle ne voulut rien boire.

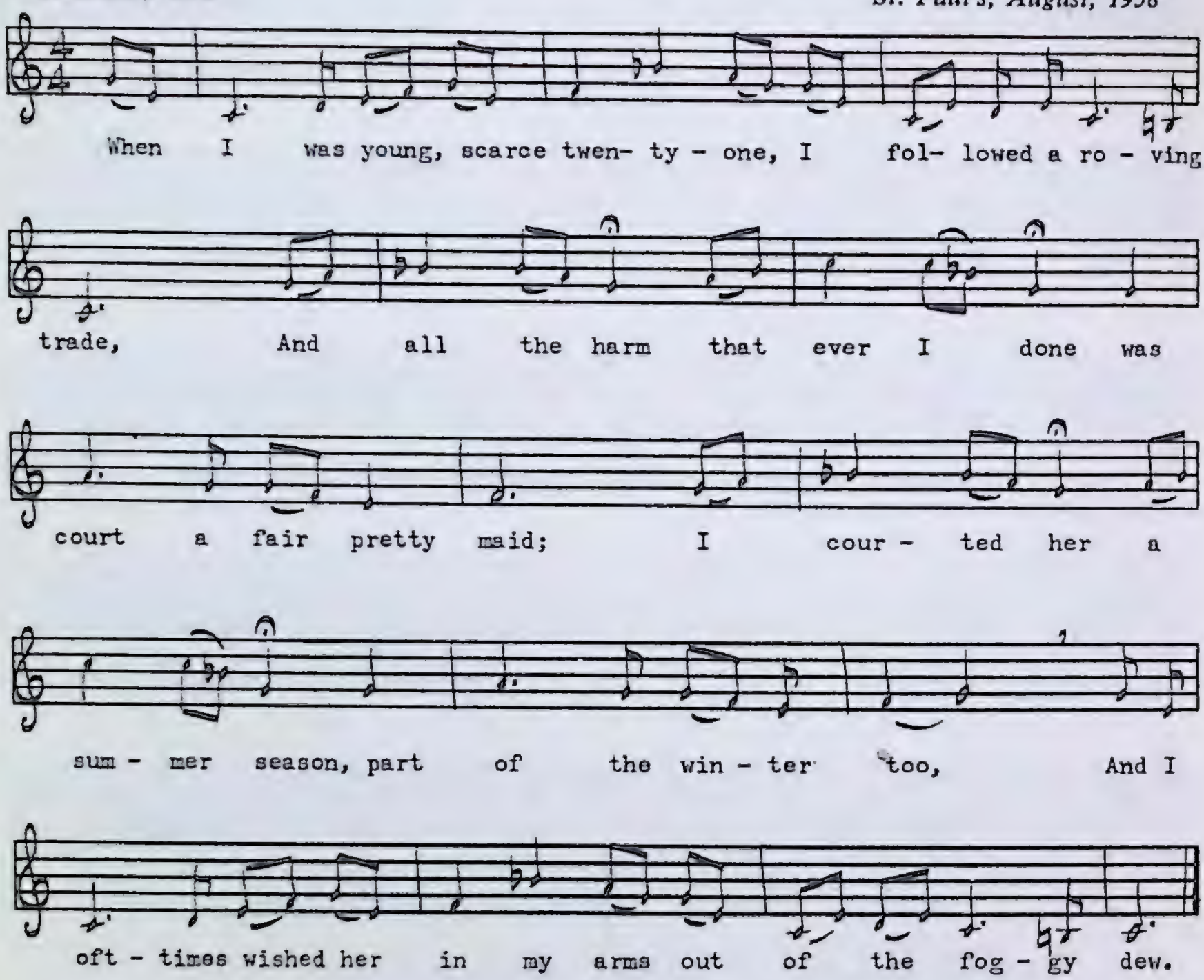
A la santé de mon père et d' ma mère (*bis*)
A la santé de celui que j'aime.

Foggy Dew

(*English*)

PEA 112 No. 835 and MS
Mrs. Freeman Bennett
Mr. Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Moderately slow



1. When I was young, scarce twenty-one, I followed a roving trade,
   And all the harm that ever I done was court a fair pretty maid;
   I courted her a summer season, part of the winter too,
   And I ofttimes wished her in my arms out of the foggy dew.

2. One night as I lay on my bed she came to my bedside,
   The tears rolled down her rosy cheeks, most bitterly she cried,
   Wringing her hands, tearing her hair, crying, "What shall I do?"
   "Pull off your clothes, jump in the bed out of the foggy dew."

3. Oh all the first part of the night how we did sport and play,
   And all the latter part of the night 'twas in my arms she lay,
   Until the daylight did appear, crying, "What shall I do?"
   "Arise fair maid, don't be afraid, for gone is the foggy dew."

4. I took this girl, I married her, I thought I'd done my part;
   She proved to me as a virtuous wife, I loved her to my heart.
   I never told her of any of her faults or I never intended to,
   But every time she laughs or smiles makes me think on the foggy dew.

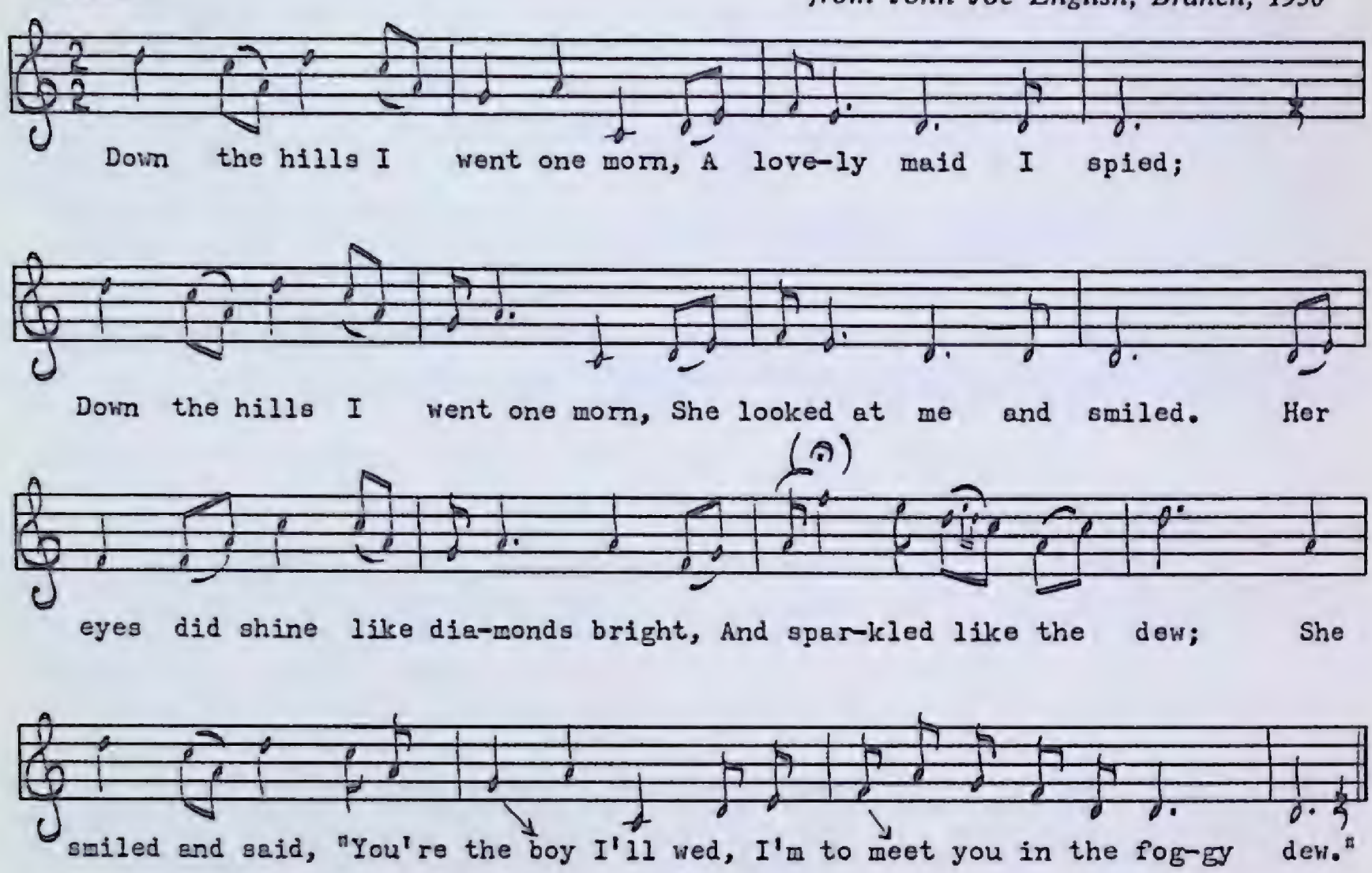
5. "If I should have a child, my dear, 'twould cause us both to smile,
   If I should have another, we'd wait a little while,
   If I should have another, my dear, another, another, plus two,
   We'd both give up to sow no more but think on the foggy dew."

This Newfoundland variant is similar to one collected by Cecil Sharp in England in 1904 and quoted in *The Idiom of the People* by James Reeves who considers it "the oldest [variant] we possess." Several pages of Mr. Reeves' book are devoted to this one song, and he offers a fascinating theory regarding the origin and symbolic meaning of 'the foggy dew.'

Foggy Dew

(*Irish*)

Collected by Margaret Sargent
from John Joe English, Branch, 1956



1. Down the hills I went one morn,
   A lovely maid I spied;
   Down the hills I went one morn,
   She looked at me and smiled.
   Her eyes did shine like diamonds bright,
   And sparkled like the dew;
   She smiled and said: "You're the boy I'll wed,
   I'm to meet you in the foggy dew."

2. Droop your head, your rose of red,
   As the weeping willows deep;
   You should droop your head in shame
   Before a maid so sweet.
   And I says: "Pretty girl, won't you be my bride
   Beneath the skies of blue?"
   She smiled and said, "You're the boy I'll wed,
   I'm to meet you in the foggy dew."

3. Down the hills I went one morn,
   A-singing I did go,
   Down the hills I went that morn,
   And she answered soft and low;

She says: "If you be my true love
I'm sure that you'll prove true;
And close in my arms I will roll your charms,
We'll be hidden in the foggy dew."

The tune for this lovely song comes from the traditional repertoire of Irish harpers. The text, however, was specially written by E. H. Milligan for a 1910 publication called *Songs of the Irish Harpers.* It is a beautiful illustration of the theory that oral transmission improves the quality of 'composed' verse. In this case the rather stilted sentiments of post-Victorian verse have been infused with an unaccustomed naturalness and warmth. Instead of noting the many improvements of the 'folk' version I shall quote the original in its entirety.

A-down the hill I went one morn,
A lovely maid I spied,
Her hair was bright as the dew that wets
Sweet Anner's verdant side.
"And where go ye, sweet maid?" said I,
She raised her eyes of blue,
And smiled and said, "The boy I wed
I'm to meet in the foggy dew."

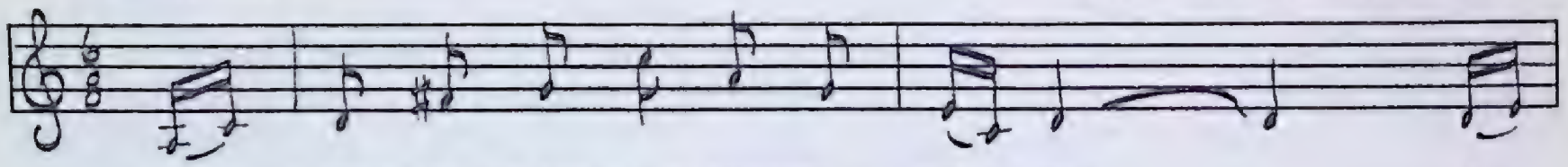
Go hide your blooms, ye roses red,
And droop, ye lilies rare,
Or you must pale for very shame,
Before a maid so fair.
Said I, "Dear maid, will you be my bride?"
Beneath her eyes of blue,
She smiled and said, "The boy I wed
I'm to meet in the foggy dew."

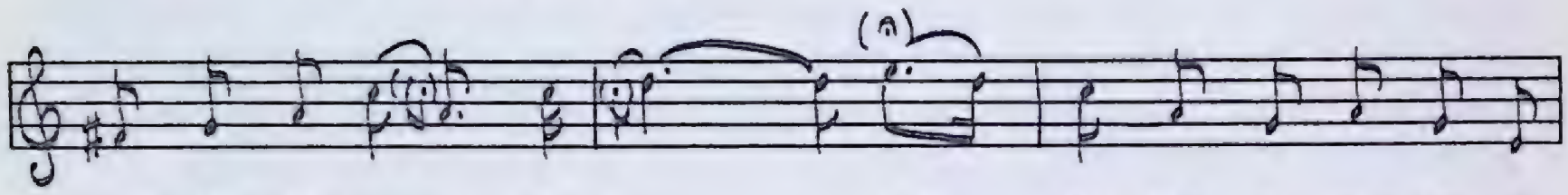
A-down the hill I went at morn,
A-singing I did go,
A-down the hill I went at morn,
She answered soft and low,
"Yes! I will be your own dear bride
And I know that you'll be true,"
Then sighed in my arms, and all her charms
Were hid in the foggy dew.

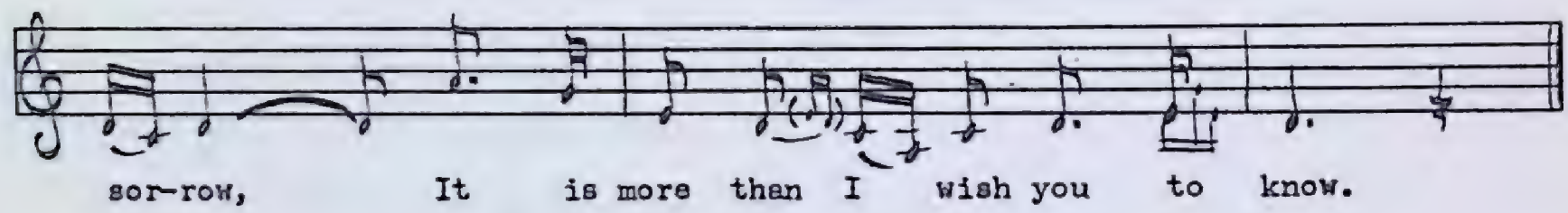
The Green Shores of Fogo

MS 47
Mrs. John Fogarty
Joe Batt's Arm, July, 1952

Slow, free time







1. Our barque leaves this harbour tomorrow
   Across the wide ocean to go,
   And Katie, a burden of sorrow,
   It is more than I wish you to know.

   Fare you well to the green shores of Fogo,
   Fare you well Katie dear true and kind,
   For where'er I may be I'll be true to thee
   Since old Fogo I'm leaving behind.

2. Now Katie give over your sighing
   And don't be down-hearted for me,
   It's my fortune I'm after seeking
   In a far distant land o'er the sea.

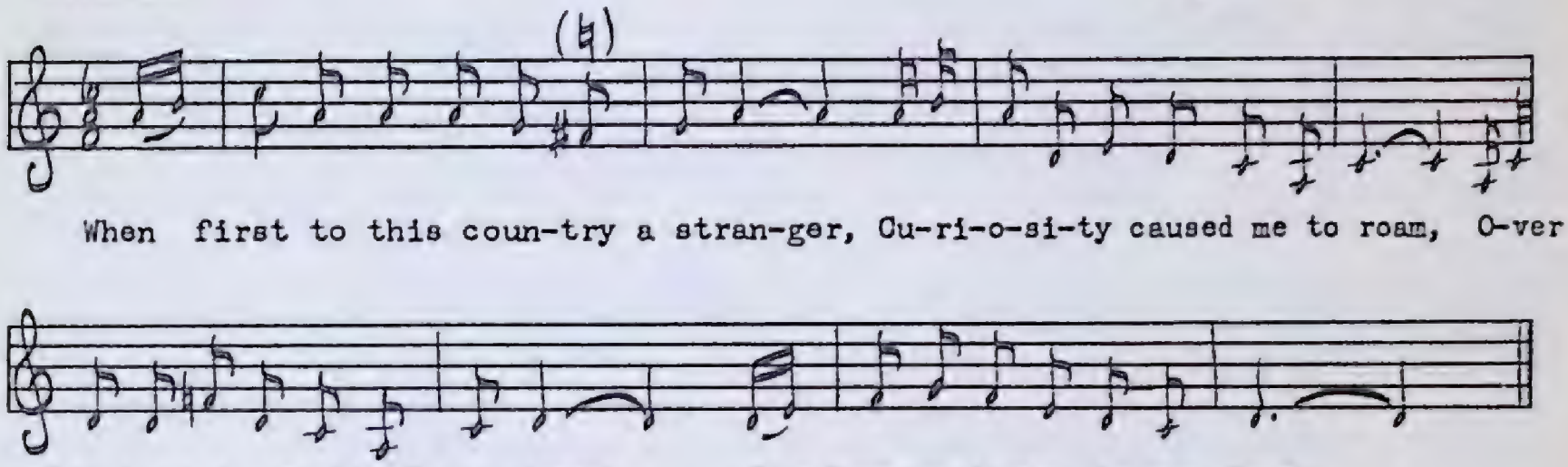
3. There's a dark cloud of sorrow hanging o'er me,
   There's a precious great weight on my mind,
   For I know there's one loving me truly
   In old Fogo I'm leaving behind.

This native love lyric is patterned on a much older Irish song entitled *The Country I'm Leaving Behind.* Mrs. Fogarty lived in Fogo when she was young and remembers the sailor who composed this lovely lyric for his girl-friend. As a matter of fact, I strongly suspect that she herself is the Katie in the song, though she did not say so directly (her husband was present). This is one of the most beautiful Mixolydian airs I have ever heard.

The Green Mossy Banks of the Lea

PEA 4 No. 27
Pat Maloney
King's Cove, July, 1951

Moderate



1. When first to this country a stranger,
   Curiosity caused me to roam,
   Over Ireland in exile I wandered,
   Far from my American home.

2. Till at length I arrived in sweet Erin,
   In the land where I longs to be,
   My footsteps were guided by fairies,
   On the green mossy banks of the lea.

3. One evening I carelessly rambled
   Where the clear crystal fountain do flow;
   It was down by the banks of Lock Erin,
   Where the sweet running waters do flow.

4. Twas there that I spied the fair damsel,
   She was most modest appearing to me,
   As she rose from her seat near the water,
   On the green mossy banks of the lea.

5. I stepped up I wished her good morning,
   Her fair cheeks they blushed like a rose;
   And I says, "Sir, if this is your daughter,
   She's truly the girl I adore.

6. "Ten thousand a year is my fortune,
   And a lady your daughter will be,
   Riding our horses and carriages,
   To the green mossy banks of the lea."

7. They welcomed me home to their cottage,
   In wedlock band we did join;
   It was there we entered the castle,
   More grandious and splendid did shine.

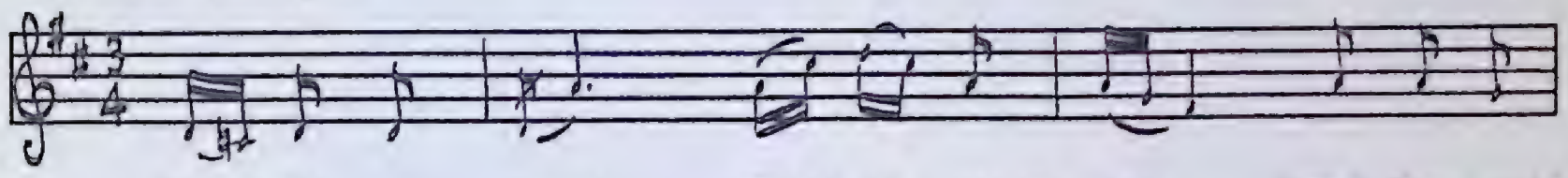
8. And all you kind friends who are greeting,
Each knows what this welcome may be;
We both bless the hour of our meeting,
On the green mossy banks of the lea.

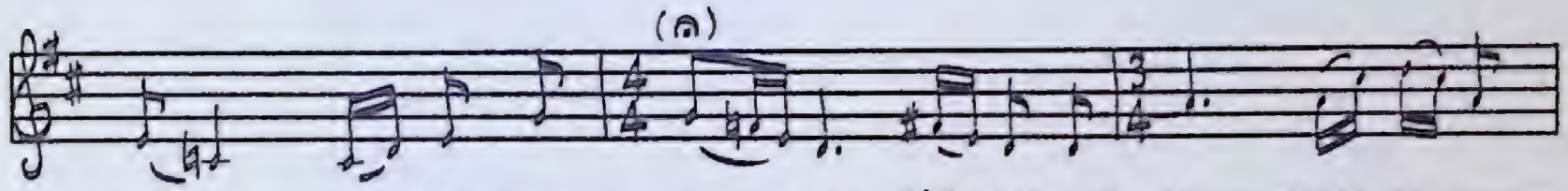
9. With flattering let no man deceive you,
Not knowing what his fortune may be,
Like the great adorable Madeleine
On the green mossy banks of the lea.

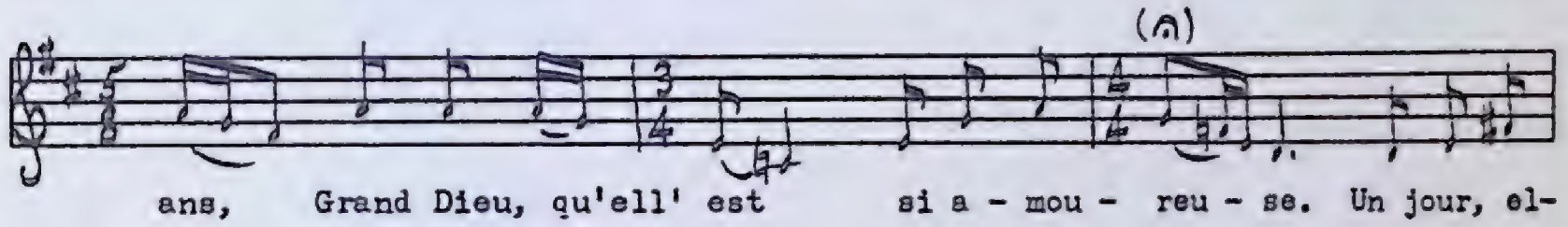
La jeune fille si amoureuse

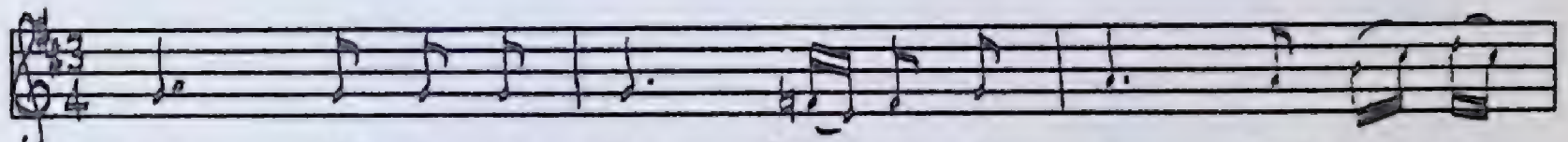
PEA 142 No. 957
Mme Joséphine Costard
Loretto, juillet 1959

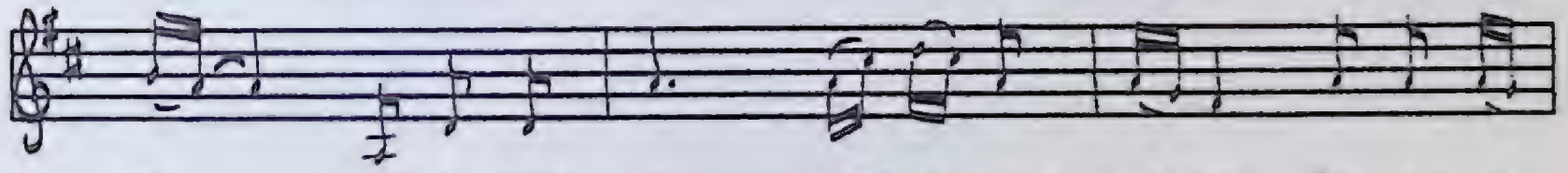
Modéré, rythmique

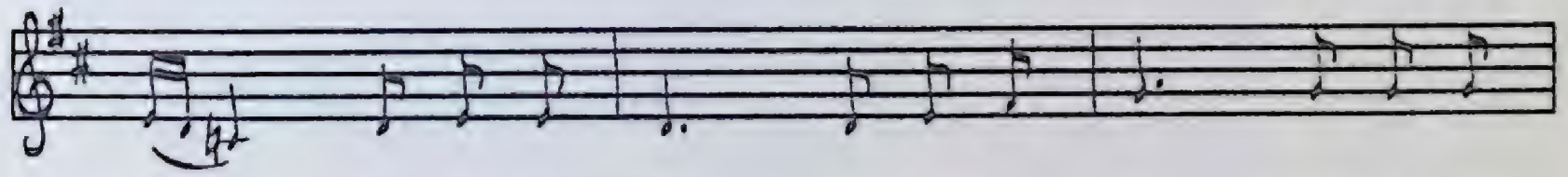


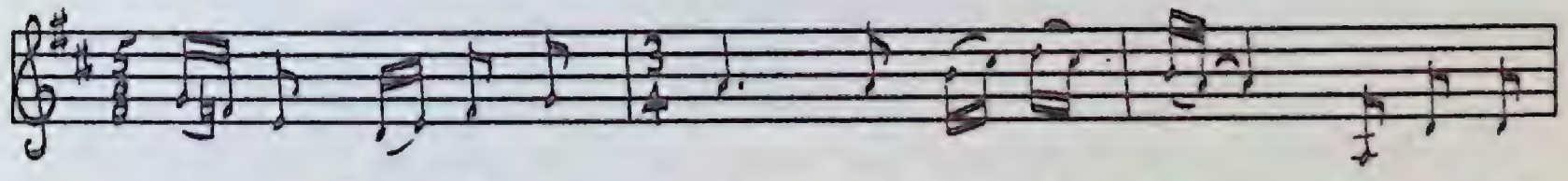


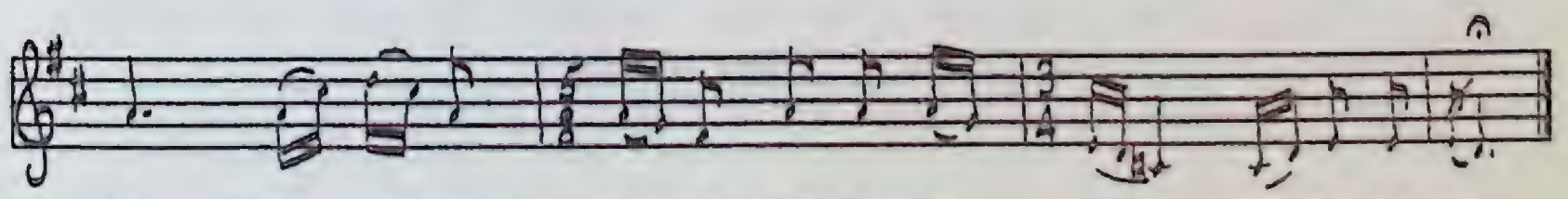












C'était un' jeun' fill' de quinze ans, } (*bis*)
Grand Dieu, qu'ell' est si amoureuse.
Un jour, elle dit à sa mère;
—Maman, il me faut un amant, } (*bis*)
Car si vous l'en dites le contraire,
J'en aurai mon consentement.

Quand que sa mère s'en aperçu } (*bis*)
Que sa fille est si amoureuse,
Il faut l'envoyer au couvent,
Où c' qu'a' sera si religieuse, } (*bis*)
Où c' qu'a' sera si religieuse,
A' priera Dieu pour ses parents.

Quand que la belle entendit dire, } (*bis*)
Religieus' qu'elle devrait y être,
Elle mont' en haut dans sa chambre,
En arrachant ses blonds cheveux, } (*bis*)
En dépendant ses pends d'oreilles
Qu' son bien-aimé 'i avait donnés.

La belle a un petit frère, } (*bis*)
Nuit et le jour la reconsole.
—Oh! taise-toi don' sœur Lisabeau,
Notre papa te mariera } (*bis*)
Avec celui que ton cœur aime,
Tu dormiras entre ses bras.

—Celui que mon cœur aime, } (*bis*)
Il n'est pas ici dans cette ville,
Il est esclav' dans l' barbarie,
Dieu! il ne sait quand i' viendra, } (*bis*)
En attendant de ses nouvelles,
En attendant mon jeune temps.

Quoi c' qu'ils faisont ces pauv'es matelots } (*bis*)
Quand qu'ils avont le vent leur contraire,
Ils carguont la basse voile,
Ils prennent des ris dans le hunier, } (*bis*)
Et moi, j'en ferai tout autant
En attendant mon cher amant.

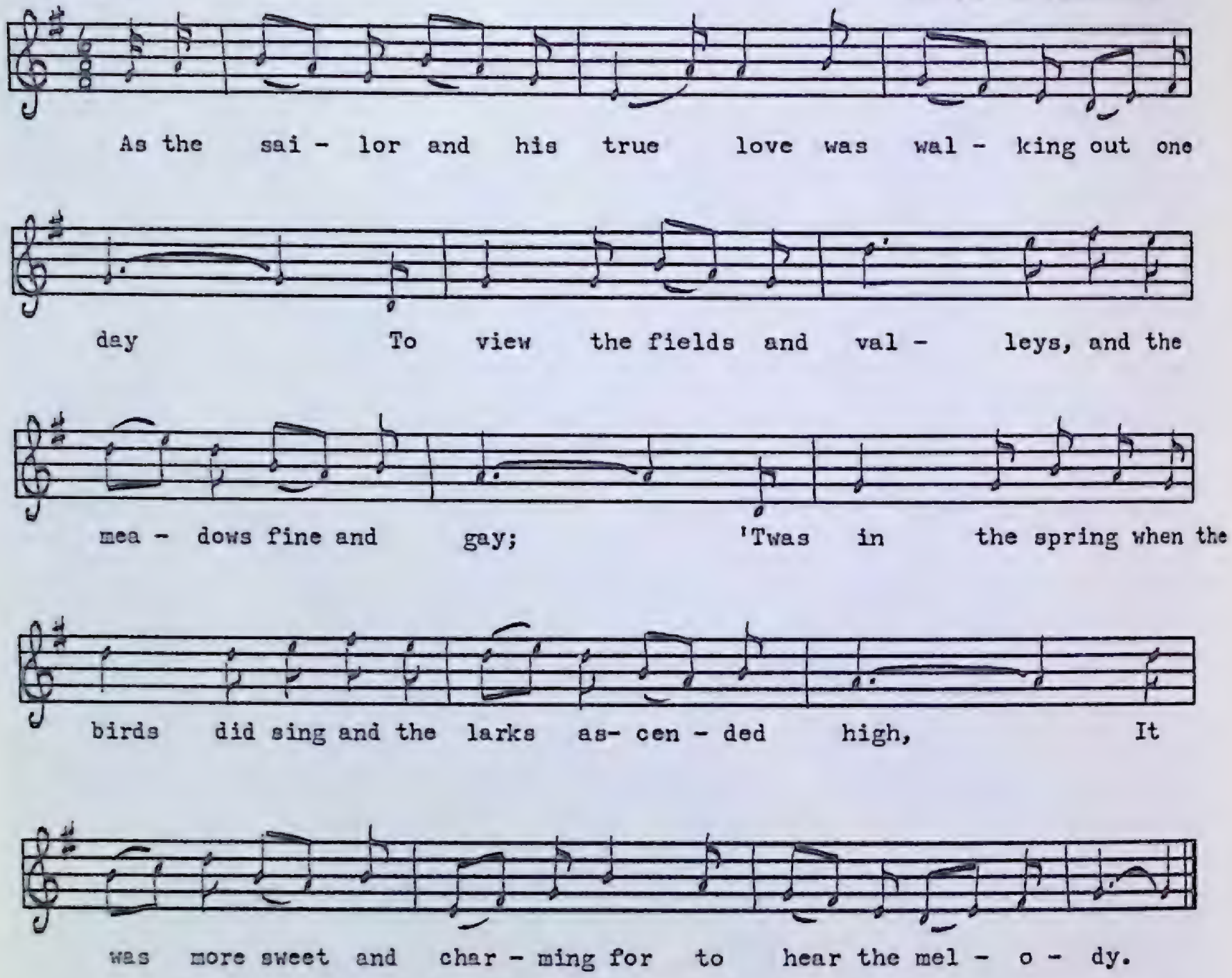
The variable third and seventh tones of this melody make it one of the most intriguing of the Newfoundland collection. Considering Mme Costard's free style of singing in so many other songs, it is surprising to find her making such a rhythmic tour de force of this one. The 5/8 bars she occasionally interpolates add immensely to the rhythmic impact.

Everett Bennett, St. Paul's

Jimmy and Nancy

(*the departure*)

PEA 77 No. 680
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1958



1. As the sailor and his true love was walking out one day
   To view the fields and valleys, and the meadows fine and gay;
   'Twas in the spring when the birds did sing and the larks ascended high,
   It was more sweet and charming for to hear the melody.
2. As the sailor and his true love walked out sweet pleasures for to take
   Said the sailor unto his true love, "It is all for your sweet sake
   I am bound to cross the ocean where the foaming billows roar,
   I'll think on lovely Nancy, she's the girl whom I adore."
3. "My dadda and my mama chastises me full sore
   For keeping of your company, but still I'll keep it more;
   Of all the chastising they give me it will never turn my heart,
   My dear I will go and meet you, let the night be ever so dark."

4. He said, "My charming Nancy, what makes you for to mourn?
   This runs in your sweet fancy that I never will return,
   If I am bound for seven long years so true to you I'll be,
   I will never prove false to the girl I love whilst I sail on the sea."

5. He said, "My charming Nancy, 'tis now I must away,
   Our fore-topsails are loosened, love, our anchors they are aweigh."
   Ten thousand kisses she gave him and down the tears they fell;
   "May the heavens above protect you, me love, oh Jimmy I wish you well."

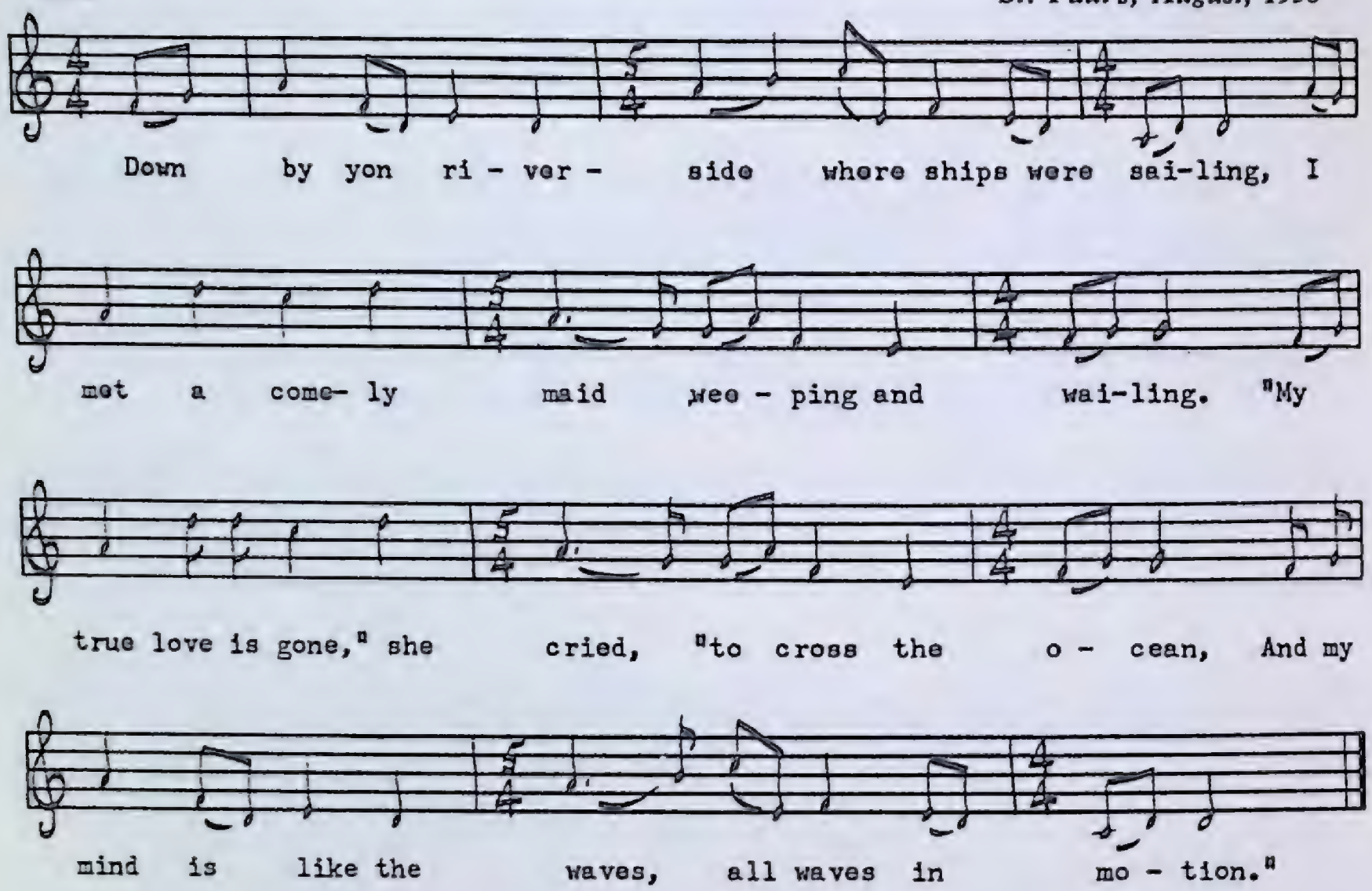
The Bennetts of St. Paul's sing several songs which they call *Jimmy and Nancy*. The 45-verse one in the section on love tragedies is called 'the long' *Jimmy and Nancy,* and the two shorter lyrical ones 'the departure' and 'the return.' In verse 4 of 'the departure' notice the 'seven long years' Nancy must wait for Jimmy's return. For a background note on the possible origin of all these related ballads, see *Seven Years I Loved a Sailor.*

Jimmy and Nancy

(*the return*)

A

PEA 114 No. 841
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958



1. Down by yon riverside where ships were sailing,
   I met a comely maid weeping and wailing.
   "My true love is gone," she cried, "to cross the ocean,
   And my mind is like the waves, all waves in motion."

2. I said, "My pretty fair maid, observe your story,
   'Twas your true love and I fought for old England's glory,
   And by one unlucky shot we both were parted,
   And by that sad wound he had got he died valiant-hearted."

3. When she heard him say those words she fell distracted
   Not knowing what she did nor how she acted.
   In coming to herself, "I am free from danger,
   Young man you are come too late, I'll wed no stranger."

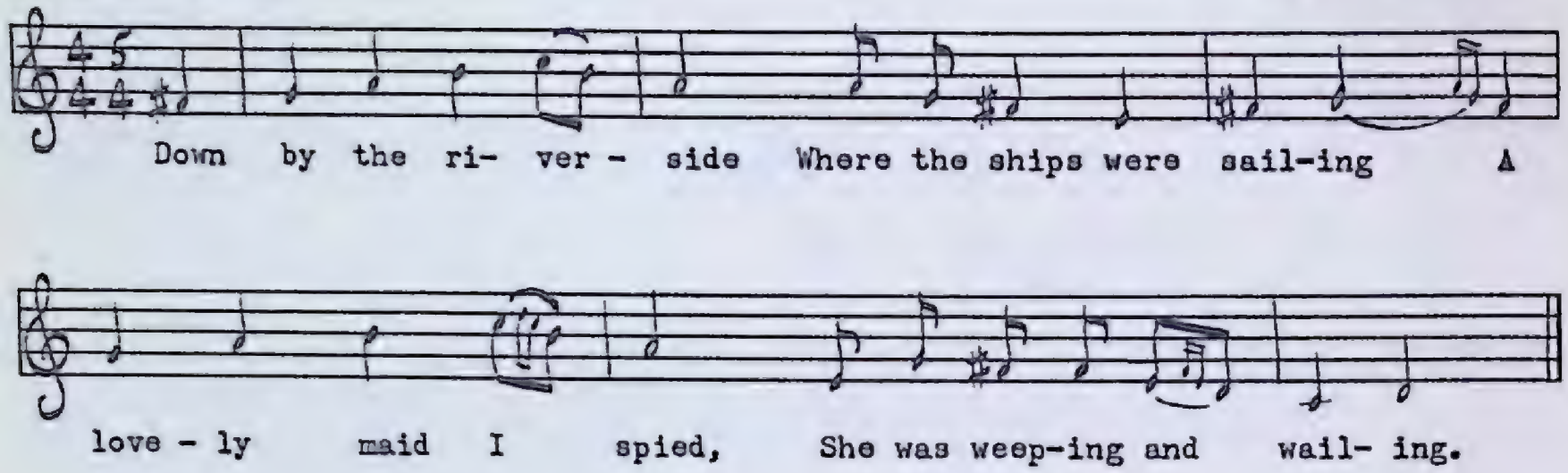
4. When he heard her say those words his love grew stronger,
   He flew into her arms, he could stay no longer,
   He flew into her arms with a great affection,
   And he rifled all her charms to his satisfaction.

5. "Good luck attend the ship brought my love over,
Good luck attend the man that brought him safe there."
Where they both sat down to sing, but she sang clearest,
Like a nightingale in spring, "Welcome home, my dearest."

B

PEA 197 No. 1157
Mrs. Mary Ann Galpin
Codroy, September, 1961

Moderately slow



1. Down by the riverside
   Where the ships were sailing
   A lovely maid I spied,
   She was weeping and wailing.

2. I boldlye stepped up to her
   And I asked what grieved her.
   She made me this reply,
   None could relieve her.

3. "For my love is pressed," cried she,
   "To cross the ocean,
   My heart is like the sea,
   All the waves in motion."

4. "Mark well my lovely lass,
   Mark well my story,
   It was your true love and I
   Fought for England's glory.

5. "And by one unlucky shot
   We both got parted,
   Deep were the wounds he got,
   He died valiant-hearted."

6. In hearing him say so
   She went quite distracted,
   Not knowing where to go,
   No, nor how she acted.

7. Wringing her hands she replied,
   She flew up in anger.
   "Begone, young man," she cried,
   "For I want [I'll wed] no stranger."

8. In hearing her sad song
His love grew stronger,
Into her arms he flew,
He could wait no longer.

9. He flew into her arms
And with great affection
He rifled all her charms
To his satisfaction.

10. "God bless the ship so true
That brought you over,
And God protect that crew
Who always watched o'er you."

11. Then they both sot down to sing,
But she sang the clearest,
Like a nightingale in spring,
"Welcome home my dearest."

The beautiful Dorian tune of variant *A* has a striking similarity to the one used for *Bold Wolfe*. Variant *B* is Mixolydian. Its text is more complete and of better quality. Two other variants are similar to *A* (See notes on *Jimmy and Nancy* (*the departure*) and *Seven Years I Loved A Sailor*).

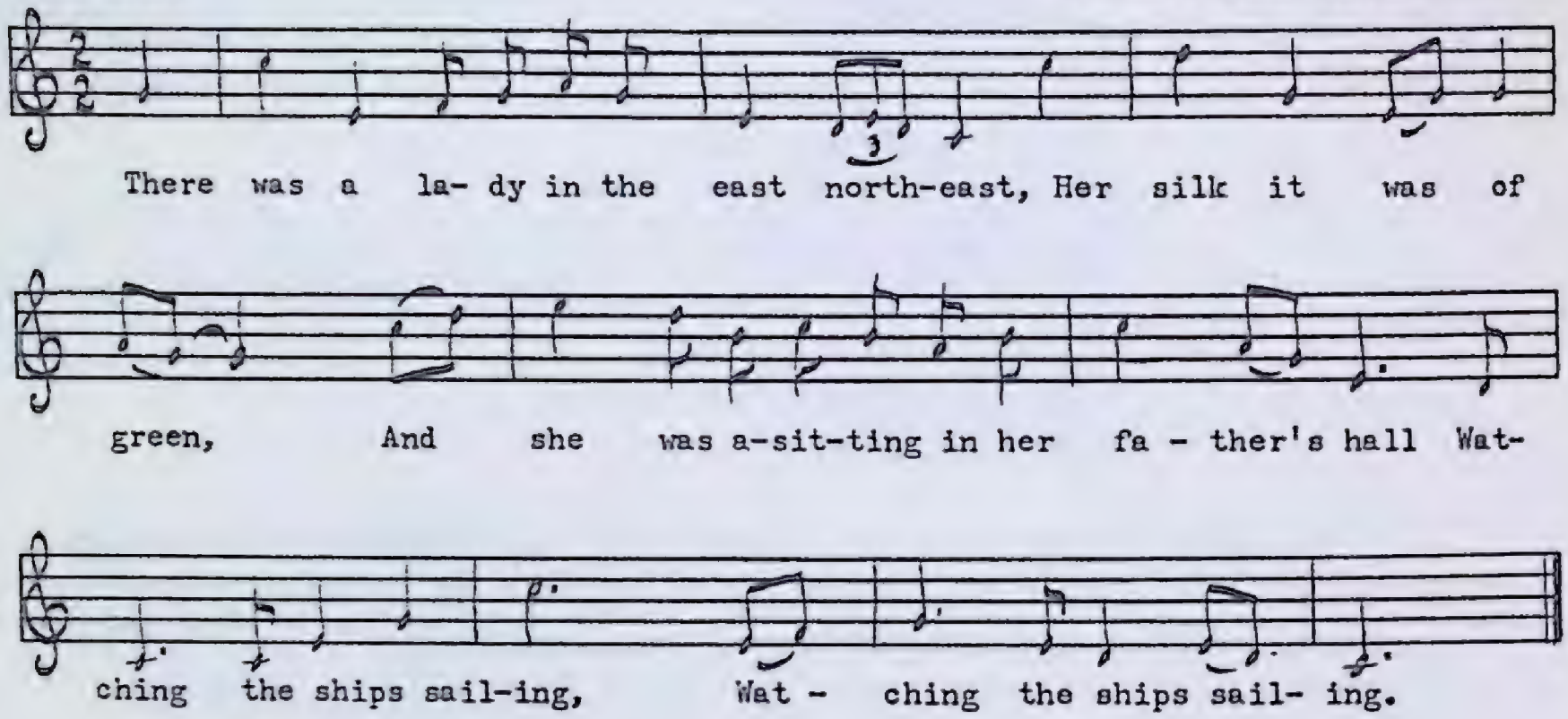
John Barbour

(Willie O Winsbury, Child 100)

A

PEA 152 No. 994
PEA 153 No. 995
Mrs. Charlotte Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1959

Moderate



1. There was a lady in the east northeast,
   Her silk it was of green,
   And she was a-sitting in her father's hall
   Watching the ships sailing,
   Watching the ships sailing.

2. "Oh what is the matter with my daughter?" he said,
   "She looks so pale and wan,
   I think she has got some sore sickness
   Or have laid with some young man,
   Or have laid with some young man."

3. "I have not a-got any sore sickness,
   Nor have laid with any young man,
   But the only thing that grieves me most,
   My love he stays too long,
   My love he stays too long."

4. "Oh is he a lord or a duke," he said,
   "Or is he a man of fame,
   Or is he one of my seamen
   Who plows the raging main?
   Come, tell to me his name."

5. "He is no lord nor no duke," she said,
"Or yet a man of fame,
But he is one of your seamen
Who plows the raging main,
John Barbour is his name."

6. "Go and bring him down, you silly fool,
Go and bring him unto me,
For tomorrow morning at eight o'clock
Hangèd he shall be,
I will hang him to a tree."

7. "Oh do not kill John Barbour," she said,
"Nor hang him to a tree,
For if you kill John Barbour-ee
You won't get no good of me,
You won't get no good of me."

8. 'Twas early next morning John Barbour he came down
Dressed in his suit of green,
With his two rolling eyes like diamonds bright,
And he was neat and clean,
And he was neat and clean.

9. "No wonder for my daughter, John Barbour," he said,
"That she might fall in love with you,
For if I was a woman instead of a man
I would surely fall in love with you,
I would surely fall in love with you."

10. "Will you marry my daughter, John Barbour," he said
"Will you wed her by the hand,
And will you dine at my table,
Coming near for all my land,
Coming near for all my land?"

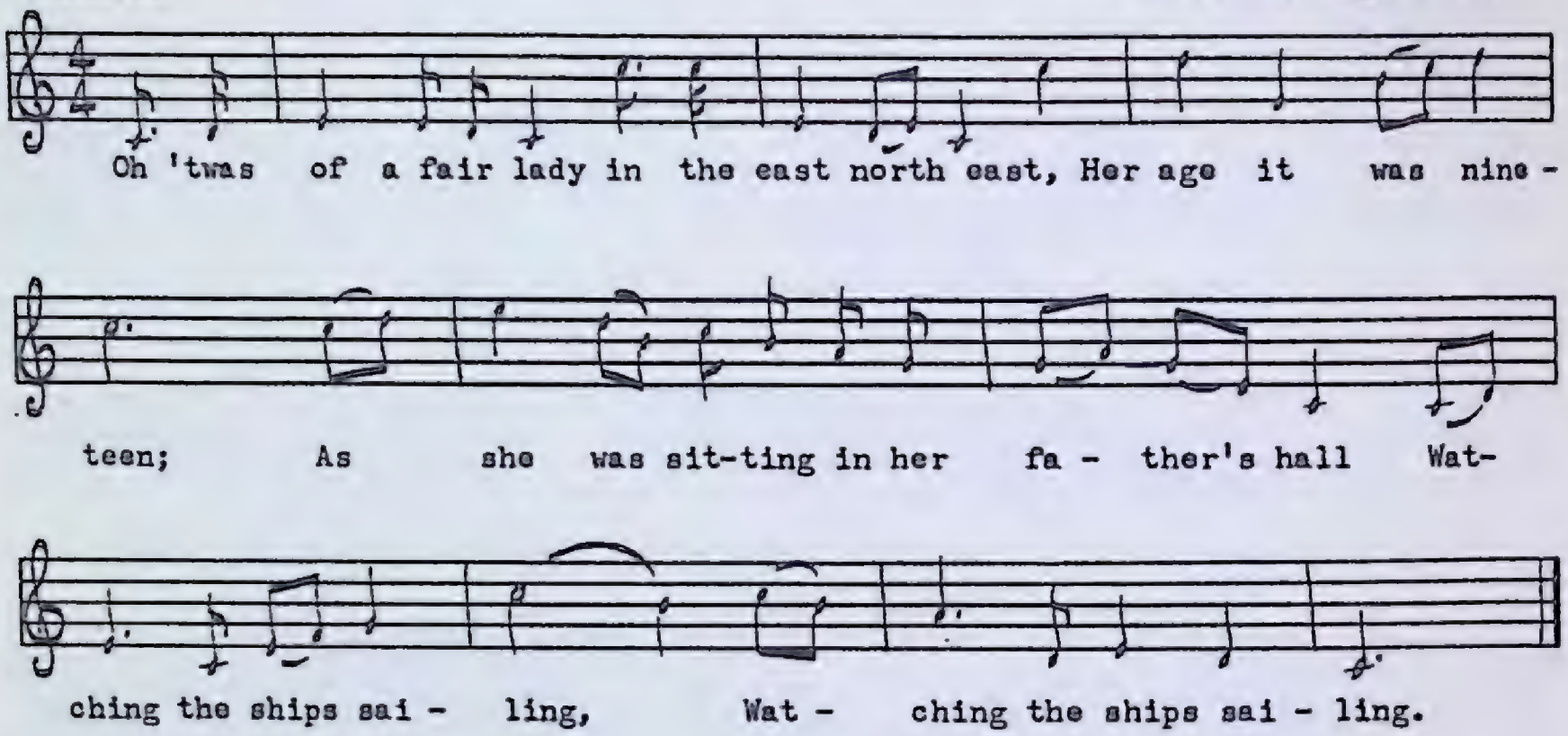
11. "Yes, I'll marry your daughter," John Barbour he said,
"I'll wed her by the hand,
And I will dine at your table,
And a fig for all your land,
And a fig for all your land."

The 4/4 time signature was used for variant *B* because the singing was a little slower and more deliberate. Another example of how two singers treat the same basic tune. These variants are related to variants *D* and *E* in the Child collection. In Mr. Bennett's version, John Barbour does not indulge in the luxury of refusing the father's land—he takes daughter, dinner, and all.

B

PEA 98 No. 770
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

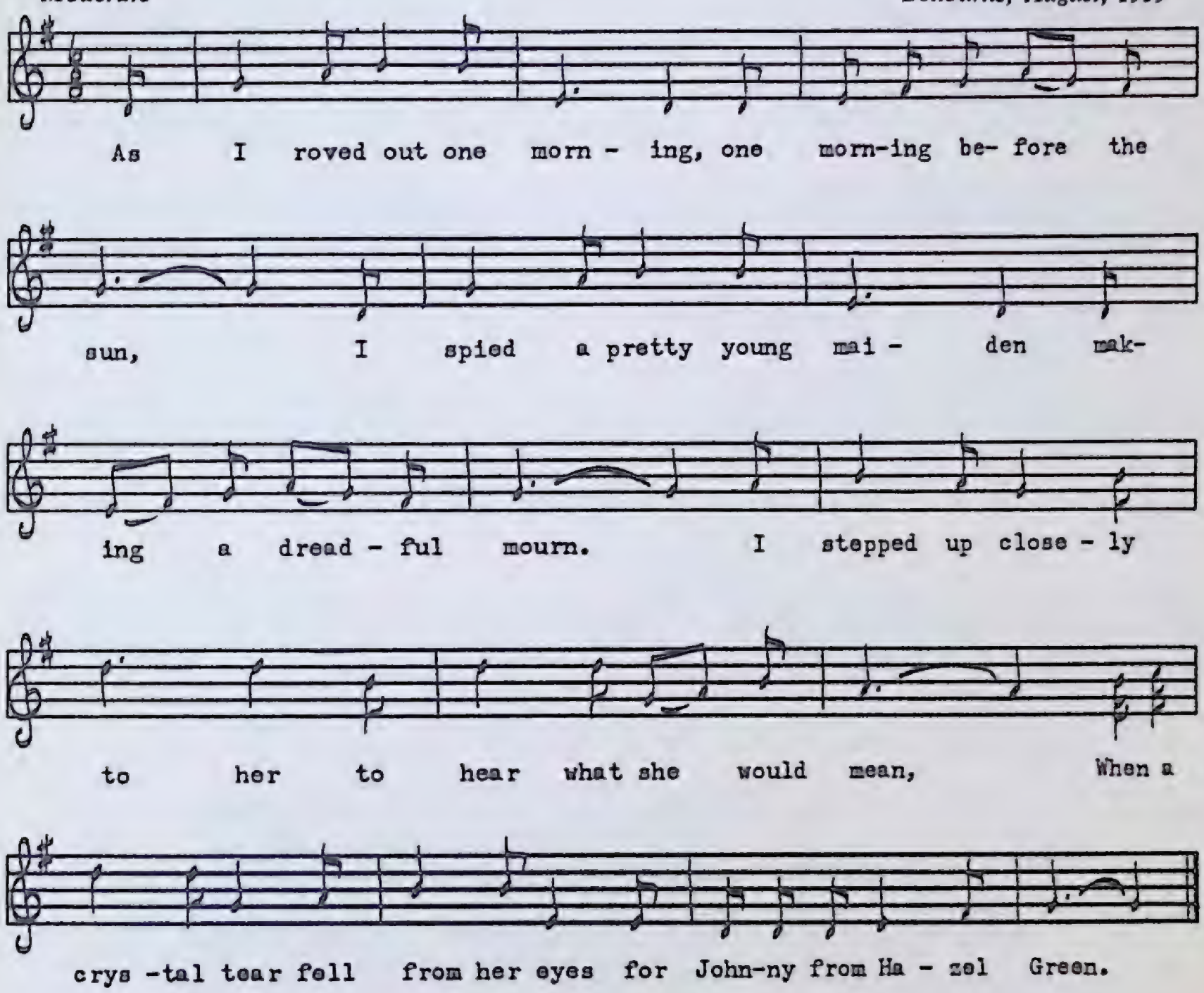
Moderate



Johnny from Hazelgreen

(*Child 293*)

PEA 160 No. 1025
Mrs. Clara Stevens
Bellburns, August, 1959



1. As I roved out one morning, one morning before the sun,
   I spied a pretty young maiden making a dreadful mourn.
   I stepped up closely to her to hear what she would mean,
   When a crystal tear fell from her eyes for Johnny from Hazelgreen.

2. I said, "My pretty fair maid, what makes you mourn like this,
   Are your father and mother both dead and gone and you left in distress?"
   "My father and mother are both alive, I regard them not one pin,
   I would rather have my own true love, young Johnny from Hazelgreen."

3. "What kind of a lad is your Johnny, and whereabouts does he dwell?"
   "He is so nice a young fellow as ever my eyes beheld,
   He is proper, tall, and handsome, his shoulders broad and keen,
   His hair hangs down in locks of gold, sweet Johnny from Hazelgreen."

4. Then she got up on a milk-white horse and I got up on another,
   We rode along together like a sister and a brother,
   We rode up to a castle so high, the like she had never seen,
   And who spied her there but her own true love, young Johnny from Hazelgreen.

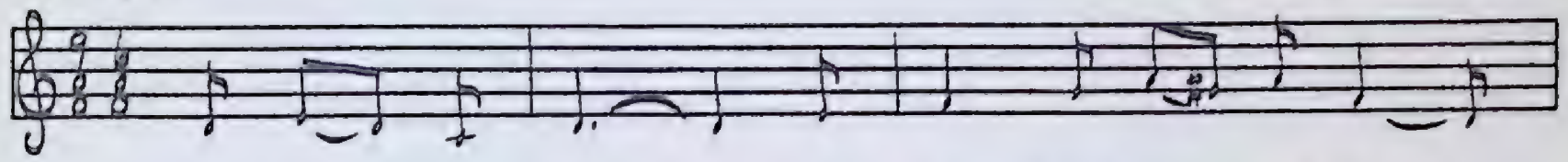
5. "You're welcome home, dear father, you're welcome home to me,
   You've brought to me the prettiest girl that ever my eyes did see."
   He gave her twenty kisses before he let her in,
   And now she is the virtuous wife of young Johnny from Hazelgreen.

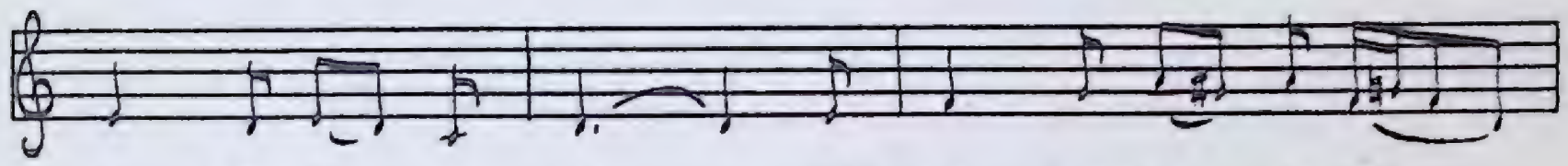
Only the narrative essentials of this charming little ballad survive. Earlier variants have Johnny's father dressing the girl up in lovely clothes and jewels during their journey. She keeps protesting that she does not want to marry his eldest son, little knowing, of course, that he is actually her own Johnny from Hazelgreen.

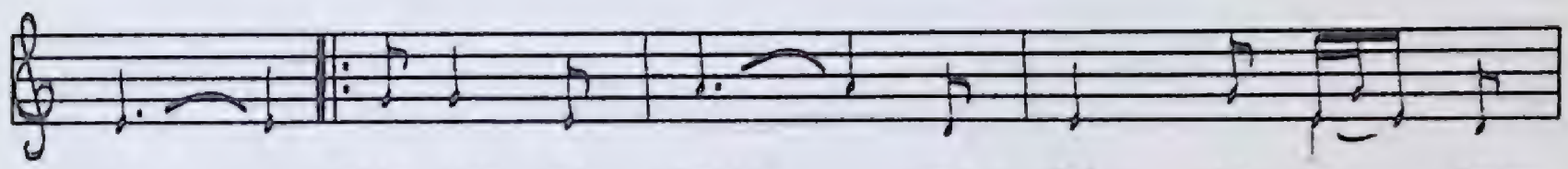
La jolie fille et ses deux amants

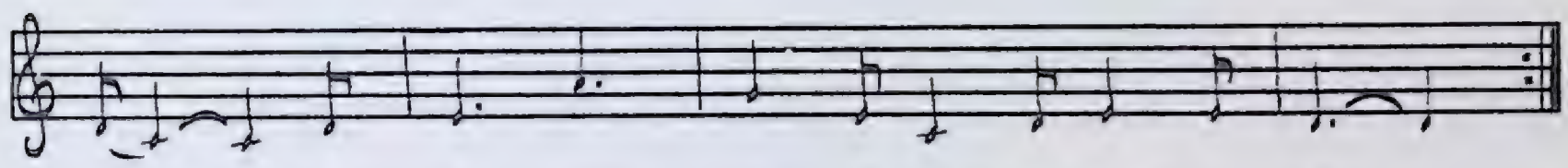
PEA 142 No. 958
Mme Joséphine Costard
Loretto, juillet 1959

Assez vif









C'est à Paris qu'i' y a t-un' jolie fille, (*bis*)
Elle est si bell', parfaite en beauté, } (*bis*)
Elle a charmé le cœur d'un marinier.

—Beau marinier, emmène-moi dans ta chambre. (*bis*)
—Oui, dans ma chambre que je t'emmènerai, } (*bis*)
Une anneau d'or que je vais t'y donner,

—Une anneau d'or, pour moi, c'est pas grand-chose, (*bis*)
J'estimerais mieux passer une nuit avec vous, } (*bis*)
A parler d' l'amour, du plaisir et d' la joie.

Quand ils fu'ent tous les deux dans leur chambre, (*bis*)
On entendait que des embrassements } (*bis*)
Entre la belle et son fidèle amant.

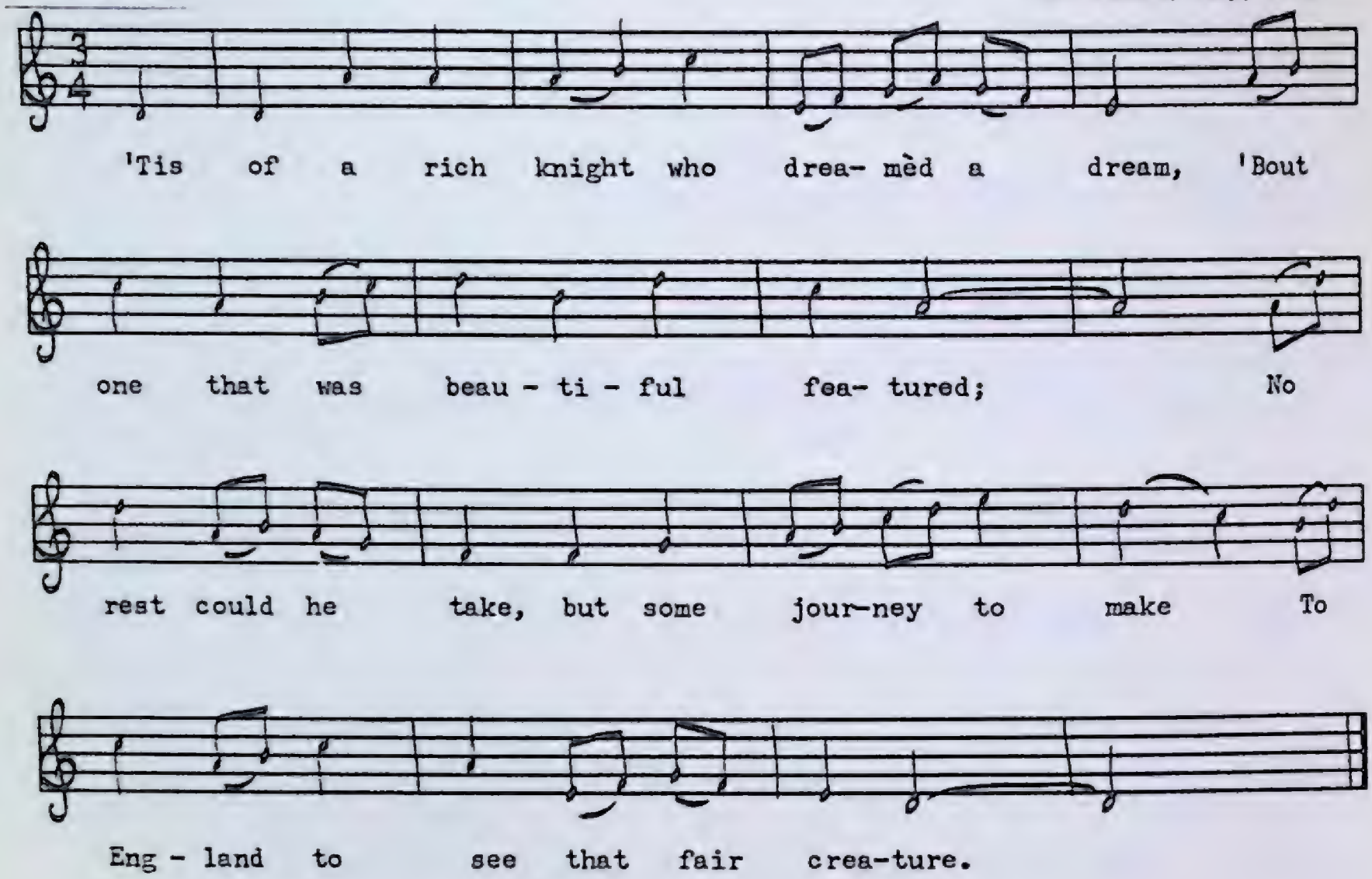
Et l'autre amant, à la porte qui l'écoute, (*bis*)
Se joint les mains, levant la vue au ciel, } (*bis*)
Disant: «Grand Dieu! que je suis malheureux.»

Avoir aimé une si belle fille, (*bis*)
Mais, à présent, elle ne veut plus de moi, } (*bis*)
Un autre amant qu'elle aime mieux que moi.

Ma mère m'a fait un beau bouquet de roses, (*bis*)
Quand je le vois, je bénis mon chagrin. (*bis*)

The Knight and the Labourman's Daughter

PEA 89 No. 730
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1958



1. 'Tis of a rich knight who dreamèd a dream,
   'Bout one that was beautiful featured;
   No rest could he take, but some journey to make
   To England to see that fair creature.

2. He hunted all 'round till he came to the place,
   It is many long years since he saw her;
   He opened the door as she stood on the floor,
   She's a silly poor labourman's daughter.

3. "Oh here is a ring and a guinea of gold,
   And between us now let it be broken;
   I will beg you'll excuse me for making so bold,
   So it's give me one kiss as a token."

4. "A kiss, kind sir, is like a stone in a sling,
   It is hard to believe all is spoken,
   So here is your ring and your guinea again,
   And between us now never will be broken.

5. "If I would consent your fond bride to be
   Your parents they would be offended,
   For you to marry a girl that's so low
   When you are so highly ascended."

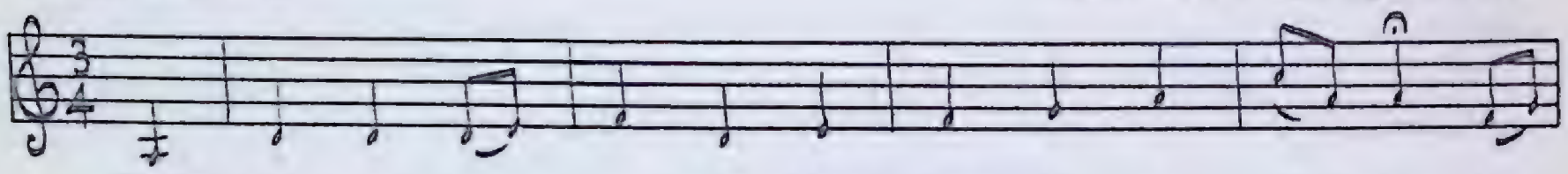
6. "No father or mother have I in this world,
No one but myself and one brother,
What business a father or mother with us
If we can both love one another?"

7. Oh then she consented his fond bride to be
And now they do live in great splendour;
A labourman's daughter got married to a knight,
May the heavens protect them together!

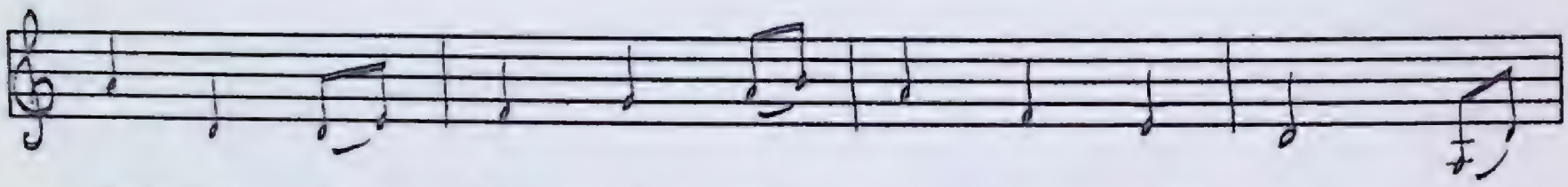
A Lad and a Lass

PEA 107 No. 806
Mrs. Charlotte Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1958

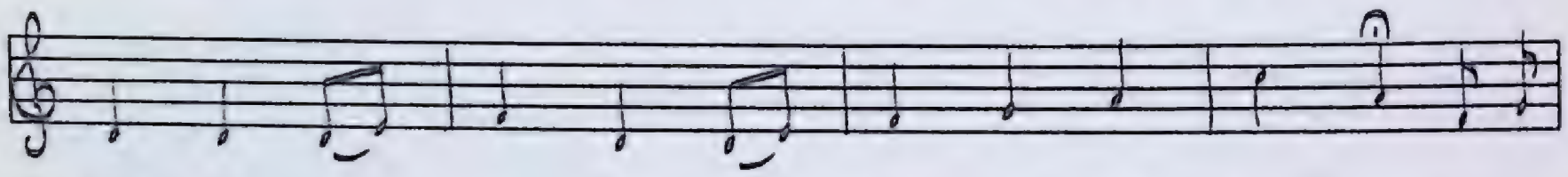
Moderately slow



There was a young cou- ple lived down by a ri - ver, A

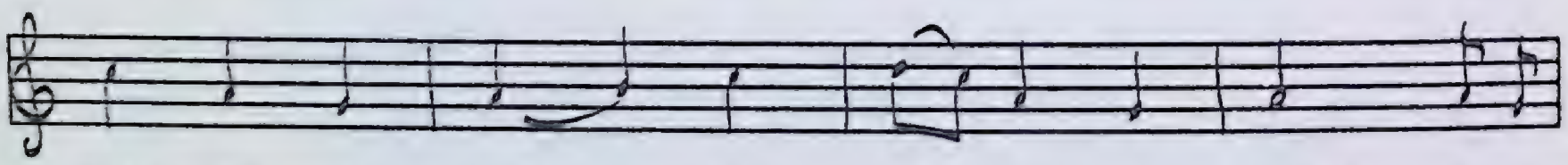


lad and a las - sie both bux - om and gay. Long

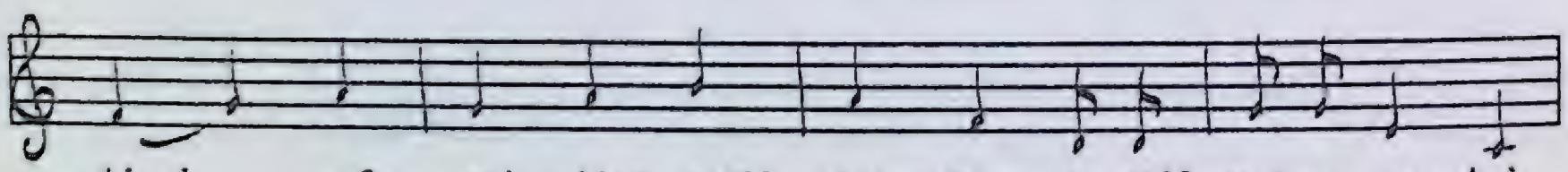


time they'd been cour-ting, no sign of the wed - ding, Till at

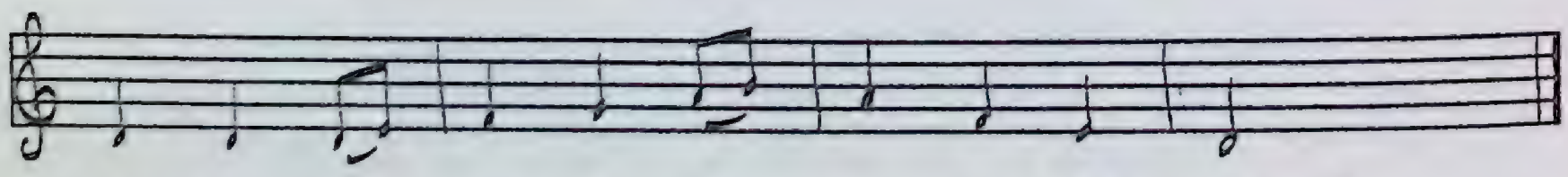
length this young dam - sel to her true love did say: "Come



tell me in plain what is it you mean? I am



tired of wai - ting, still thin - king you will mar-ry me, And



now your sweet com - pa - ny, sir, I'll re - frain. "

PEA 85 No. 714
Mrs. Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1958

1. Down by the river there dwelt a young couple,
A lad and a lass who was buxom and gay;
Long time they'd been courting, no sign of a wedding,
Till at length the young girl to this young man did say:
"Come tell me in plain what is it you mean?
I'm tired of waiting still thinking you to marry me,
And now your sweet company, sir, I'll refrain."

2. "All for to get married I think it's a pity,
A pity to part with my sweet single life,
For when a man gets married his joys take a fly,
He's robbed of his liberty, tied unto slavery,
But now I am free and I wish you goodbye."

3. "If ever I do get a chance to get married
I'll pass that young man with a stout brilliance shone."
Where she later then stayed till at length come a page
Intending to court this beautiful damsel,
And he was a carpenter bound by his trade.

4. "Here's fifty bright guinea I asked for my po'tion,"
He says, "my pretty fair maid if you'll fancy me,
Perhaps it will rise to a higher promotion
If you will consent my fond bride to be."

5. She wrote a fond letter all to her old true love
To come to her wedding on the sixth day of June,
To come to her wedding that he would be welcome
To wait on the table and dress the bride-groom;
Those lines he did read which made his heart bleed,
In tears he did mourn which made his heart burn,
Saying, "Faith, and in foolish I have lost her indeed."

6. "I will saddle my horse, I will go to the wedding,
I will go to the wedding on the sixth day of June,
To go to a wedding that I might be welcome
To wait on the table and dress the bridegroom.

7. "If I had have known that you had been gone
I'd no longer tarry but with you I'd marry,
So get up behind me and leave him alone."
"I told you, you know, and it's not long ago
The cost of your folly made you melancholy,
And oftentimes caused you for to lay alone.

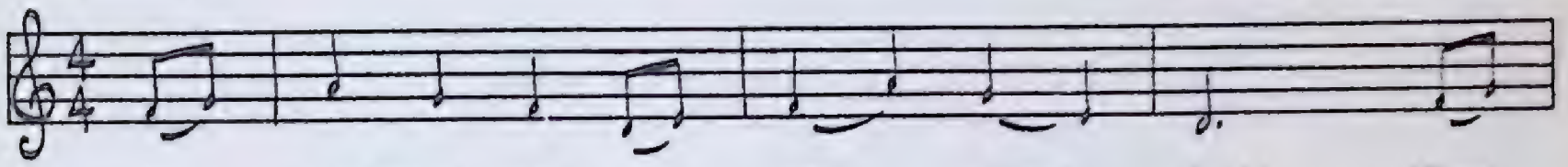
8. "All for to get married you thought it a pity,
A pity to part with your sweet single life,
You said when a man gets married his joys take a fly,
He's robbed of his liberty, tied unto slavery,
But now you are free and I'll wish you goodbye."

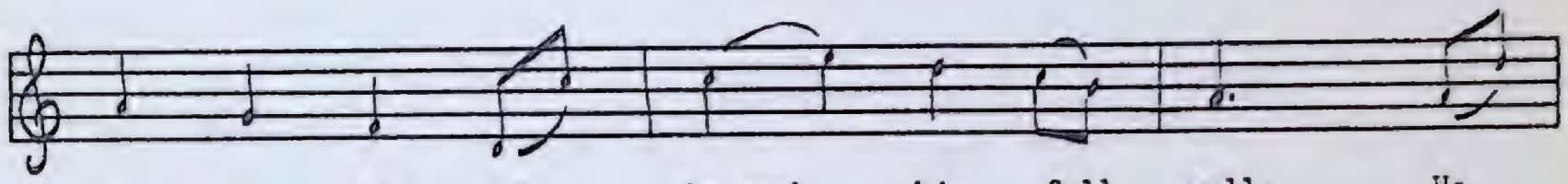
This would appear to be quite a rare ballad, for I have not seen it in other collections. The point of the story comes across very well, despite the rather hopeless confusion of the text. Those who wish to use the song professionally will be able to re-arrange the text and the melody in a more regular form, in the usual ballad quatrain if possible.

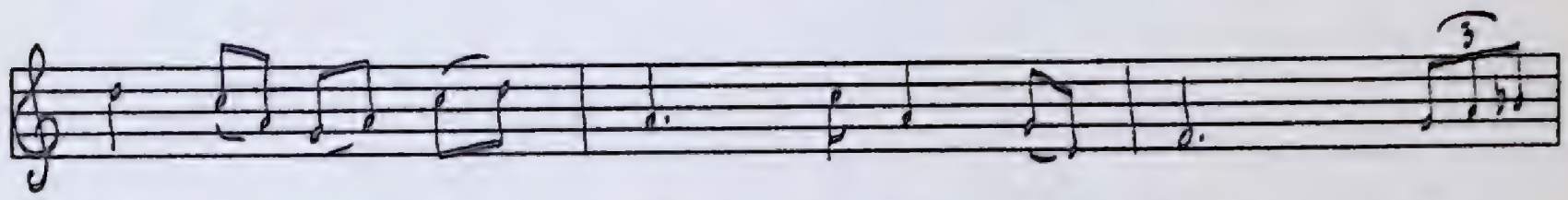
The Lady's Waiting-Man

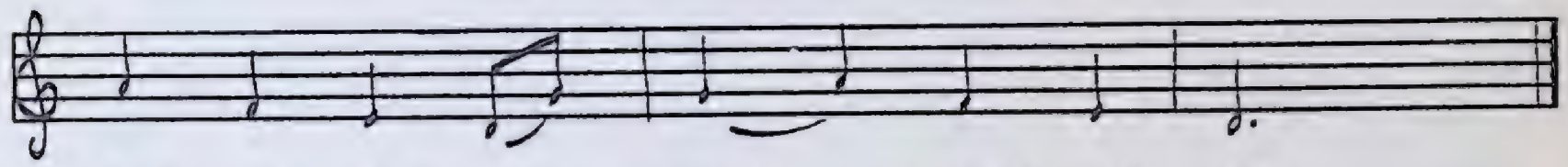
PEA 105 No. 797
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Moderate









1. In Bristol did a merchant dwell,
   Where many people knowed him full well;
   He had a daughter beautiful and bright
   On whom he placed his whole heart's delight.

2. Her father keeped a servant-man,
   And quickly you shall understand,
   He being both proper, tall, and slim,
   This lady fell in love with him.

3. 'Twas at the table he did stand
   With a glass of liquor in his hand,
   And as he passed it to and fro
   Oh he saw her colour come and go.

4. That instant she fell in a zound,
   By hearing of the trumpet's sound,
   The people around her 'mazed to see,
   And wondering what the cause of it could be.

5. She being recovered from her zound,
   By hearing of the trumpet's sound.
   "The reason is unknown," said she,
   "Oh in the kitchen carry me."

6. 'Twas in the kitchen carried straight
To see if any dainties could eat,
And as he came the cloths for to lay,
Oh she kissèd him and this did say:

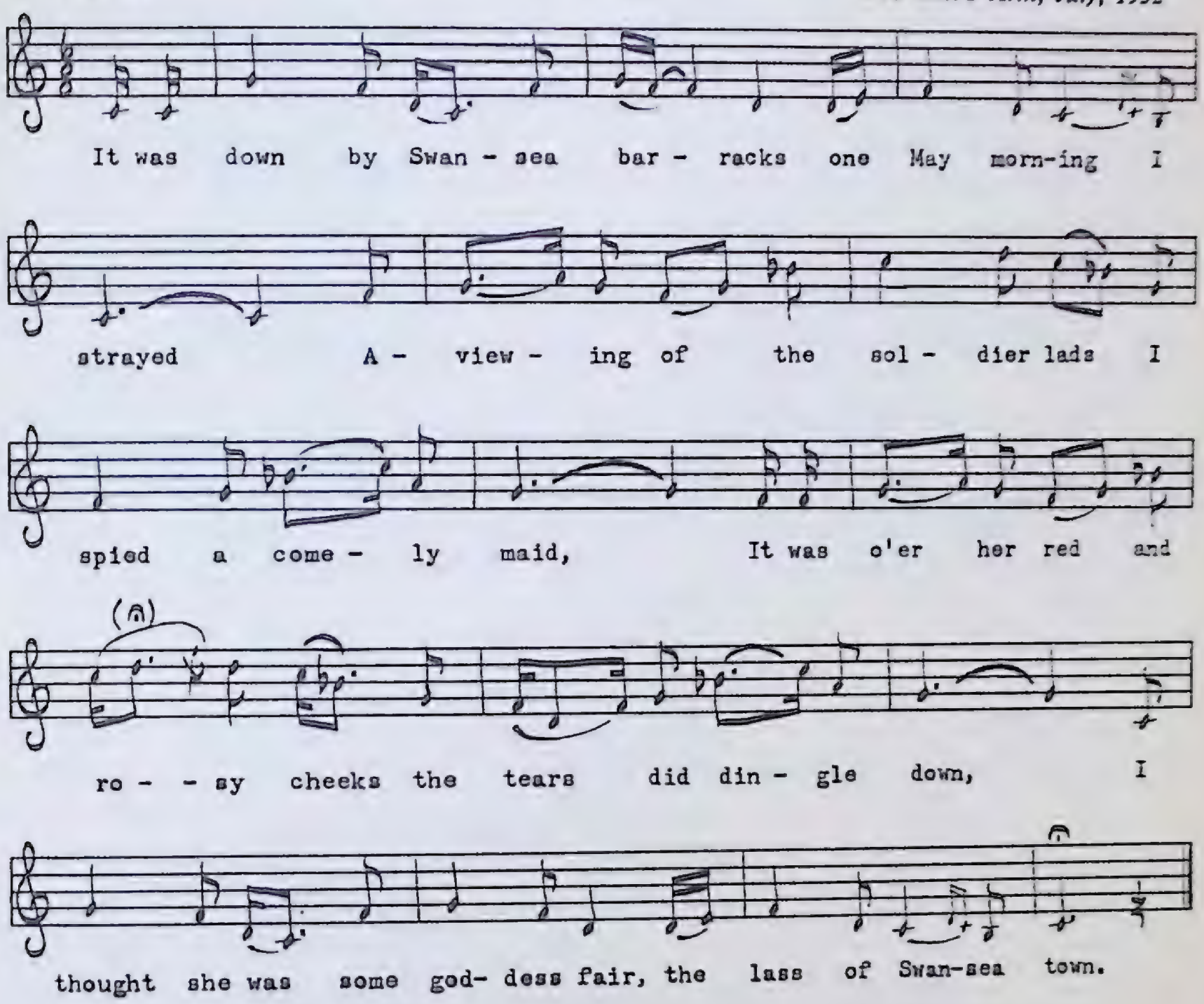
7. "You've been the cause of all my grief,
There is none but you can give me relief,
I do protest I love you so,
I will have you if a-begging I do go."

8. "Oh once I was a baker's boy,
And baking was my only joy,
Both waiting-man and butler too,
Oh and now, my dear, I will wait on you."

The Lass of Swansea Town

MS 65
Harry Curtis
Joe Batt's Arm, July, 1952

Moderate



1. It was down by Swansea barracks one May morning I strayed
   A-viewing of the soldier lads I spied a comely maid,
   It was o'er her red and rosy cheeks the tears did dingle down,
   I thought she was some goddess fair, the lass of Swansea town.

2. I said, "Fair maid, what brought you here, what brought you here
   to mourn?"
   "Oh I'm in search of Willie dear, my bonny young sailor boy,
   Eight years ago he left me here for Bermuda he was bound,
   He said he would prove faithful to the lass of Swansea town."

3. "If eight years ago he left you here it is useless for to mourn,
   For perhaps he is in some battle slain, or in the ocean drowned."
   "Oh God forbid, young man," she said, the lass of Swansea town.

4. "And by what token will your Willie be known if he ever do return?"
   "On his left breast he wears a scar where he received a wound
   While fighting for his country and the lass of Swansea town."

5. "If by that token your Willie is known it's him I know right well,
While fighting in the battle by a cannon-ball he fell,
The cannon-ball which made him fall gave him his deathly wound,
He told me to take care of you the lass of Swansea town."

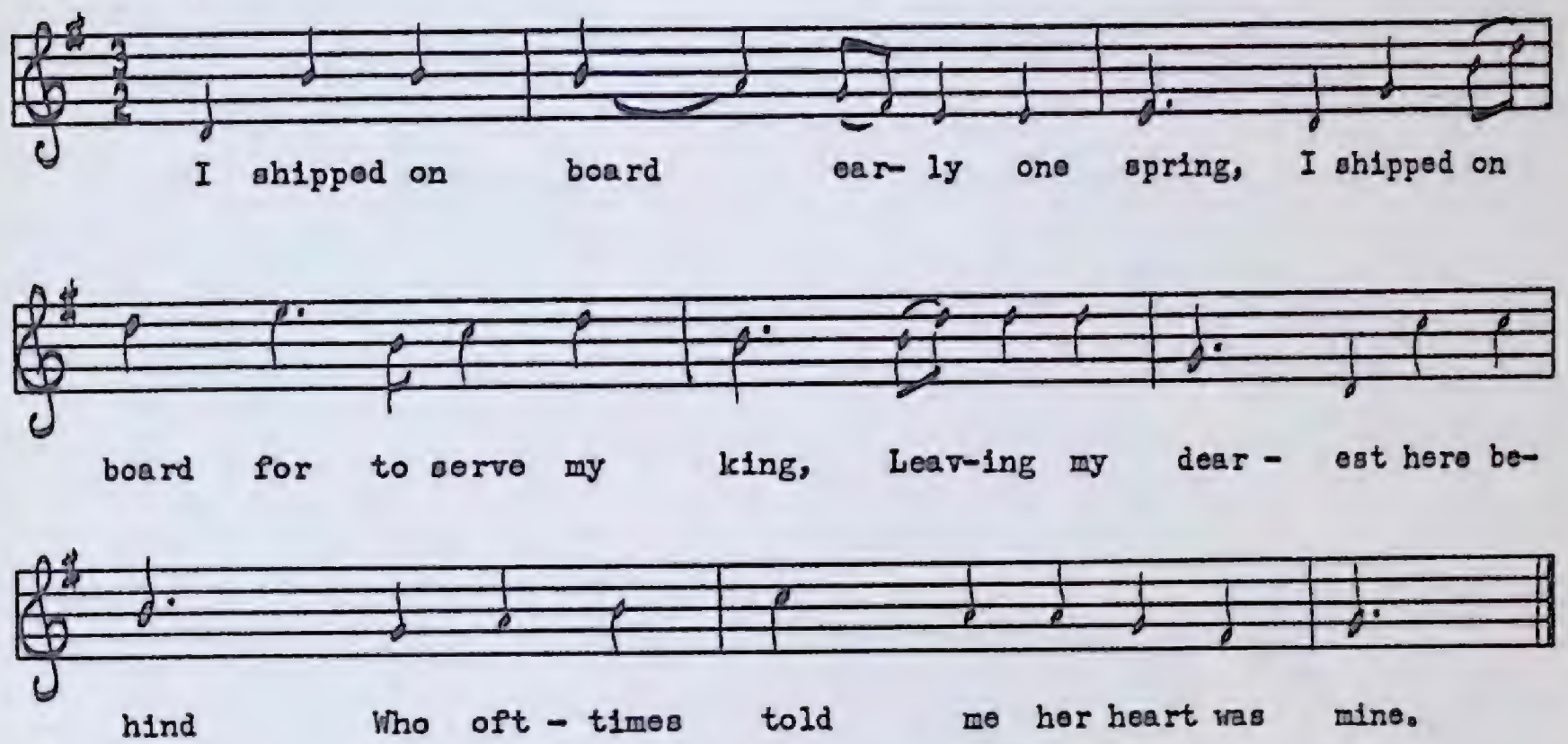
6. Soon as she heard him say these words she fell in deep despair,
Wringing of her lily-white hands and tearing of her hair,
Saying, "Take me to my Willie, my Willie dear, else give me my death wound,
For no other man will every enjoy the lass of Swansea town."

7. On coming to herself once more up from the ground she rose,
His waistcoat it blew open and the scar it did expose.
They walked till they reached his cottage and there they settled down,
Young Willie of the royal blue and the lass of Swansea town.

Harry Curtis once worked on a cargo vessel, and during a stop-over in Wales he learned *The Lass of Swansea Town*. As a matter of fact, he is of Welsh descent himself. His father shipped as a cabin boy from Wales at the age of thirteen or fourteen and jumped ship in Newfoundland.

The Letters of Love

PEA 185 No. 1125
Leonard Hulan
Jeffrey's, July, 1960



1. I shipped on board early one spring,
   I shipped on board for to serve my king,
   Leaving my dearest here behind
   Who ofttimes told me her heart was mine.

2. I wrote some letters to my dear
   But not a word from her did hear,
   Until I came to her father's hall
   And so loudly on her I did call.

3. "My daughter is married and don't you know?
   My daughter got married a long time ago,
   My daughter got married in the prime of life,
   So go young man seek another wife."

4. Curse to the gold and the silver too,
   Curse to the girl that proved untrue,
   Curse to the girl that did break her vow,
   And leave me where I'm standing now.

5. I will return from whence I came,
   I will plow the seas all o'er again,
   I will plow the seas till the day I die,
   Where the mighty waves roll mountains high.

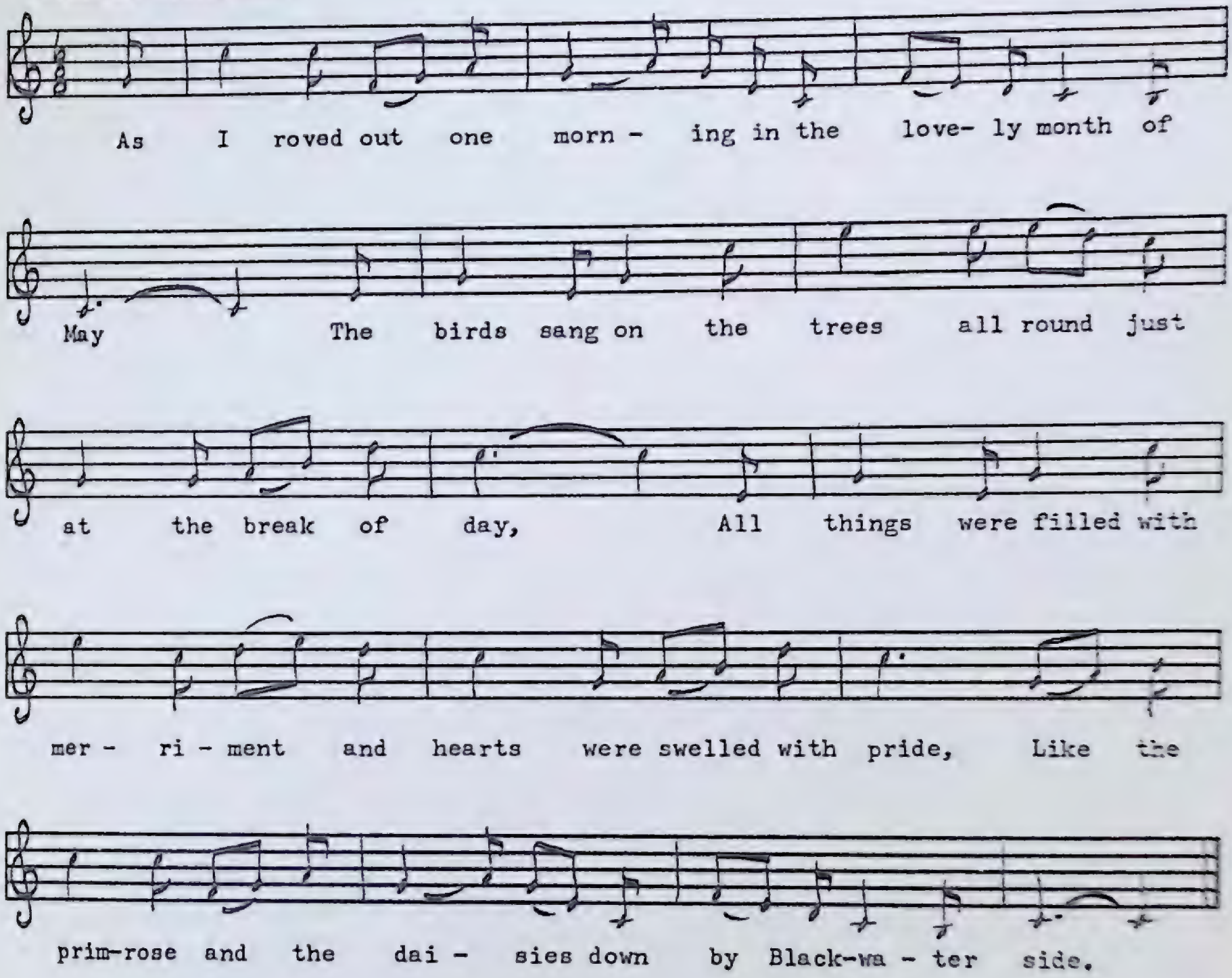
6. "Come back, come back my dearest one,
   If you sent letters I did get none,
   It's my father's fault, it's none of mine,
   So don't be hard unto womenkind.

7. "I love my father, I love my mother,
I love my sisters, I love my brother,
I love my friends and relations too,
I'll forsake all those and follow you."

The Lovely Irish Maid

PEA 160 No. 1028
Mrs. Clara Stevens
Bellburns, August, 1959

Moderate, steady time



1. As I roved out one morning in the lovely month of May
   The birds sang on the trees all round just at the break of day,
   All things were filled with merriment and hearts were swelled with pride,
   Like the primrose and the daisies down by Blackwater side.

2. I scarce had roamed a mile or more before I chanced to spy
   Two lovyers fondly talking by the Blackwater side.
   Throwing his arms around her neck this to her did say:
   "I must be unkind, leave you behind, my lovely Irish maid."

3. "When you sail away for Americay some pretty girls you will see,
   You may have sweethearts plenty, love, but you never will think of me,
   You will soon forget the promises and the vows to me you made."
   "While I'm in Americay I'll prove true to my lovely Irish maid."

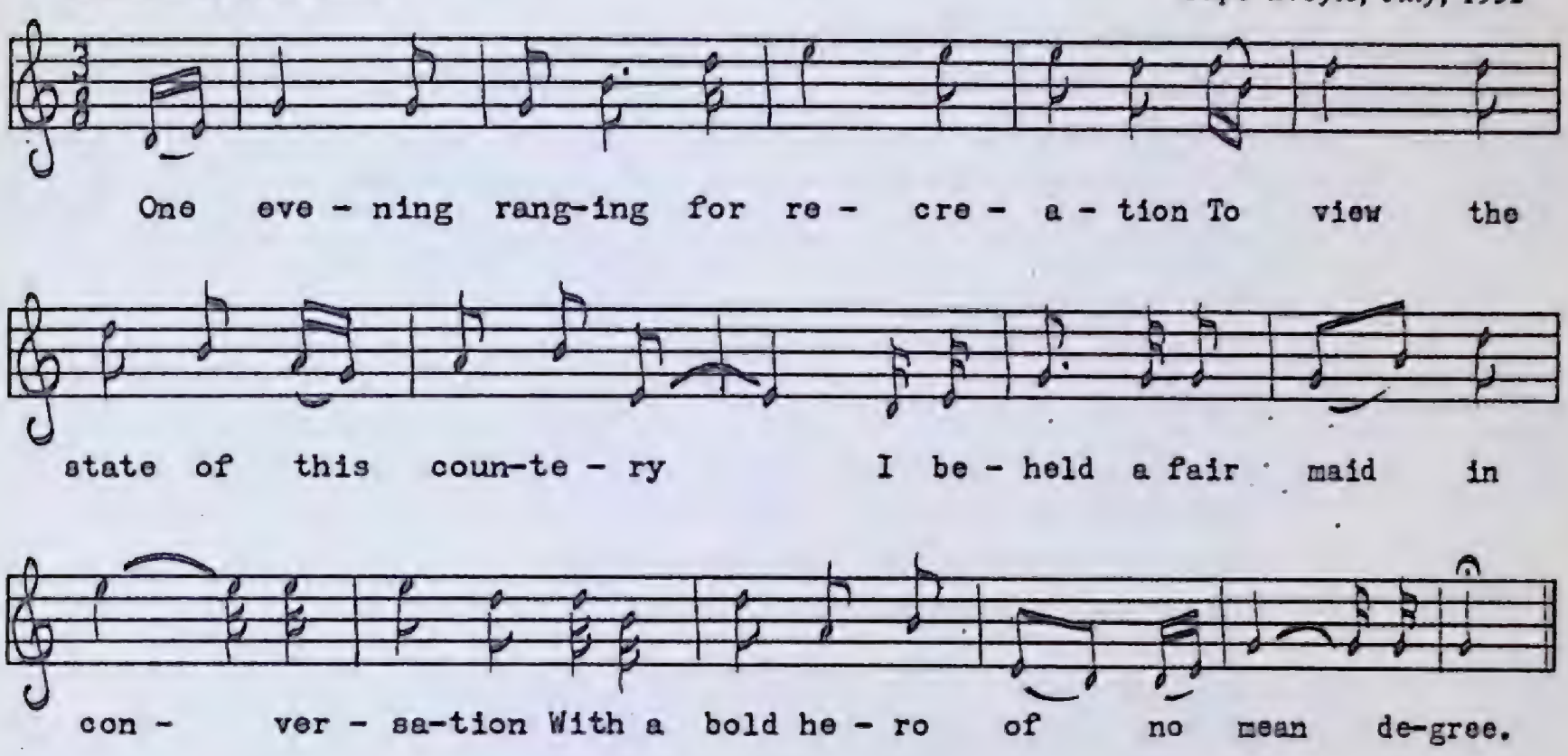
4. "I may forget the time undone but still I will prove true,
There's not a port that I sail in but my love I'll think of you,
There's not a flower on yonder bower or leaf in yonder shade,
While I'm in Americay I'll prove true to my lovely Irish maid."

5. "There are many youths who have left their homes seeking some foreign shore,
Leaving their wives and sweethearts and parents they'll never see more,
A-crossing the Atlantic sea where the sailors' graves are made,
So stay on shore, don't roam no more from your lovely Irish maid."

The Lover's Trial

PEA 16 No. 96
Jim Rice
Cape Broyle, July, 1952

Moderate, free time



1. One evening ranging for recreation
   To view the state of this countery
   I beheld a fair maid in conversation
   With a bold hero of no mean degree.

2. Her gentle countenance was so engaging
   And entertaining that I drew near,
   Sure, I myself in a shade concealed off,
   Their conversation all for to hear.

3. He gently said, "Oh divinest creature,
   It is with love you have ensnared my heart,
   It was your beauty that inspired Cupid
   Who first protested that painful dart.

4. "If you'll combine, love, for to be mine
   I will plant the garden for you in June
   With the finest rosies and yellow posies
   And all such flowers when they are in bloom."

5. "It's not your rosies or yellow posies,
   For to entice me will never do,
   I slight your offer, likewise your proffer,
   To lie the flower, the bride of you.

6. "There is a flower that has more power
   Than any other of those you speak,
   And that's the laurel, that beauteous coral,
   And why should I my true love forsake?

7. "When all other flowers bedeck the bowers
And melt away just like frost and snow,
Then the lovely green of the holly's to be seen,
And it most spontaneously seems to grow."

8. He gently said, "Oh divinest creature,
It's for that young man you do remain,
Oh, do despise him and do not prize him,
For you might be certain you won't him obtain."

9. Now she gently said, "Oh my dearest young man,
It's for that young man I do remain,
He's far away on the foaming ocean,
And for his sake here I still remain.

10. "Till he returns I'll cease to mourn,
He won't be absent but for awhile,
In spite of those who are his foes,
I hope bright fame will on him smile."

11. Long-wished-for moments at last approaching,
I heard that young man bid her farewell,
I was so engaged with their conversation,
Forever lovely in my head did dwell.

12. I stepped up to her, I did salute her,
I found my darling was just and true,
I then conveyed her to her habitation,
She then saw plainly what I had in view.

For other songs dealing with the lovely fertility symbolism of the garden, see *The Bloody Garden, She's Like the Swallow,* and *As I Walkèd Forth in the Pride of the Season.* In *The Lover's Trial* the symbolism starts in verse 4 with the young man's bold proposition to "plant the garden" and continues through verse 7. Each flower of the garden has its own meaning: the green willow is sorrow or mourning, the lily is purity, the violet modesty, and so on. One may assume that "the finest rosies and yellow posies" of *The Lover's Trial* are red roses and yellow primroses, symbols of passion. The green laurel is, of course, the symbol of constancy or everlasting love. The tune is one of those rather rare examples of a pure pentatonic melody uncluttered by satellite or passing notes. For other examples see *The Banks of Newfoundland* (PEA 16 No. 7) also by Mr. Rice, and *Early Spring* and *Oh Write me Down, Ye Powers Above* by Mrs. Decker.

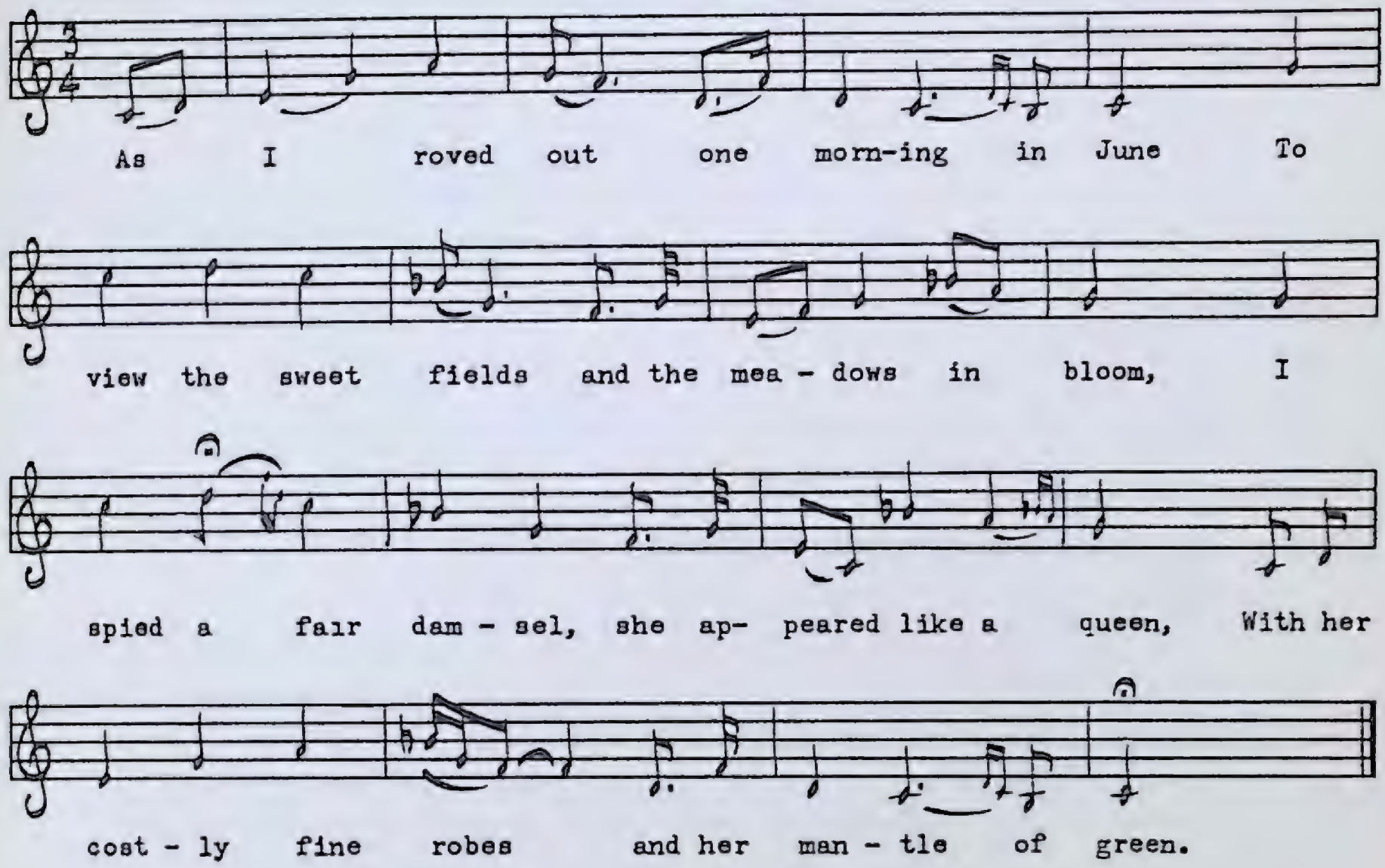
The Mantle So Green

(Famed Waterloo)

A

MS 77
Harry Curtis
Joe Batt's Arm, July, 1952

Moderate



1. As I roved out one morning in June,
   To view the sweet fields and the meadows in bloom,
   I spied a fair damsel, she appeared like a queen,
   With her costly fine robes and her mantle of green.

2. I stood in amazement, I was struck with surprise,
   I thought her an angel that fell from the skies;
   Her teeth shone like ivory, her cheeks like the rose,
   She was one of the fairest that nature composed.

3. I said, "My fair maid, will you come with me?
   We will then join in wedlock and married we'll be;
   I will dress you in fine clothing, you'll appear like a queen,
   With your costly fine robes and your mantle so green."

4. She answered, "Kind sir, you must me excuse,
   I will wed with no other, you must be refused;
   To the green hills I'll wander, to shun all men's view,
   For the lad that I love lies at famed Waterloo."

5. "Since you are not married tell me your love's name,
For I've been in battle and might know the same."
"Draw near to my garment it is plain to be seen,
His name is embroidered on my mantle so green."

6. On the rising of her mantle there I did behold
His first name and surname in letters of gold;
Young 'Willie O'Reilly' appeared in my view,
"He was my loyal comrade at famed Waterloo.

7. "We fought so victorious where bullets did fly,
On the broad fields of battle your true love do lie;
We fought for three days till the fourth afternoon,
He received his death summons on the eighteenth of June.

8. "As I was passing by him I heard his last cry:
'Fare you well lovely Nancy, be true till I die,'
And now it's all over and the truth I'll declare,
For this is your love's token, this gold ring that I wear."

9. When first she did hear it all joys from her fled,
She fell down quite senseless like a girl that was dead.
In my arms I held her with my heart full of love,
"Arise, lovely Nancy, your grief I'll remove.

10. "For I am the young man who first won your heart,
And where is the ring, love, we broke when we part
In your father's fine garden beneath a green tree
Where I rolled you in my arms in your mantle so green?"

11. This young couple got married so I heard people say,
Great and noble attended on their wedding day,
Now the wars are all over and peace is proclaimed,
You are welcome to my arms lovely Nancy again.

This Irish Waterloo ballad has appeared on many English broadsides. Both Roy Mackenzie and Helen Creighton have noted it in Nova Scotia. See also *Delaney's Irish Song Book,* No. 3.

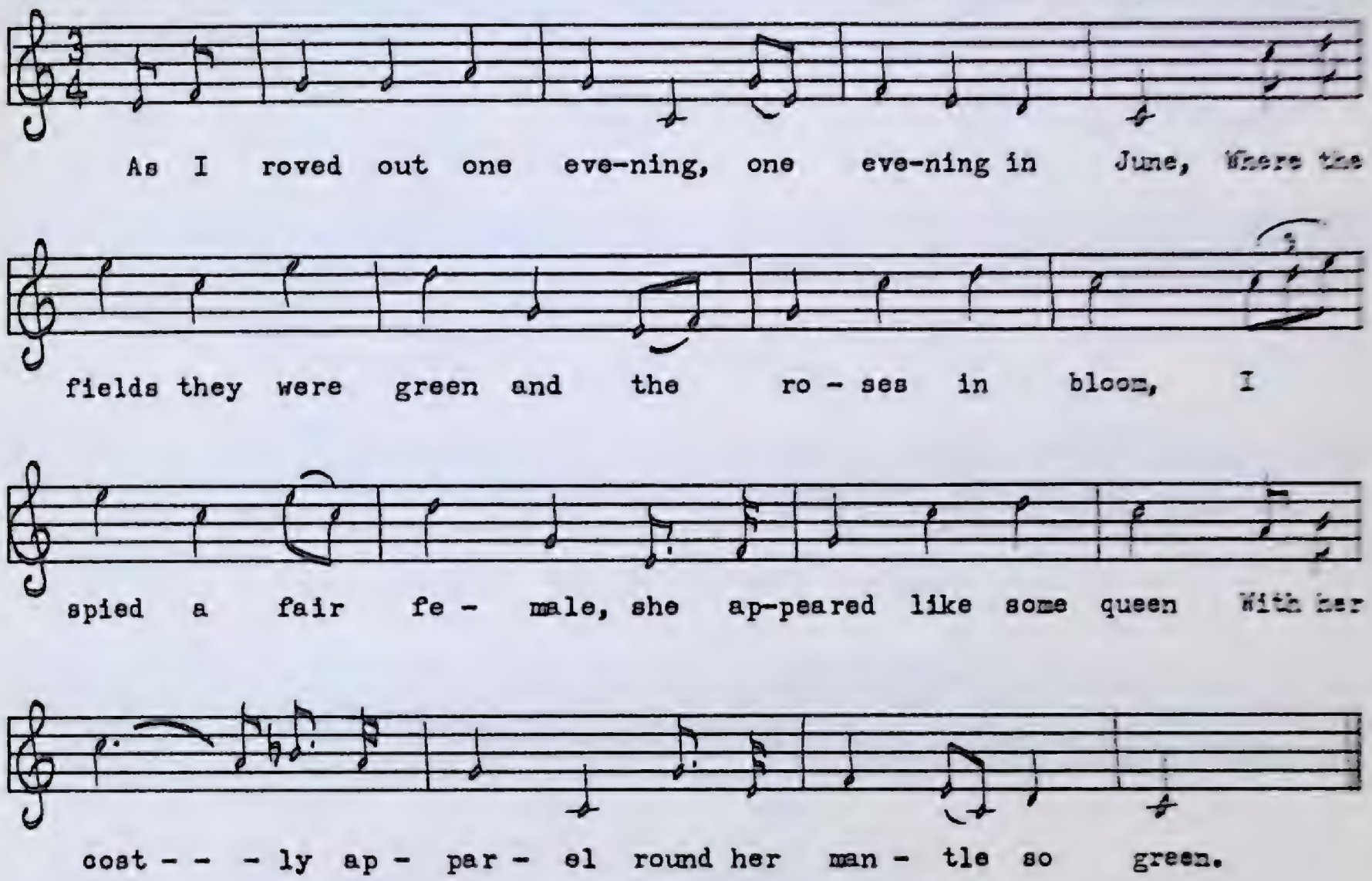
B

PEA 175 No. 1[illegible]

Joshua Osborne

Seal Cove, White Bay, June, 19[illegible]

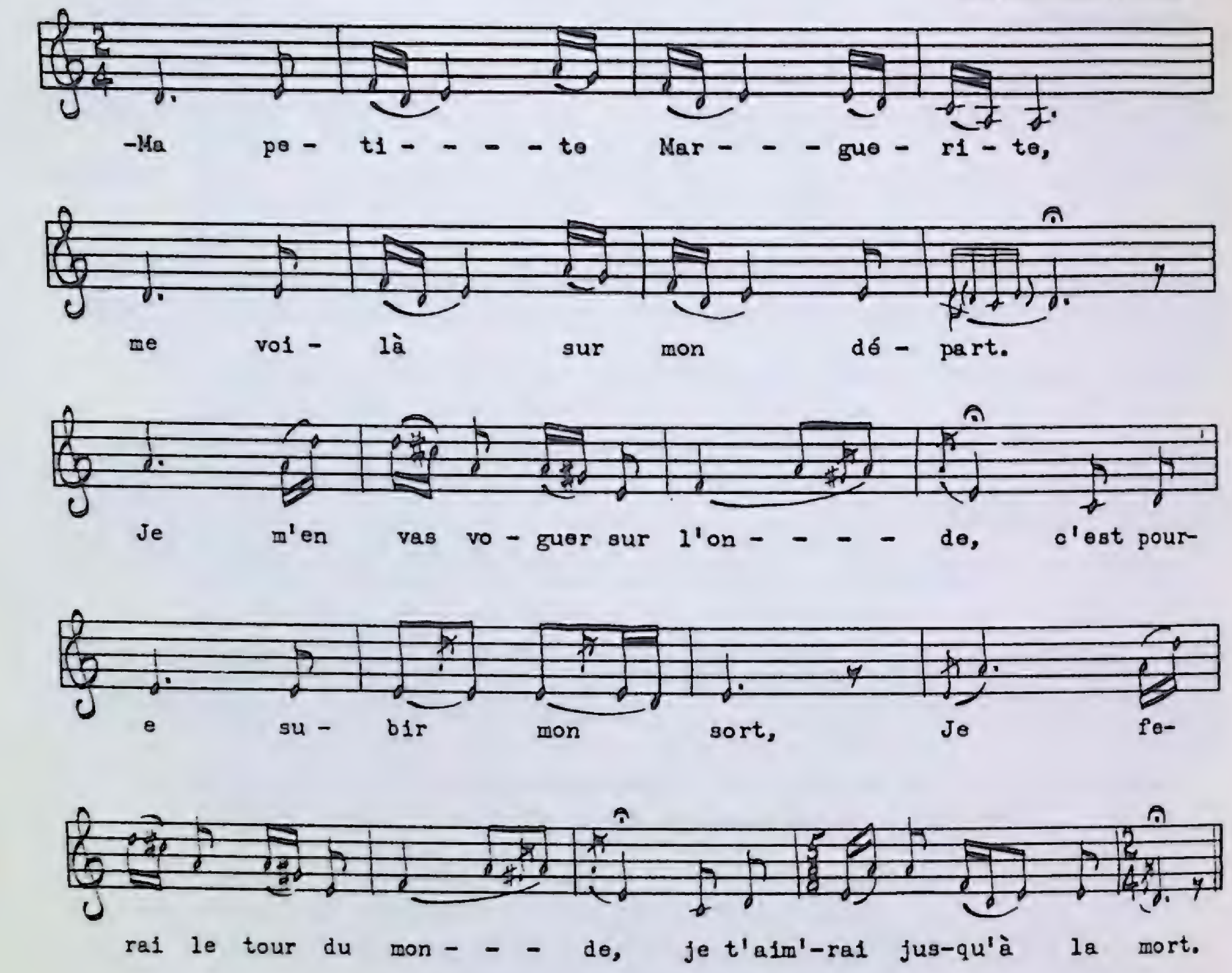
Moderately slow



Ma petite Marguerite

PEA 183 No. 1115
Mme Joséphine Costard
Loretto, juillet 1960

Assez lent, expressif



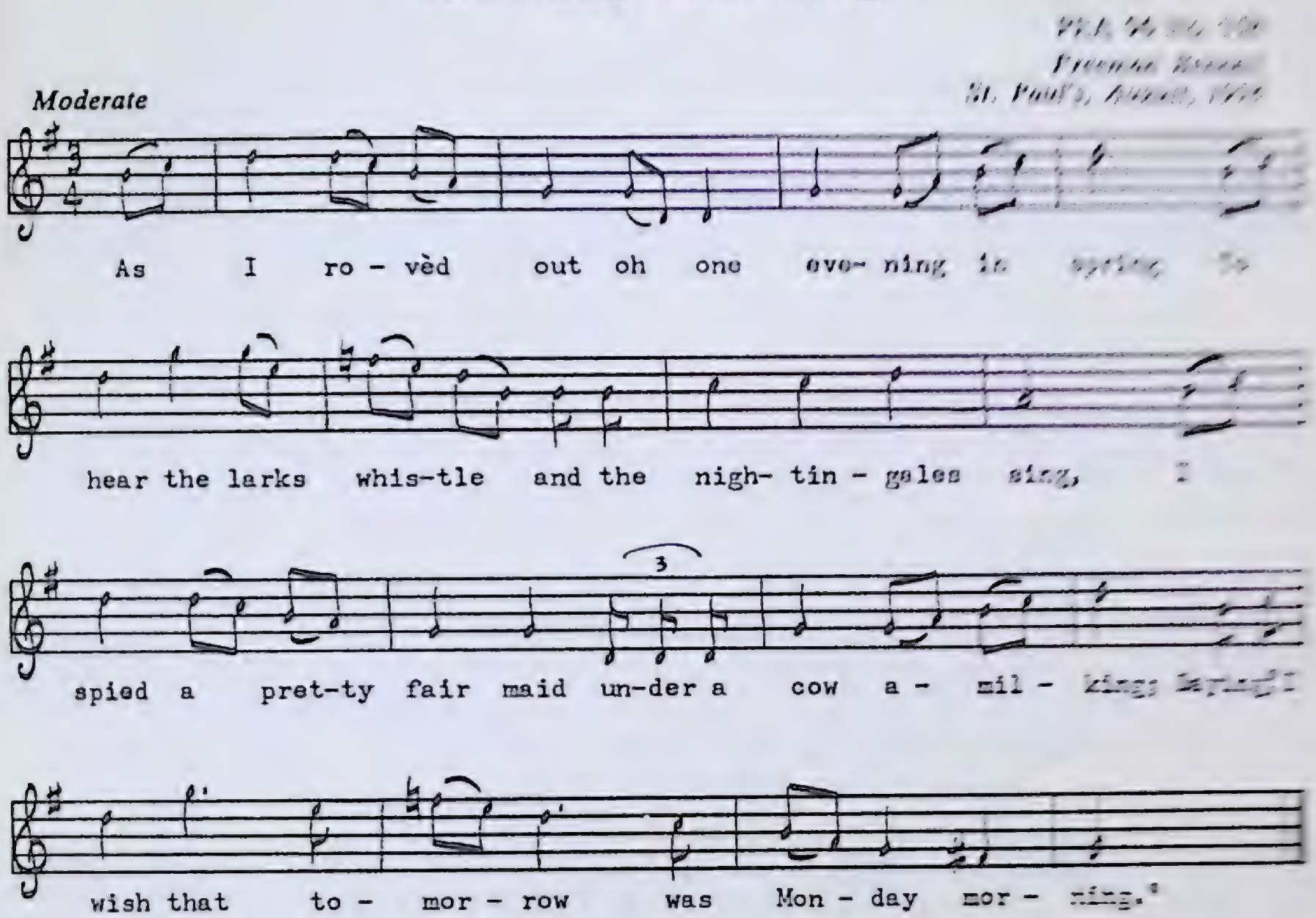
—Ma petite Marguerite, me voilà sur mon départ. (*bis*)
Je m'en vas voguer sur l'onde, c'est pour-e subir mon sort,
Je ferai le tour du monde, je t'aim'rai jusqu'à la mort. } (*bis*)

—Quand tu seras sur ces îles, sur ces îl's bien éloignées, (*bis*)
Tu trouv'ras que'q' jolie fille qui pourrait bien te charmer,
Moi, je s'rai fill' malheureuse, du chagrin n'en manqu'ra pas. } (*bis*)

Je serai fill' malheureuse, du chagrin, n'en manqu'ra pas, (*bis*)
Je serai dans les alarmes, tant que la nuit et le jour,
Je verserai plus d'mille larmes en attendant ton retour. } (*bis*)

—Ne crains rien, chèr' Marguerite, ne crains rien pour ton amant. (*bis*)
Quittez, quittez, je t'en prie, tout est vain et tout est mort,
Je pourrions bien tous nous perdre, tous les deux du même instant. } (*bis*)

Monday Morning



1. As I rovèd out oh one evening in spring
   To hear the larks whistle and the nightingales sing,
   I spied a pretty fair maid under a cow a-milking,
   Saying, "I wish that tomorrow was Monday morning."

2. I steppèd up to her, I made a low jee,
   I askèd her pardon for making so free,
   I askèd her name oh and where she did dwell.
   "Kind sir, I do dwell up on bonny brown hill."

3. I asked her age and she answered me then,
   "I am sixteen years old, sir, next Monday morning."
   "Oh sixteen years old is too young to get married,
   There is another four years I would have you to tarry,
   And p'rhaps at the meantime you will not be sorry,
   So it's put off your wedding till Monday morning."

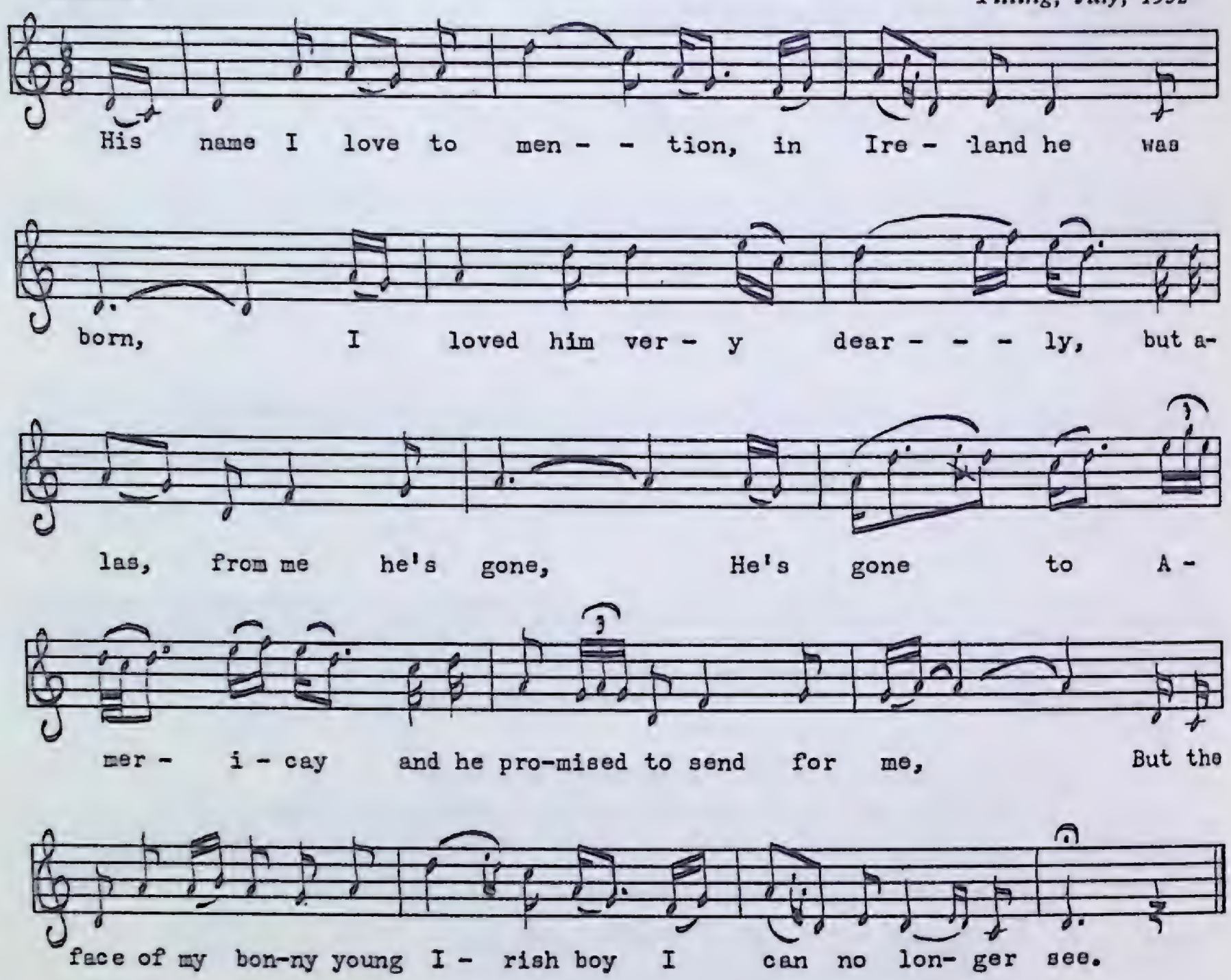
4. "Oh Sunday night it will be all my care
   To comb out my locks and to curl my hair;
   My two pretty maidens will put me to bed,
   And I'll bid adieu to my sweet maidenhead;
   And over to my true love my arms I'll spread,
   Here's adieu to all maidens till Monday morning."

This charming little love lyric has appeared in several English collections but seems to be rare on this side of the Atlantic.

My Bonny Irish Boy

A

MS 79
Phillip Foley
Tilting, July, 1952



1. His name I love to mention, in Ireland he was born,
   I loved him very dearly, but alas, from me he's gone,
   He's gone to Americay, and he promised to send for me,
   But the face of my bonny young Irish boy I can no longer see.

2. It was in Londonderry, that city of note and fame,
   Where first my bonny Irish boy a-courting to me came;
   He told me pleasant stories and said his bride I'd be,
   But the face of my bonny young Irish boy I can no longer see.

3. I engaged my passage for New York, and on arriving there,
   To seek and find my Irish boy I quickly did prepare;
   I searched New York and Providence and Boston all round,
   But the face of my bonny Irish boy was nowhere to be found.

4. I went to Philadelphia, and from there to Baltimore,
I searched the state of Maryland, I searched it o'er and o'er;
I pray that I might find him wherever he might be,
But the face of my bonny young Irish boy I could no longer see.

5. One night as I lay in my bed, I dreamt I was his bride,
A sitting on the blue-bell hill, and he sat by my side;
A-gathering of primroses as we did in days of yore,
But I awoke quite broken-hearted in the city of Baltimore.

6. And early the next morning, a knock came to my door,
I heard his voice, I knew it was the lad I did adore;
I hurried up to let him in, I never felt such joy,
And then I fell into the arms of my bonny young Irish boy.

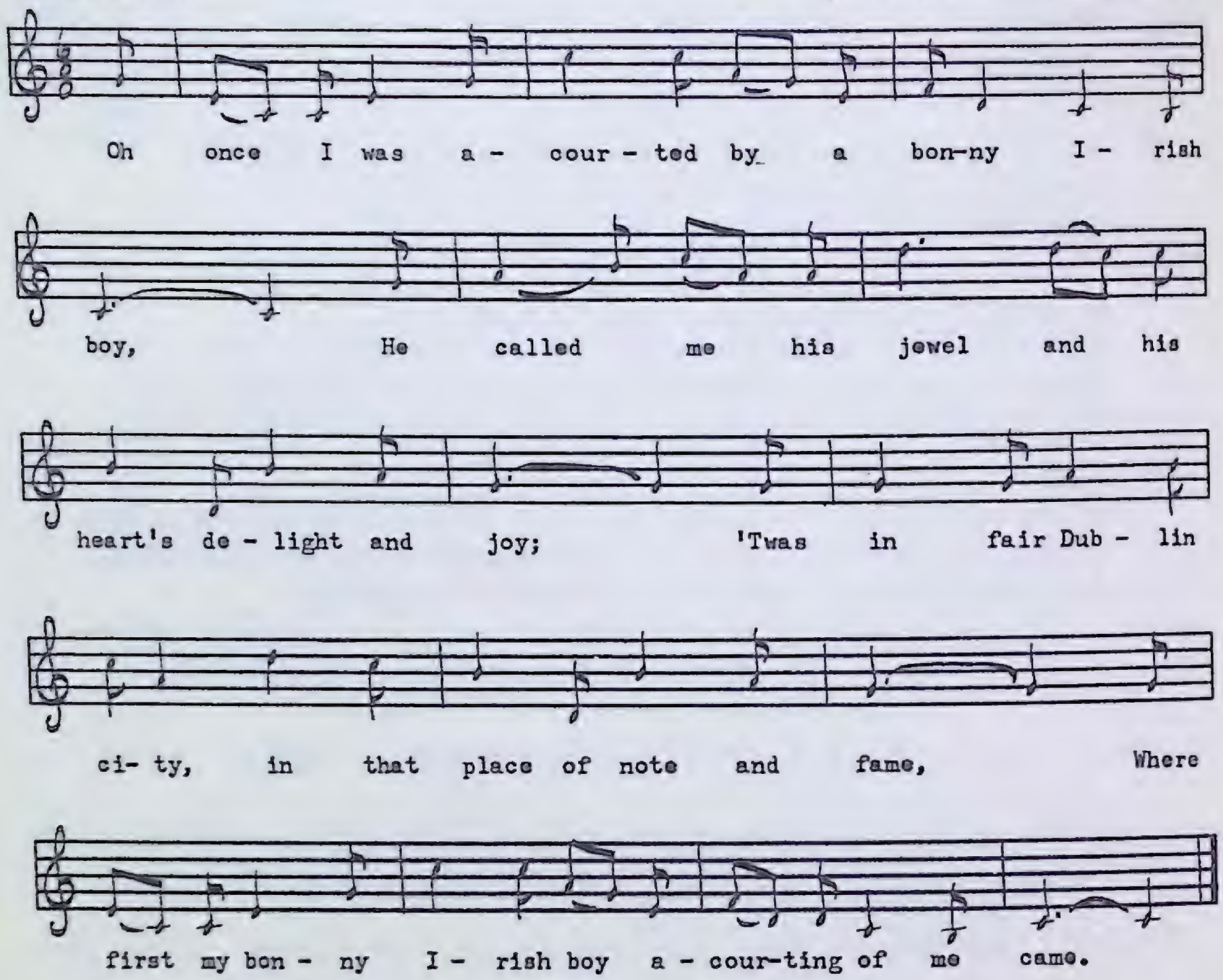
7. Now that we are married he never shall go to sea,
He knows I love him dearly, and I'm sure that he loves me.
My first sweet son is called for him, is my heart's delight and joy,
He's the picture of his father, he's a bonny young Irish boy.

8. Farewell to Londonderry, that city I'll see no more,
Where many's a pleasant night we spent around the sweet lone moor:
Our pockets were light, our hearts were good, we longed to be free,
And talked about a happy home in the land of liberty.

B

PEA 117 No. 856
Arthur Nicolle
Rocky Harbour, August, 1958

Moderately fast



1. Oh once I was a-courted by a bonny Irish boy,
   He called me his jewel and his heart's delight and joy;
   'Twas in fair Dublin city, in that place of note and fame,
   Where first my bonny Irish boy a-courting of me came.

2. His cheeks were like the roses, his hair was of light brown,
   Curled up in ringlets, to his shoulders hanging down;
   His teeth shone like the ivory, his eyes were black as coal,
   He breaks the heart of every girl no matter where he goes.

3. The fields and meadows they were green, occupied with flowers so gay,
   Where me and my true love do oft times sport and play;
   The lambs they are so merry, the birds do merrily sing,
   And from my bonny Irish boy sweet kisses gives and brings.

4. Long years I kept his company in hopes to be his bride,
But now he's gone and leaved me to cross the ocean wide,
And I'm afraid some other fair girl my true love will enjoy,
And leave me here lamenting for my bonny Irish boy.

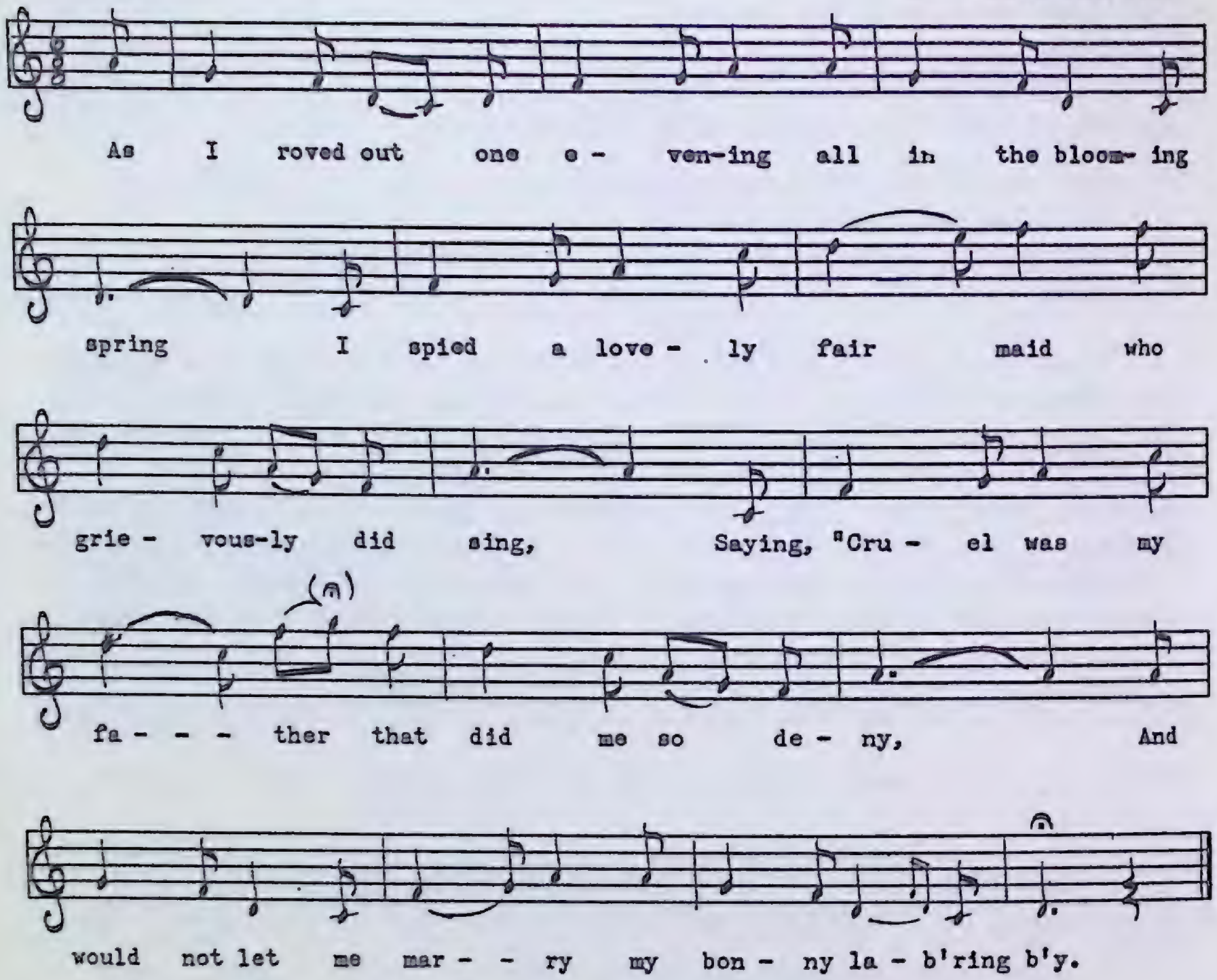
5. Now I'll pack up my clothing and in search of him I'll go,
I'll cross the wide ocean through bitter winds and snow;
And I will never marry until the day I die,
I'll die quite broken-hearted for my bonny Irish boy.

6. And when I'm dead and gone to rest, there's one more thing I crave,
Bring my bones to old Ireland and bury them in the clay,
And write upon my tombstone to show the passers-by
That I died broken-hearted for my bonny Irish boy.

These two versions of *My Bonny Irish Boy* are not really variants; they are completely different songs. With its numerous American references and the happy ending in 'the land of liberty,' version *A* would seem to be American in origin. It appears almost word for word in Manus O'Conor's *Irish Com-All-Ye's,* New York, 1901. Mr. Foley sang several Irish songs virtually identical to ones in this American collection. Presumably he used traditional Irish tunes because all his songs are of the highest musical calibre. Version *B* is more popular in Newfoundland; I noted it three times and heard it many more.

My Bonny Labouring Boy

MS 15
James Heaney
Stock Cove, July, 1952



1. As I roved out one evening all in the blooming spring,
   I spied a lovely fair maid who grievously did sing,
   Saying, "Cruel was my father that did me so deny,
   And would not let me marry my bonny lab'ring b'y.
2. Young Johnny was my true love's name as you shall plainly see,
   My parents they employed him their labouring boy to be,
   To harrow, reap, and sow the seed, and plough my father's land;
   And soon I fell in love with him as you may understand.
3. I courted him for twelve long months but little did I know
   That my cruel parents would prove my overthrow,
   They watched us close one evening while in a shady grove
   Pledging our love together in the constant bonds of love.
4. My father he stepped up to me and seized me by the hand,
   And swore he'd send young Johnny into some foreign land,
   He locked me in my bedroom my comfort to deny,
   And kept me there to grieve and mourn for my bonny lab'ring b'y.

5. My mother came next morning and this to me did say,
"Your father has intended to appoint your wedding day."
I nobly made an answer that with him I'd ne'er comply,
And single I will remain for my bonny lab'ring b'y.

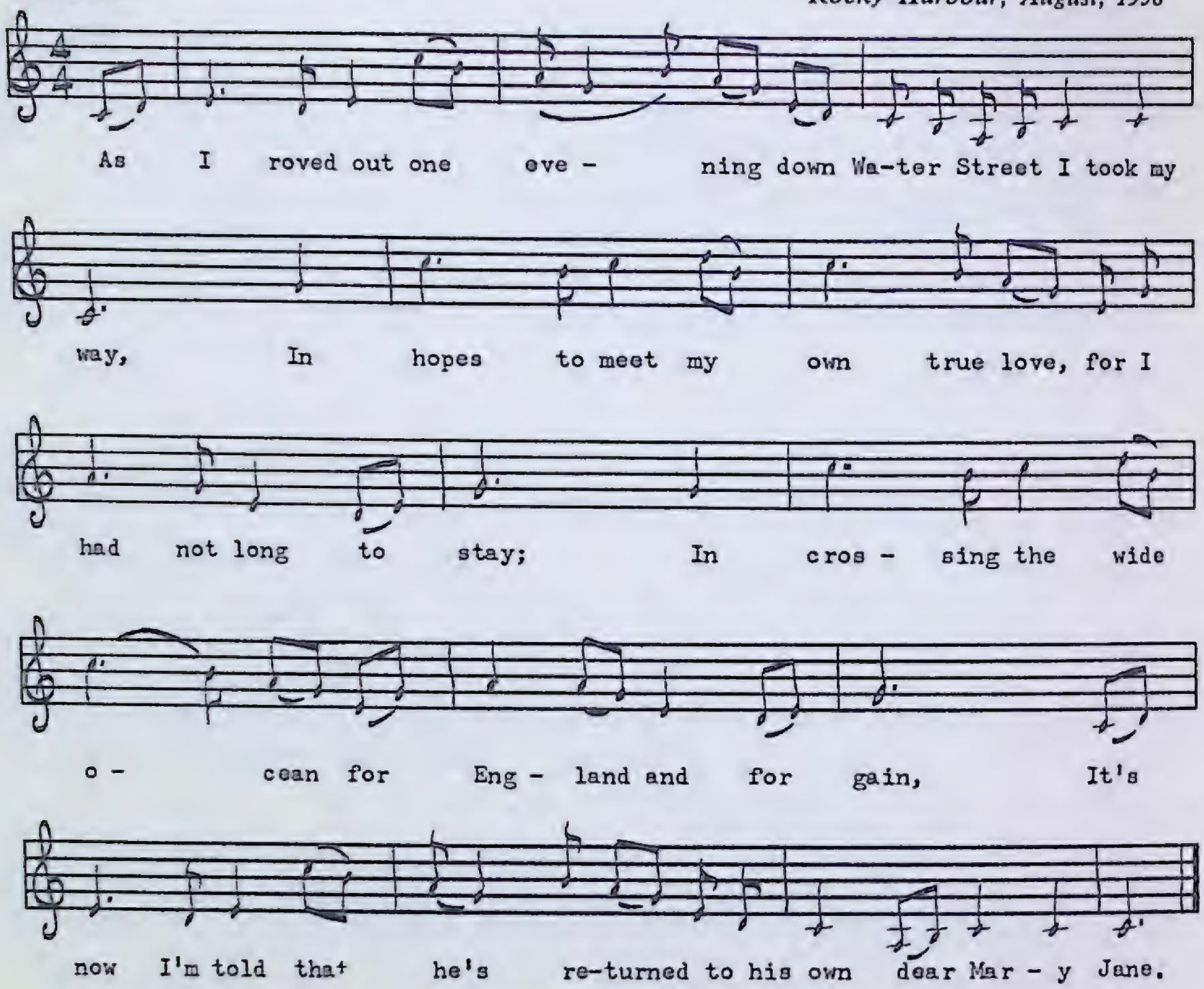
6. Says the daughter to the mother, "Your plans are all in vain,
Lords, dukes, and earls, their riches I disdain;
I'd rather live a humble life, my time I would empl'y
Increasing nature's prospects for my bonny lab'ring b'y."

7. Fill your glasses to brim and let the toast go merrily 'round;
Here's health to every lab'ring b'y that works and ploughs the ground;
And when his work is over to his home he will go with j'y,
And happy is the girl that gets a bonny lab'ring b'y.

My Handsome Sailor Boy

PEA 116 No. 851
Arthur Nicolle
Rocky Harbour, August, 1958

Moderate



1. As I roved out one evening down Water Street I took my way,
   In hopes to meet my own true love, for I had not long to stay;
   In crossing the wide ocean for money and for gain,
   It's now I'm told that he's returned to his own dear Mary Jane.
2. Her mother said to her one day, "Come drive him from your mind,
   For there's just as good as MacDonald here I'm sure that you can find;
   MacDonald is false-hearted, MacDonald proves unkind."
   Saying, "Mother dear, don't talk severe, for you'll never, never change my mind."
3. Her father said, "I'll confine you to a room, my own dear Mary Jane,
   And after seven long years are passed you'll forget MacDonald's name."
   "You may confine me for seven long years and then you'll set me free,
   Straightway to Halifax I will go and sit on MacDonald's knee.

4. "Three bunches of green ribbons, three bunches I'll put on,
Three bunches of red ribbons I'll wear for him that's gone;
For the green it is for seeking, and the red it is for joy,
I always will admire my handsome sailor boy.

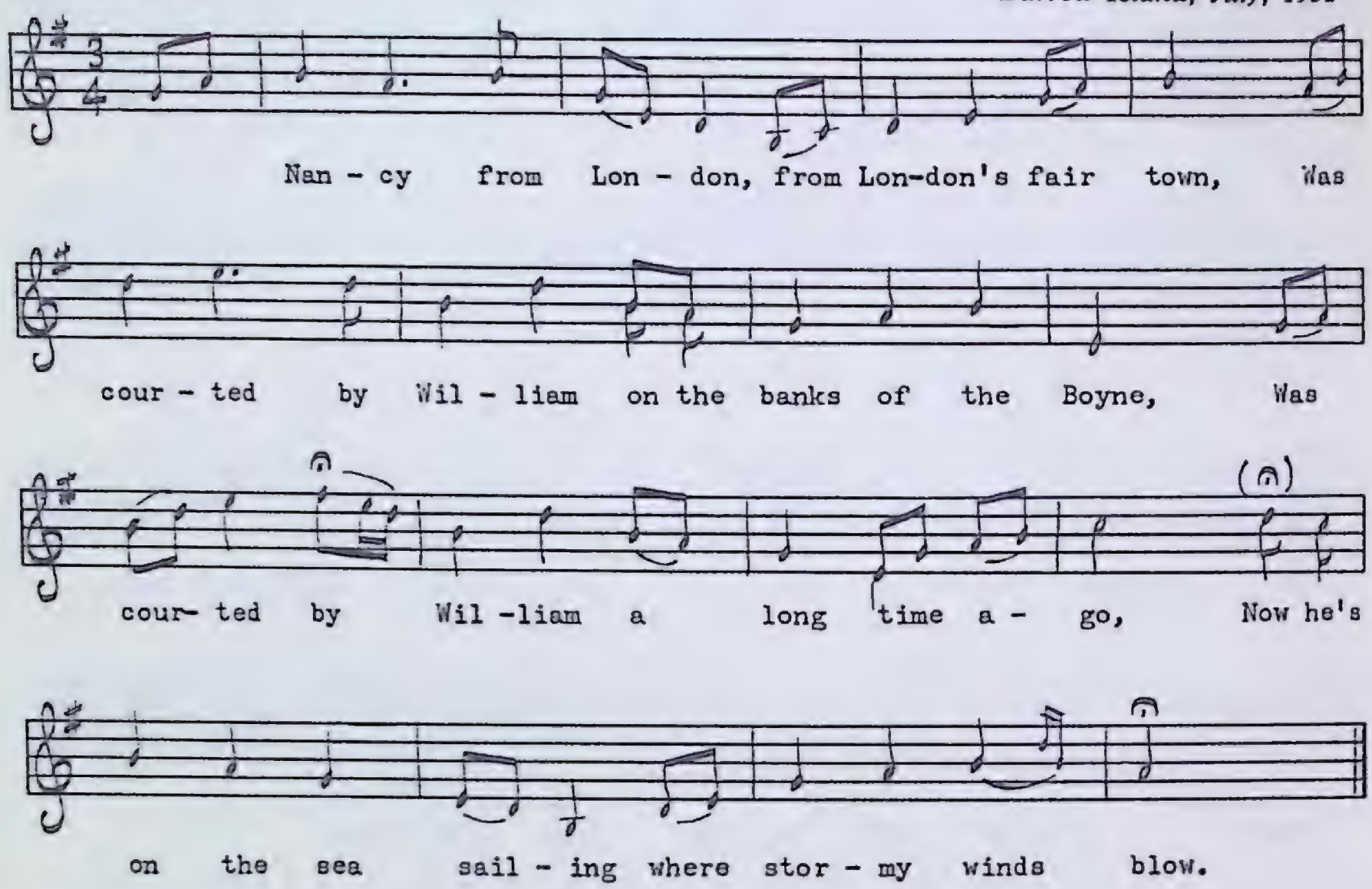
5. "There is one man among them all, he is proper, neat, and tall,
He has two red and rosy cheeks, and his eyes deceive them all;
He has two red and rosy cheeks with a dark and a rolling eye,
And for my life I'll be his wife, and with him I'll live and die."

Despite the fact that Mary Jane roves down Water Street in St. John's (or Halifax) and MacDonald lives in Halifax, this song does not seem to me to be of Canadian origin. It is probably a British song with Canadian referents.

Nancy from London

A

MS 85
Chris Cobb
Barred Island, July, 1952

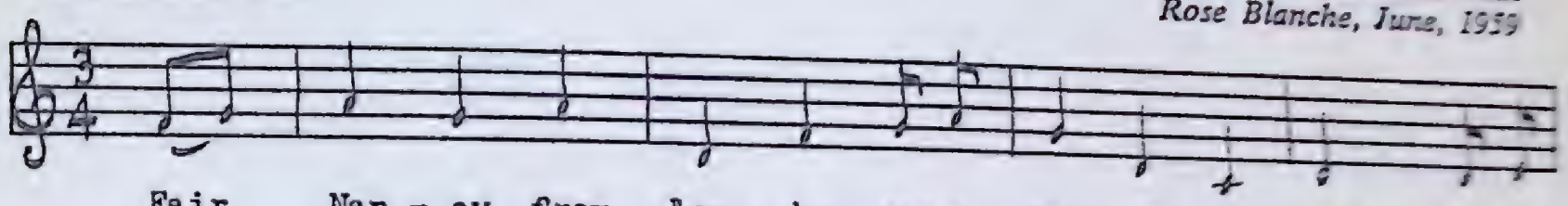


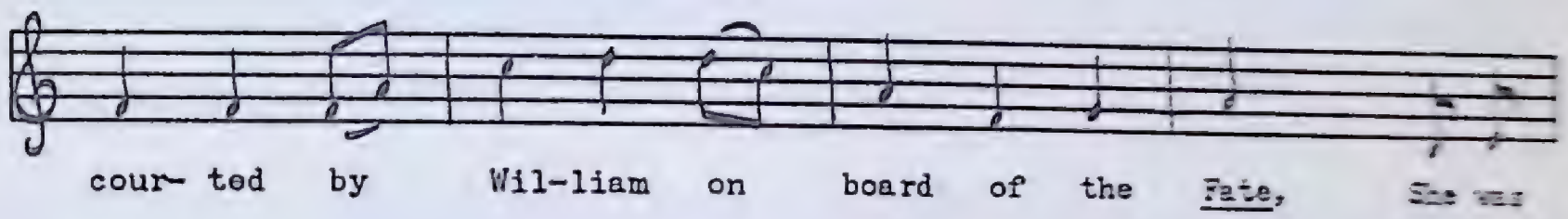
1. Nancy from London, from London's fair town,
   Was courted by William on the banks of the Boyne,
   Was courted by William a long time ago,
   Now he's on the sea sailing where stormy winds blow.
2. Those cold stormy winds make my heart ache,
   Cause my parlor window to shiver and shake.
   God knows where my love lies so far from the shore,
   I'll pray for his welfare, what can I do more?
3. A ship in distress, love, is a wonderful sight,
   Like a regiment of soldiers just going to fight,
   A soldier can lay down his fire-arms and run,
   But a sailor must yield to whatever may come.
4. Soldiers and sailors drink a health to their wives,
   Young men love their sweethearts as they love their lives,
   Let the punch bowl go around with a full glass in hand,
   Drink a health to lovely Nancy I left on dry land.
5. Green grow the laurels, the tops of them small,
   For love is a flower that hangs o'er us all,
   For the green leaves will wither and the roots will decay,
   But the red rose will flourish when my love comes from sea.

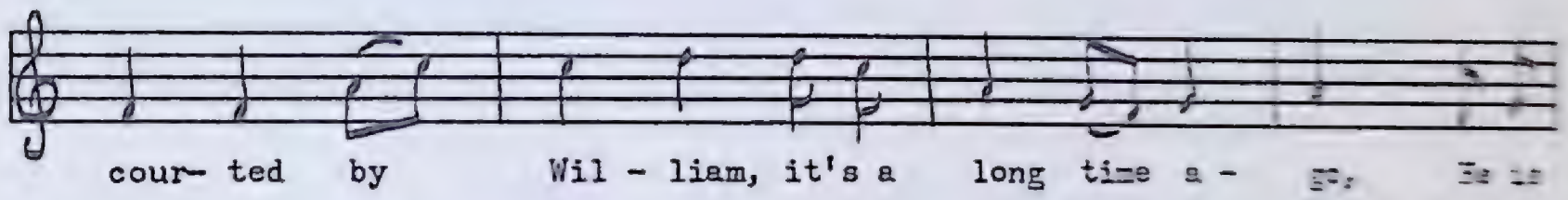
B

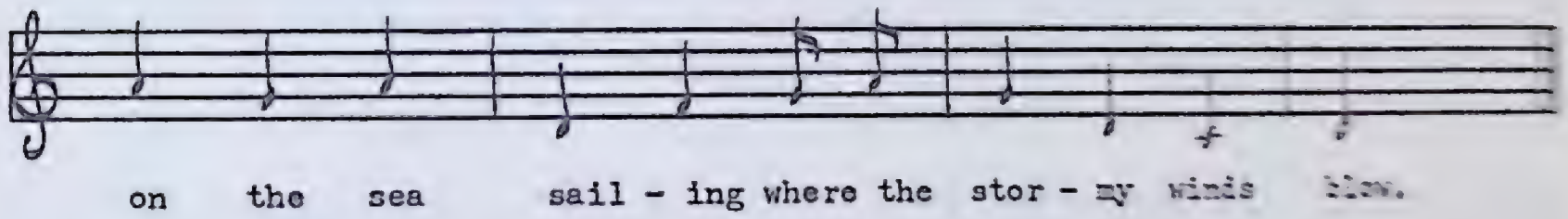
PEA 125 No. 819
Kenneth Pink
Rose Blanche, June, 1959

Moderately fast









Last verse:

5. So gay blows the mainsail, the topsails and all,
   Love's only a shadow hangs over us all,
   For the leaves they will wither and the rocks will decay,
   And the flowers will flourish in the sweet month of May.

C

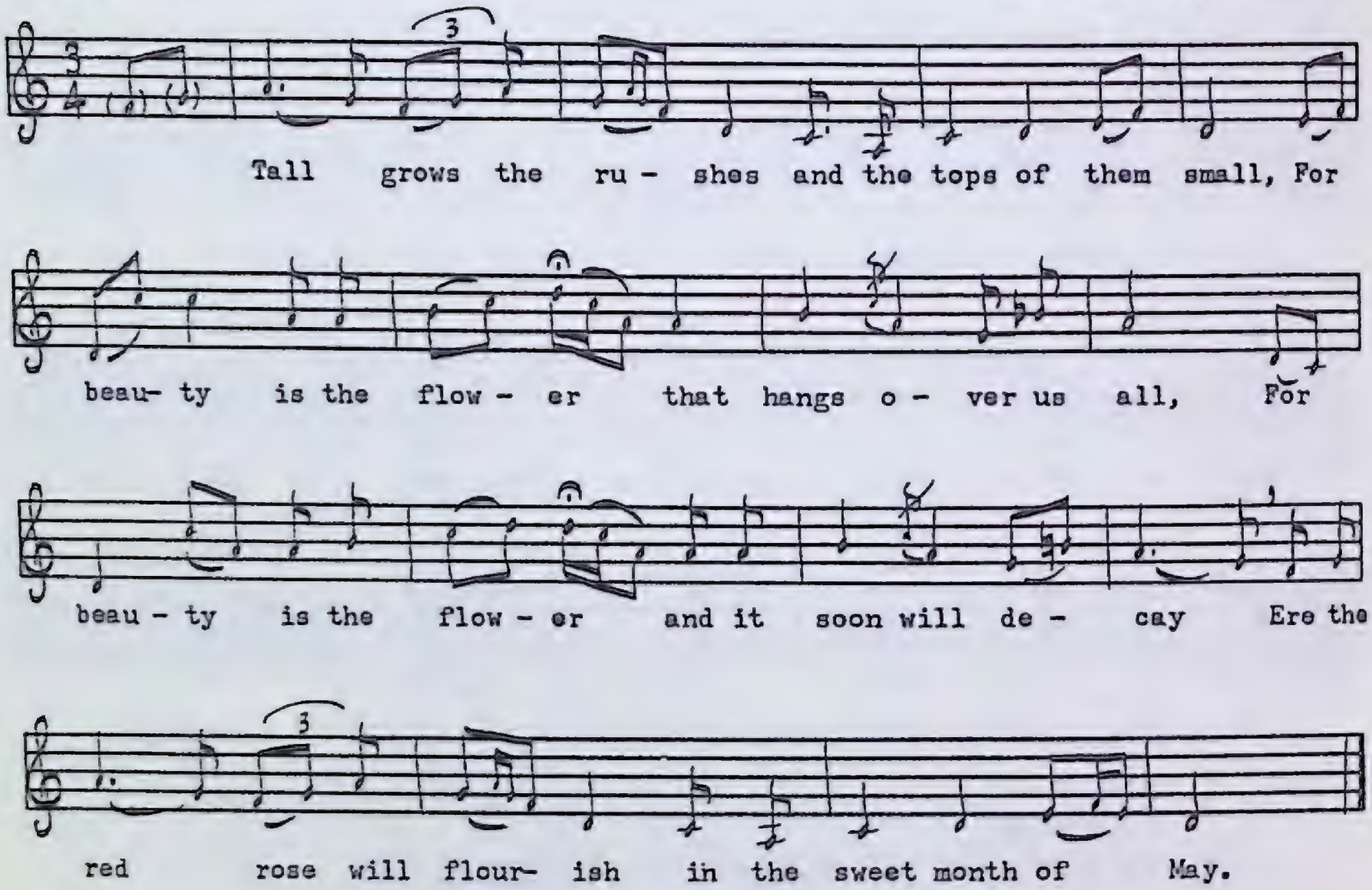
(Tall Grow the Rushes)

PEA 94 No. 749

Everett Bennett
Mrs. Freeman Bennett } duet

St. Paul's, August, 1958

Very slow



The tunes for all three variants are so good it was difficult to decide which to put first. However, the text of Chris Cobb's variant seemed to me the most felicitous, so it was chosen. Variant *B* shows a sailor's influence in the last verse. The last verse of *C* is a repetition of the first. The middle verses of all three variants are virtually identical. In many respects *C* is the most unusual rendition of the song, probably the result of Mrs. Bennett's strident, nasal manner of singing, similar in effect to Oriental or Indian voice production. I have played this recording often for friends, and the reaction is invariably the same: "What on earth is that? Surely it's not a Newfoundland folksong." Those who are accustomed only to the creamy renditions of professional folksingers find this old style of Newfoundland singing too nasal and too slow. Each verse of *C*, for example, lasts nearly one minute. For other examples of 'the grand manner' see the songs of Mrs. John Fogarty, Phillip Foley, and Patrick Rossiter.

Oh Write Me Down, Ye Powers Above

Moderate, free time

Oh write me down, ye pow- ers a-

first e - vents in young men's love,

have a jew- el all in my eye

all my joy and com - fort lie.

1. Oh write me down, ye powers above,
   The first events in young men's love,
   I have a jewel all in my eye
   Where all my joy and comfort lie.

2. "I will give you gold, I will give you pearls
   If you will fancy me my girl,
   Some costly robes then you shall wear
   If you will fancy me my dear."

3. "It's not your gold do me entice,
   Or never will I answer your advice,
   For I never do intend at all
   To ever be on a young man's call."

4. "Begone you proud and scornful dame,
   If you prove false I can do the same,
   And there is no doubt that I can find
   Some other as pleasing to my mind."

5. When he arose to go away
   She called him back and this did say:
   "Oh self-same, my heart is true,
   I'll never wed no one but you."

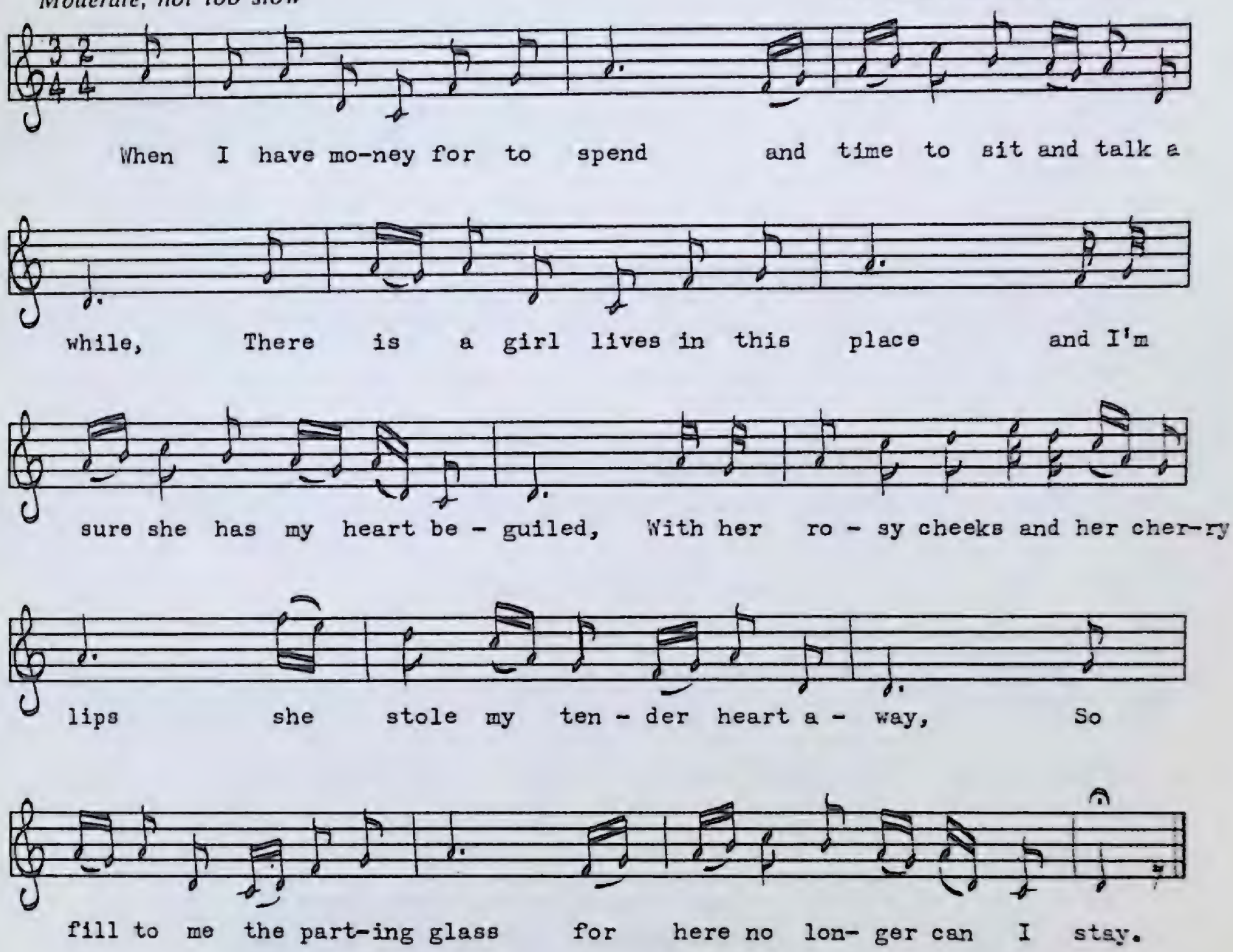
6. My roving days are gone and passed,
My joy and comfort has come at last,
How happy, happy I shall be,
Since God has found his love for me.

Until I began preparing this material for publication, I had never fully realized how exquisite some of these Newfoundland love lyrics really are. Aunt Charlotte has contributed more of them than other singers and, despite her failing voice, sings them in a style so musically spontaneous that it is next to impossible to capture them on paper. As a consequence, I have experimented a little and tried to suggest the freedom of the rhythmic pulse which lies somewhere between the duple and the triple. For further remarks on this style see the note on *Early Spring*.

The Parting Glass

MS 94

Peter Donahue
Joe Batt's Arm, July, 1952



1. When I have money for to spend and time to sit and talk awhile,
   There is a girl lives in this place and I'm sure she has my heart beguiled,
   With her rosy cheeks and her cherry lips she stole my tender heart away,
   So fill to me the parting glass for here no longer can I stay.

2. And fill to you the parting glass and part with your nice company
   There is nothing that could grieve me more than to see you going
   so far away.
   You can believe me well, or believe me not, it is from you I intend to go;
   You can think on me, my blue-eyed girl, when and where all stormy
   winds do blow.

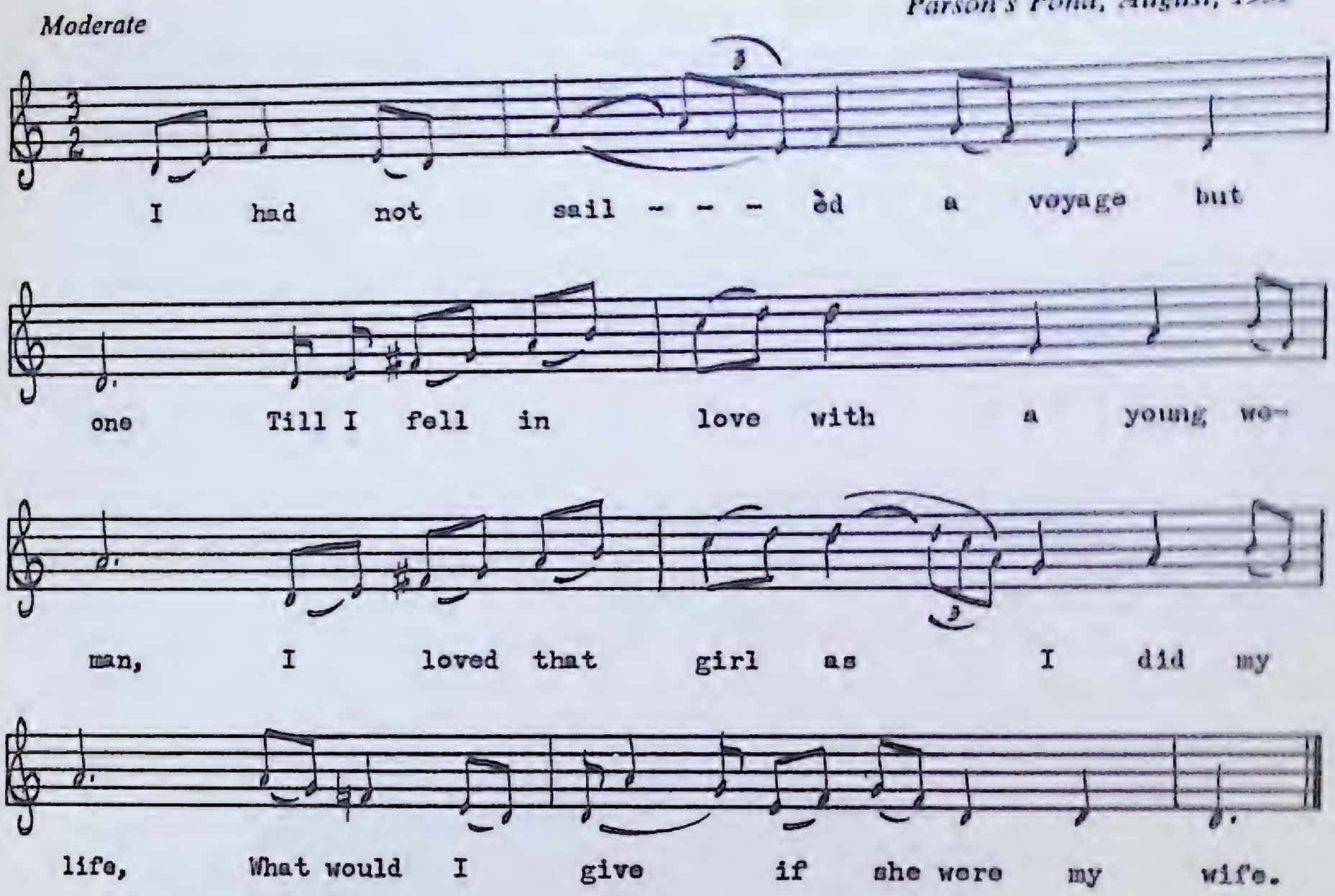
3. Last night as I lay down to rest when fancy did my mind annoy,
   I dreamt my Jimmy he was pressed, my bonny blue-eyed Irish boy;
   He has gone on board so neat and gay with bold undaunted bravery,
   He has gone on board so neat and gay to serve his royal majesty.

4. When I have money for to spend I spend it in good company,
And all the harm that ever I have done I hope ye will all excuse me;
For what I done was for the want of a wish, and to my memory I now recall,
So fill to me the parting glass, goodnight and joy be with ye all.

A Prentice Boy in Love

A

PEA 154 No. 998 and MS
Mrs. Charlotte Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1959



1. I had not sailèd a voyage but one
   Till I fell in love with a young woman,
   I loved that girl as I did my life
   What would I give if she were my wife.

2. I bought her a ring and a pair of gloves.
   And I sent them safe unto my true love,
   She did accept them and was not shy
   Although I was but a prentice boy.

3. Go along, go along, oh you silly boy,
   To think such a lady for to enjoy,
   She has a sweetheart all on the sea,
   And she'll be married when he is free.

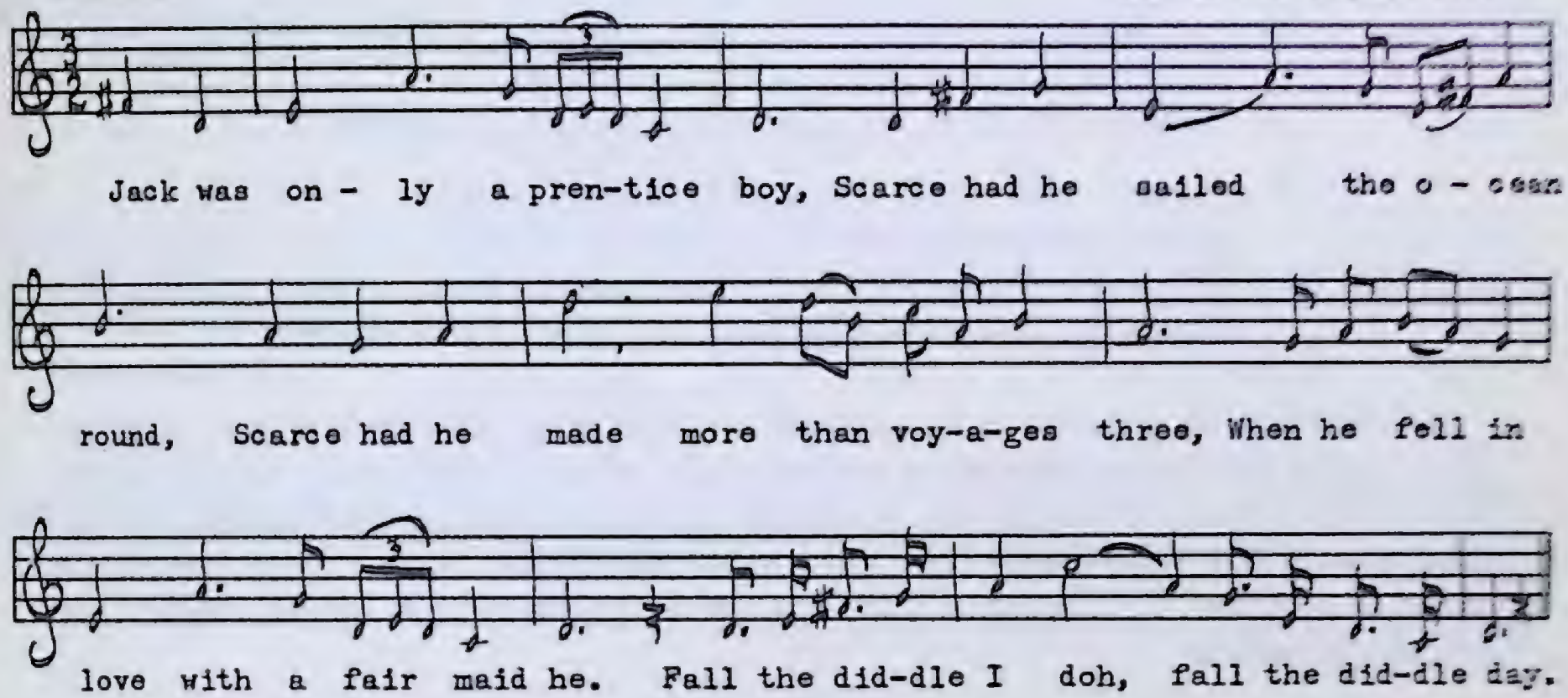
4. I'll try, I'll try, and I'll try again,
   Perhaps she might alter her mind again,
   Perhaps she won't fancy no one but me
   While her own true lovyer is on the sea.

5. Our ship is ready and fit for sea,
And tomorrow morning she sails away.
To rise a dance we all did agree,
And I'll ask my true love to dance with me.

6. "To dance with you, love, I will agree,
And wait on you, love, till you are free,
When all my pleasure and all my joy
Is to roll in the arms of my prentice boy."

B

MS 54
Chris Cobb
Barred Island, July, 1952



1. Jack was only a prentice boy,
   Scarce had he sailed the ocean round,
   Scarce had he made more than voyages three,
   When he fell in love with a fair maid he.
   Fall the diddle I doh, fall the diddle day.

2. Straight on board of a ship he went,
   Telling his mates of his heart's content,
   Saying he loved a lady as he loved his life,
   And what would he give if she were his wife.

3. "Aye, you poor and foolish boy,
   This fair lady you'll never enjoy,
   For a sweetheart she got all over the sea,
   And she'll be married before you're free."

4. "Aye," said Jack, "I can but try,
   For this fair lady may fancy I,
   For this fair lady may fancy me,
   And she can wait till I am free."

5. The next time Jack saw her was at a ball,
   She did his very heart enthrall,
   He danced with her and did enjoy,
   Still Jack was only a prentice boy.

6. He bought her rings and jewels bright,
   He talked with her to his heart's delight,
   He danced with her and was no way shy,
   Still Jack was only a prentice boy.

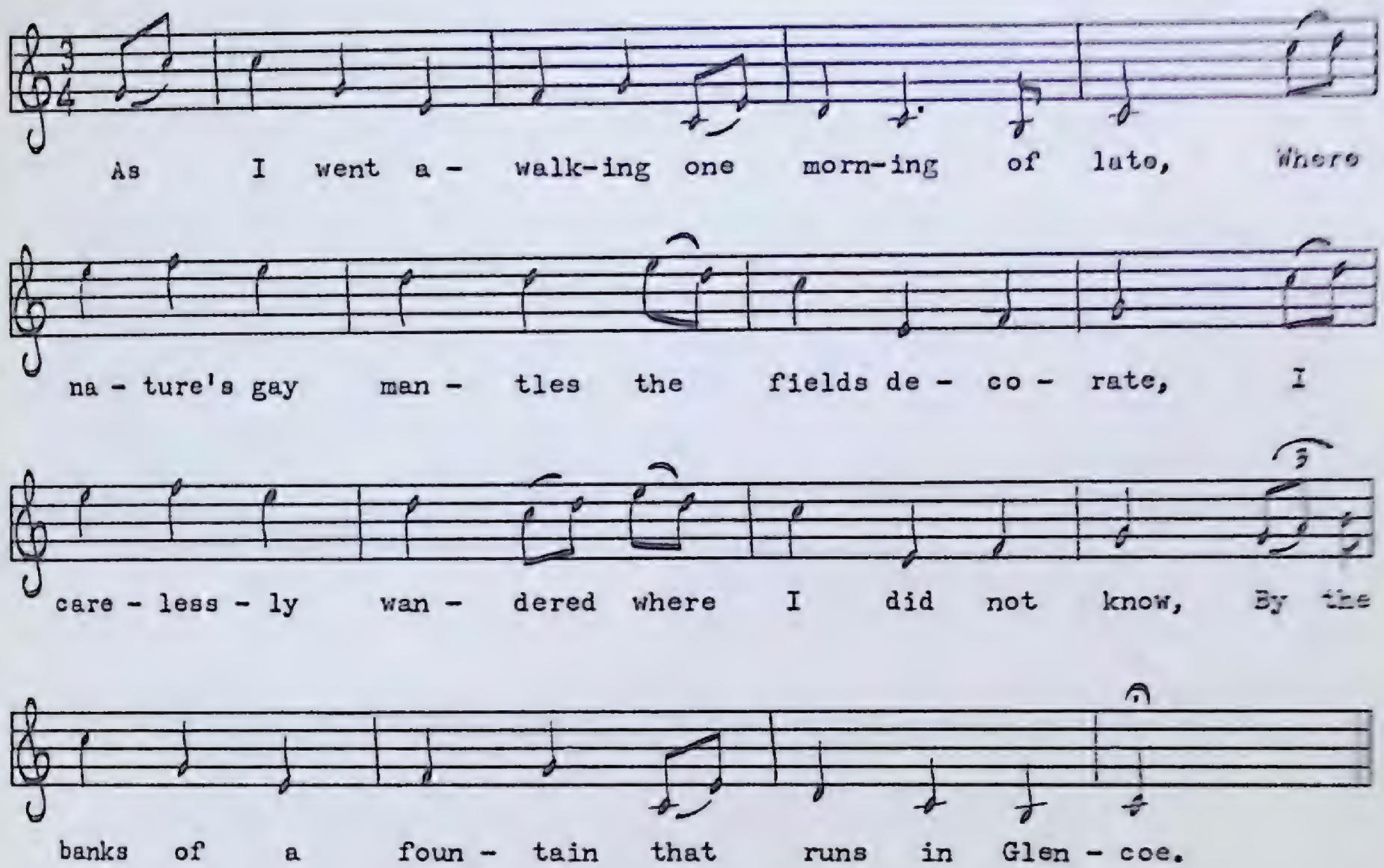
7. Hand in hand together they walked,
   As down by the riverside they talked,
   As they talked down by the riverside,
   Where the ships do sail with the wind and tide.

8. "Aye," she said, "Jack, now show to me
   The way you handle your ship at sea."
   It's roll and tumble the whole night long,
   Until Jack bore away with his main-yard sprung.

The tune of variant *A* is unusual in having both a major and a minor third above the tonic, creating a sort of dual Mixolydian-Dorian modal effect. The middle phrase contains the complete ascending Mixolydian mode. Variant *B* is completely Mixolydian. The text for *A* seems to be older than *B*'s which shows a seamen's influence. The last verse in particular would make it a fo'c'sle favourite.

The Pride of Glencoe

PEA 9 No. 60
Howard Morry
Ferryland, July, 1951



1. As I went a-walking one morning of late,
   Where nature's gay mantles the fields decorate,
   I carelessly wandered where I did not know,
   By the banks of a fountain that runs in Glencoe.

2. Like Erin's bold hero I had Mount Eagach won,
   When a lassie approached me as bright as the sun,
   The ribbons of tartan all around her did flow,
   And her name it was Flora, she was the pride of Glencoe.

3. I said to her: "My pretty fair one your enchanting smile,
   And your charming young features have my heart beguiled,
   But if true affection upon me you bestow,
   I'll bless the first hour that we met in Glencoe."

4. She answered: "Kind sir, it's your suit I disdain,
   For I once loved a laddie, Macdonald by name,
   He is gone to the wars about nine years ago,
   And a maid I'll remain till he returns to Glencoe."

5. "Perhaps your Macdonald has slighted your name,
   Or has placed his affections upon some foreign dame,
   He may have forgotten for all that you know,
   The lovely fair damsel that he left in Glencoe."

6. "Macdonald's true valour has been tried on the field,
Like his haughty young sister she refused for to yield;
If he never returns it is single I'll go,
And I'll mourn for Macdonald, the pride of Glencoe."

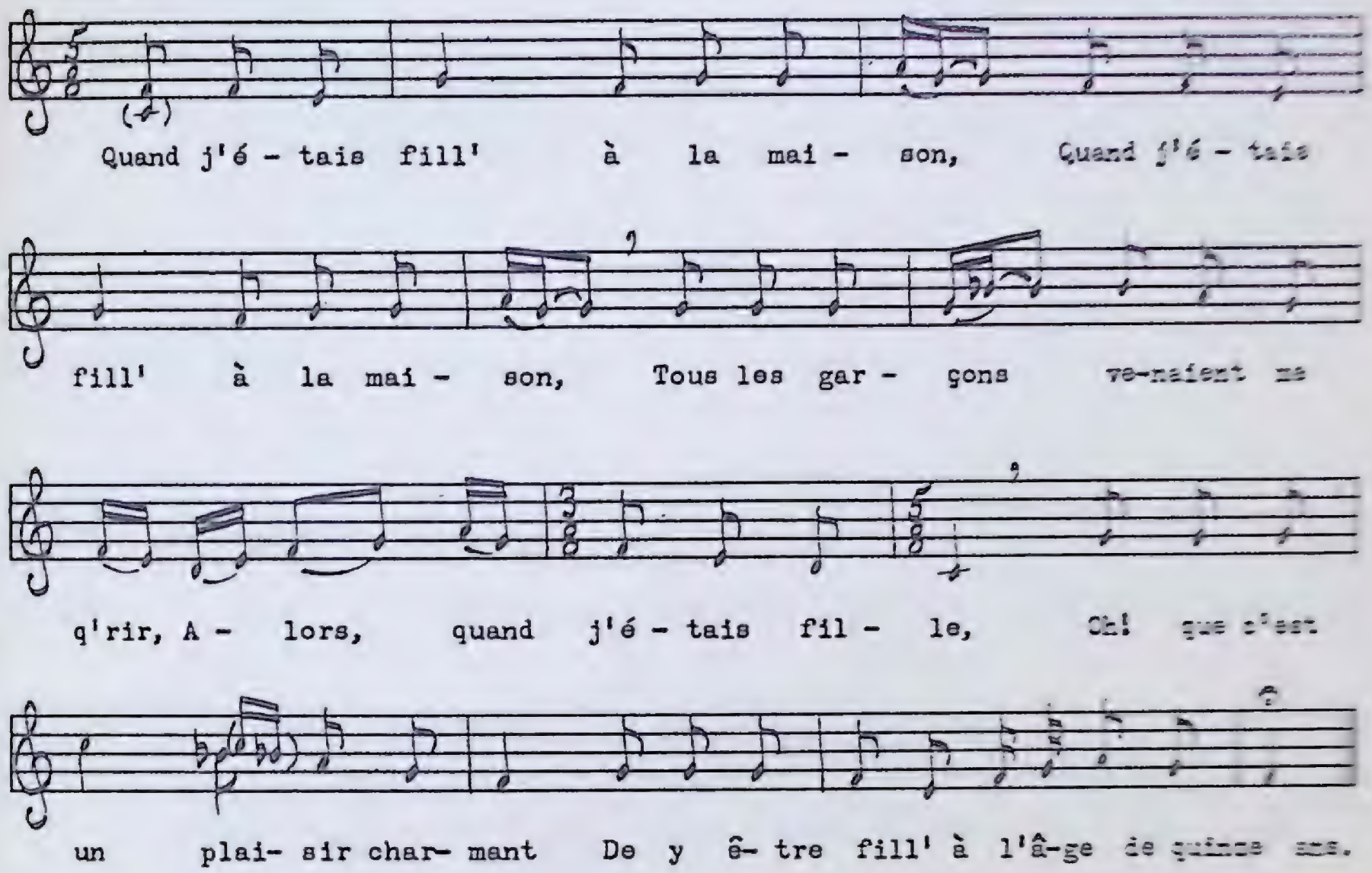
7. "Cheer up lovely Flora, your trouble's all o'er,
For we will be married and we'll never part more,
The rude blast of war at a distance may blow,
But in peace and content we'll reside in Glencoe."

Glencoe is in Argyllshire, Scotland, the site of the infamous massacre of the Macdonalds in 1692. William III offered pardon to all Macdonalds who submitted to his rule, but when Captain Campbell and his men entered the valley and were hospitably received, they turned on the people and began massacring them. However, the weather was bad, and many of the Macdonalds escaped. The line in verse 6 referring to Macdonald's "haughty young sister who refused for to yield" possibly refers to this incident. The ballad is generally supposed to have been composed early in the nineteenth century when it was popular in England and Scotland. Many broadsides of it were printed, some even in America.

Quand j'étais fille de quinze ans

PEA 182 No. 1114
Mme Joséphine Coulard
Loretto, juillet 1955

Assez vif



Quand j'étais fill' à la maison (*bis*)
Tous les garçons venaient me q'rir,
Alors, quand j'étais fille,
Oh! que c'est un plaisir charmant
De y être fill' à l'âge de quinze ans.

Tous les garçons venaient me q'rir, (*bis*)
C'était pour aller au bal et danser.

C'était pour aller au bal et danser, (*bis*)
Mais, à présent, ce n'est plus ça.

Mais, à présent, ce n'est plus ça, (*bis*)
J'ai mon ménage à ramener.

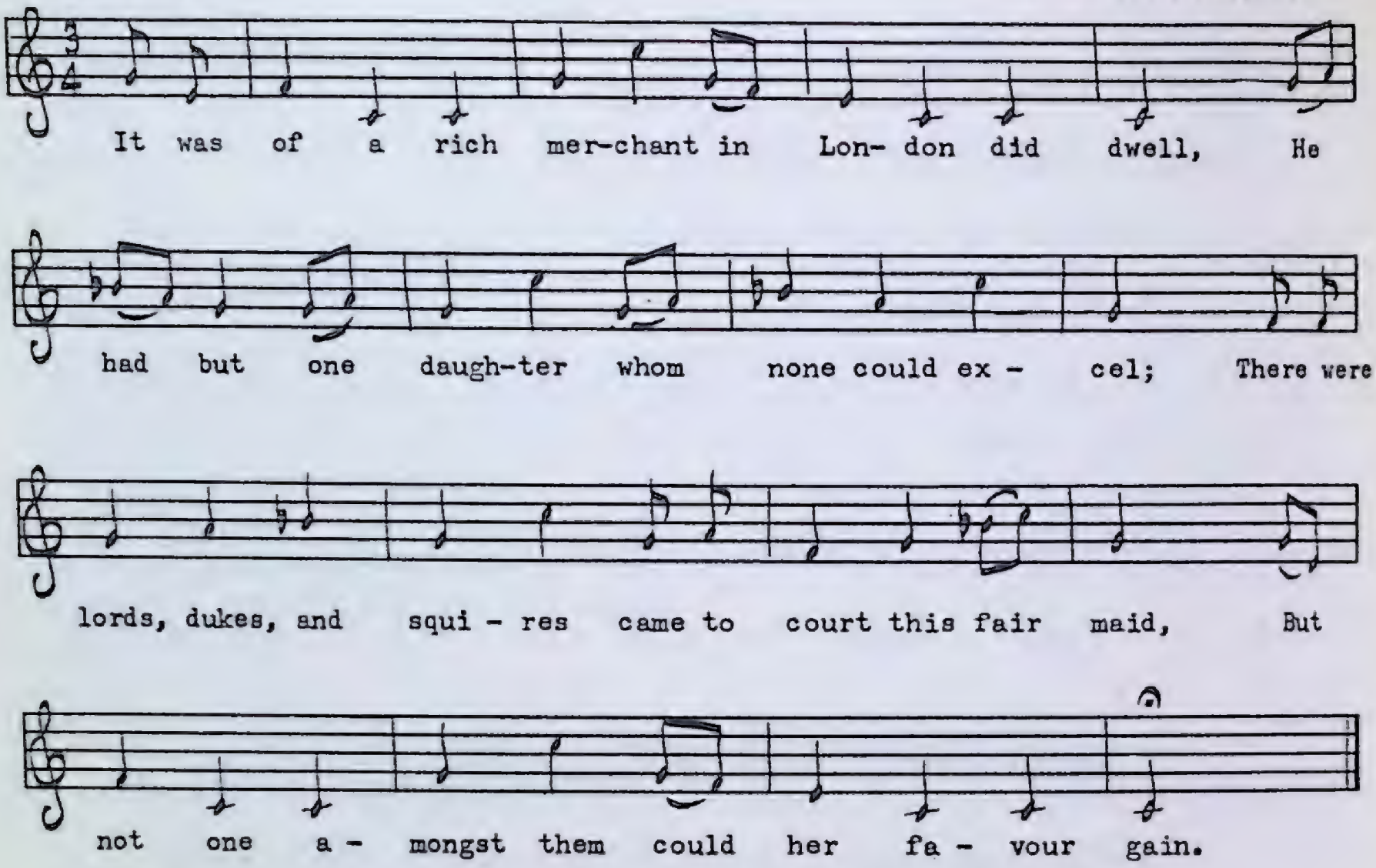
J'ai mon ménage à ramener, (*bis*)
Mes petits enfants à soigner.

Though obtensibly in straightforward 6/8 time, each bar of this fascinating tune was shortened one beat by the singer and is transcribed the way she sang it.

The Sailor and the Lady

MS 100
James Heaney
Stock Cove, July, 1951

Moderately fast



1. It was of a rich merchant in London did dwell,
   He had but one daughter whom none could excel;
   There were lords, dukes, and squires came to court this fair maid,
   But not one amongst them could her favour gain.

2. As she and her father were walking one day,
   A jolly young sailor by chance came that way,
   He being brisk and jolly in passing them by,
   She stepped up beside him and bid him draw nigh.

3. Saying, "Where are you going? Pray tell me your name,
   Give me your occupation and I'll give you the same."
   "I'm bound down to Boston, fair lady," said he,
   "James is the name that my parents gave me."

4. "James, in this country I would have you to tarry,
   Unto some rich lady I would have you to marry,
   She'll put gold in your pockets and silver in store,
   And then she will have you to ramble no more."

5. "Oh no then, fair lady, for that cannot be,
   For there's parts in this wide world that I'd like to see,
   So your birth and my birth don't seem to agree,
   Some poor farmer's daughter would be fitter for me."

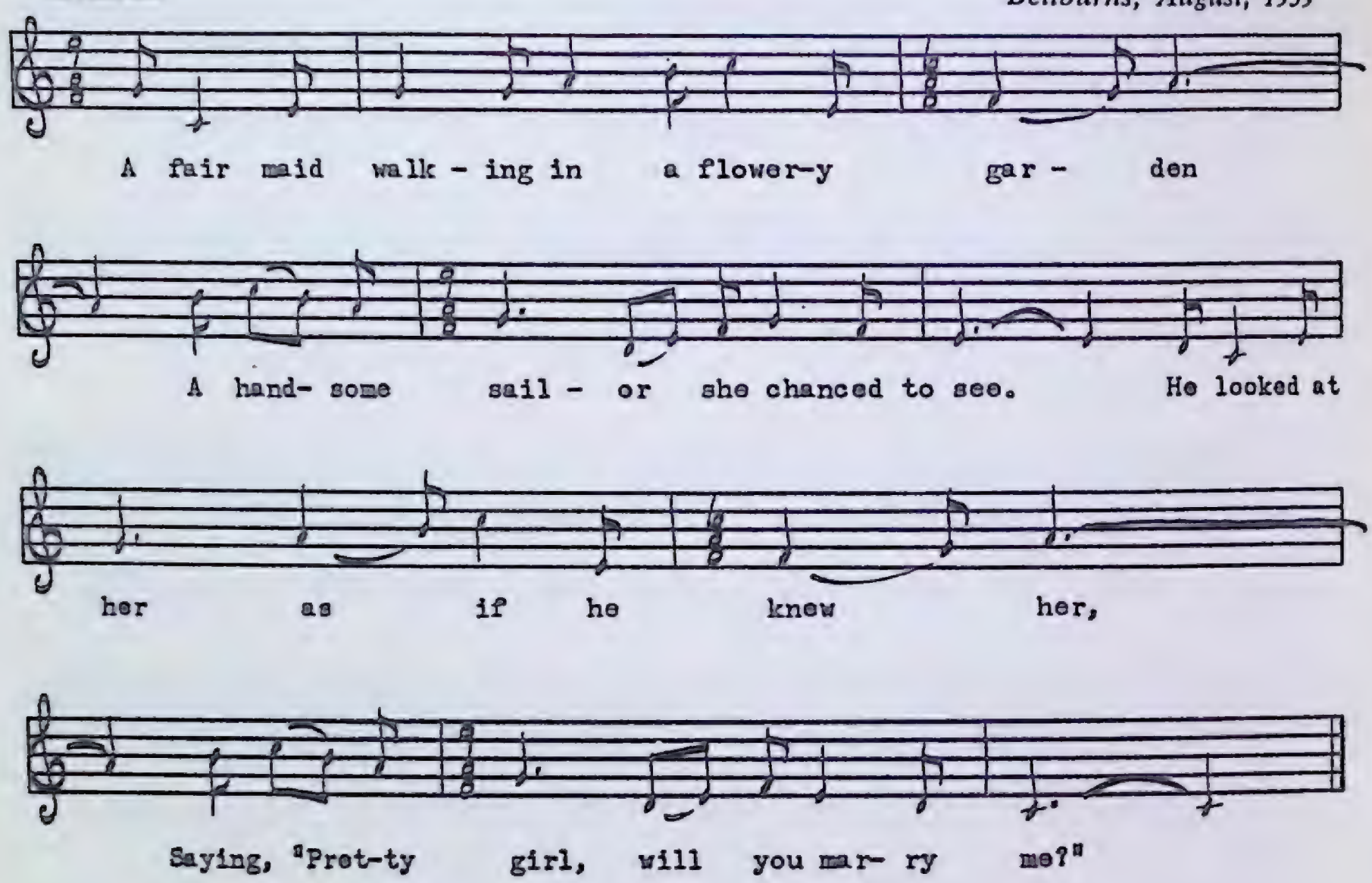
6. Her honorable father was standing quite nigh,
Saying, "You shall have my daughter to be your fond bride,
She'll put gold in your pocket and silver in store,
And then she will have you to ramble no more."

7. This couple got married as ye all well may know,
These lords, dukes, and squires they caught a grand show,
To see such a wedding was rare to be seen,
There was James the young sailor and his beautiful queen.

Seven Years I Loved a Sailor

A

PEA 159 No. 1021
Mrs. Clara Stevens
Bellburns, August, 1959



1. A fair maid walking in a flowery garden
   A handsome sailor she chanced to see.
   He looked at her as if he knew her,
   Saying, "Pretty girl, will you marry me?"

2. "To marry you, sir, a man of honor,
   A man of honor you seem to be,
   To marry you, sir, a pretty maiden,
   A young man's servant I'll never be."

3. "I don't want you for to be my servant,
   I'll marry you, make you my bride,
   And I'll have servants to wait upon you
   While you and I in a carriage ride."

4. "I have a true lover of my own, sir,
   And seven years he has crossed the sea,
   And seven years I will wait upon him
   Till he returns for to marry me."

5. "Pretty girl, don't you be so foolish
To wait so long for any young man,
He may be dead or he may be married,
Or he may be sick in some foreign land."

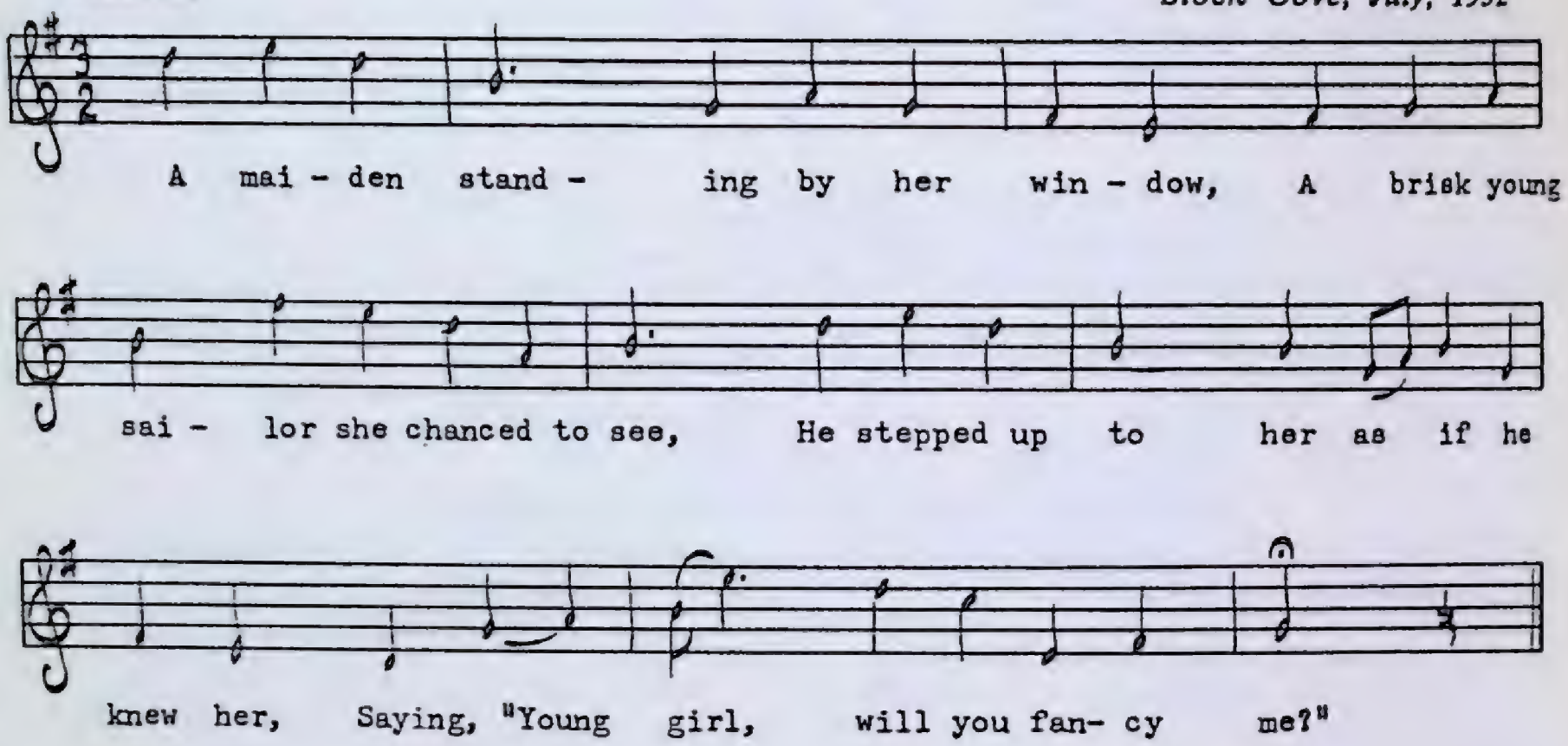
6. "If he's sick I will wish him better,
And if he's married I'll wish him joy,
And if he's dead I will wish him heaven,
What more can I wish for my sailor boy?"

7. When he found that she was so constant,
When he saw that she was so true,
He put his hand down into his pocket,
Pulled out a ring they had broke in two.

8. Saying, "Seven years I have loved a lady,
Seven years I have crossed the sea,
And seven more she will wait no longer,
I am returned for to marry thee."

B

MS 102
Mr. and Mrs. John Mahoney
Stock Cove, July, 1952



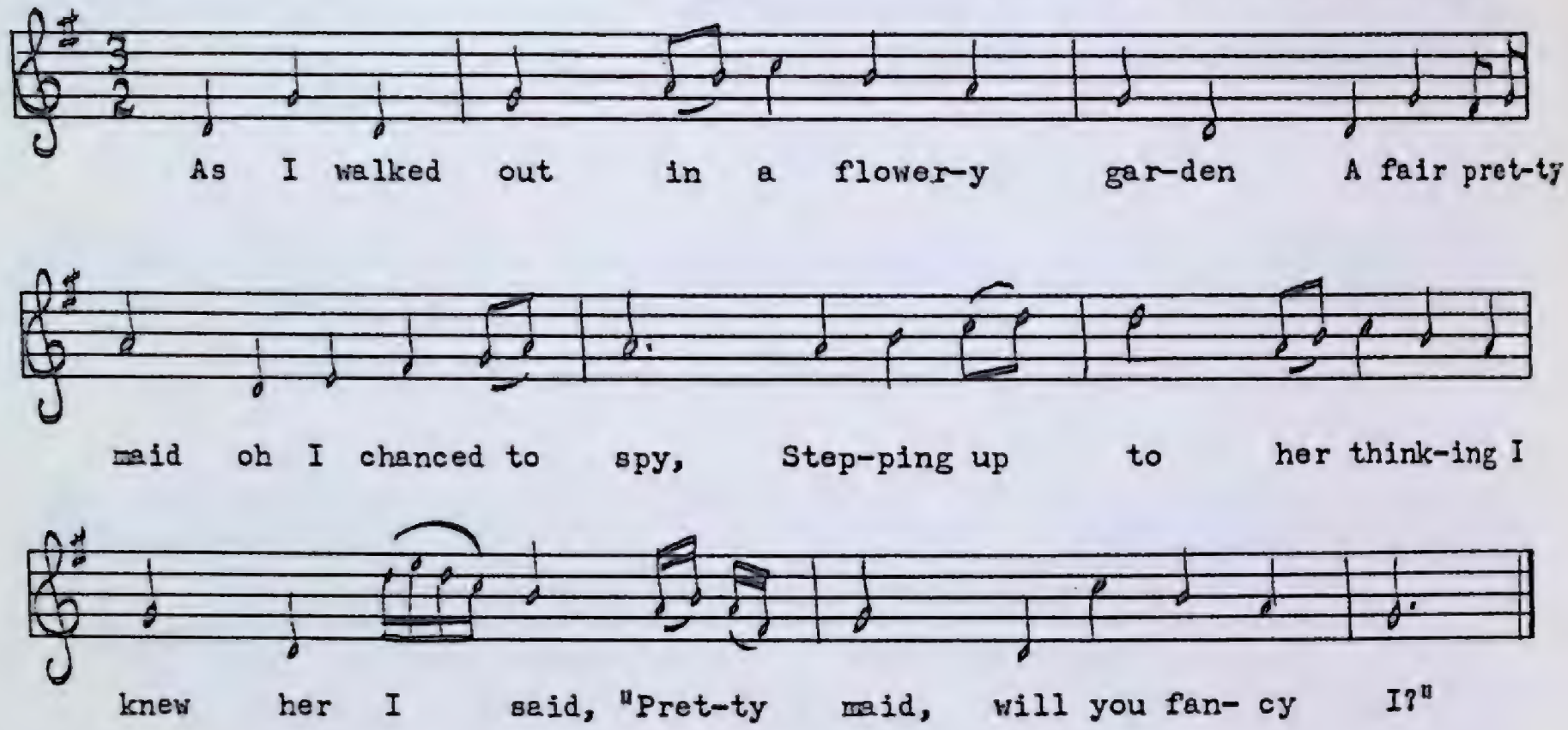
1. A maiden standing by her window,
   A brisk young sailor she chanced to see;
   He stepped up to her as if he knew her,
   Saying, "Young girl, will you fancy me?"
2. "Fancy you sir, a man of honor,
   A man of honor you seem to be;
   To fancy you and to love another,
   Your waiting maid sir I never will be.
3. "Seven years I've loved a sailor,
   Seven years he's gone to sea,
   Seven more I'll wait upon him,
   Till he returns to marry me."
4. "Foolish maiden, oh how foolish,
   To wait so long on any man;
   Perhaps he's dead or perhaps he's married,
   Or perhaps he's sick in some far off land."
5. "If he's sick I'll wish him better,
   If he's married I'll wish him joy;
   And if he's dead I'll wish him heaven,
   For he was once my brave sailor boy."
6. "Seven years you have been loyal,
   Seven years you have been true.
   He put his hand in his waistcoat pocket,
   Saying, "Here is the ring, love, I took from you.

7. "Seven years you have been loyal,
Seven years you have been true;
Seven more you'll wait no longer,
For I've come back to marry you."

C

(Flowery Garden)

PEA 174 No. 1085
Joshua Osborne
Seal Cove, White Bay, June, 1960



1. As I walked out in a flowery garden
   A fair pretty maid oh I chanced to spy,
   Stepping up to her thinking I knew her
   I said, "Pretty maid, will you fancy I?"

2. "Perhaps you might be a man of honor,
   A man of honor you seem to be."
   "I'll marry thee, love, make you my true love,
   I will get servants to wait on thee."

3. "Seven years I have loved a sailor,
   Seven more he's been gone from me,
   And seven more will I wait upon him
   Till he returns from across the sea."

4. "If seven years you have loved a sailor
   Perhaps he's married, dead, or drowned."
   "And if he's married I'll love him better,
   And if he's dead he's in glory crowned."

5. He drew his hand out of his pocket,
   His fingers held a ring so small,
   Saying, "Here's the ring, love, we broke between us."
   Soon as she saw it down did she fall.

6. He threw his arms around her middle,
   He gave her kisses, one, two, and three,
   Saying, "I am yours, love, a single sailor,
   Just returned from sea for to marry thee."

7. A short while after this fair young lady
Went to a dance one night so late,
This jealous young man he soon followed after
To prepare himself for a nobler fate.

8. He saw her dancing all with some other,
And jealousy came into his mind,
He then got ready a dose of poison,
He mixed it up with a glass of wine.

9. He gave it unto his own true lover.
She drank it down with a cheerful mind
Not thinking that her own dear loved one
Put a dose of death in her blood-red wine.

10. Soon as she drank it, so soon she felt it.
"Oh carry me home, oh my dear," cried she,
"The dose of liquor you lately gave me
Makes me so ill, love, as I can be."

11. " 'Twas in your liquor I put strong poison,
Sure I have drunk the same as thee,
In each other's arms, love, we'll die together,
Young men beware, don't court jealousy."

Although probably no older than two or three hundred years in its present form, this 'returned-lover' ballad goes back much further, at least as far as the Crusades. Similar tales are part of the folklore of many European countries, and French equivalents have been collected in the St. Lawrence Valley from Montreal right around to the Bay of Chaleur. In *Folk Songs of Old Quebec,* Marius Barbeau quotes a variant of *Germine* which has three young knights interrogating the girl. She answers:

Je ne suis pas fillette, fillette à marier.
Je me suis mariée à quinze ans et demi.
A plus de sept années, mon mari est parti.

Seven seems to be the magic number in all the members of this family of ballads. Later on in *Germine,* one of the knights is singled out as her returned husband, but first he must remember the date of the wedding, the dress she wore, and even the colour of her horse. As in this English version, the clincher comes when he produces the broken ring:

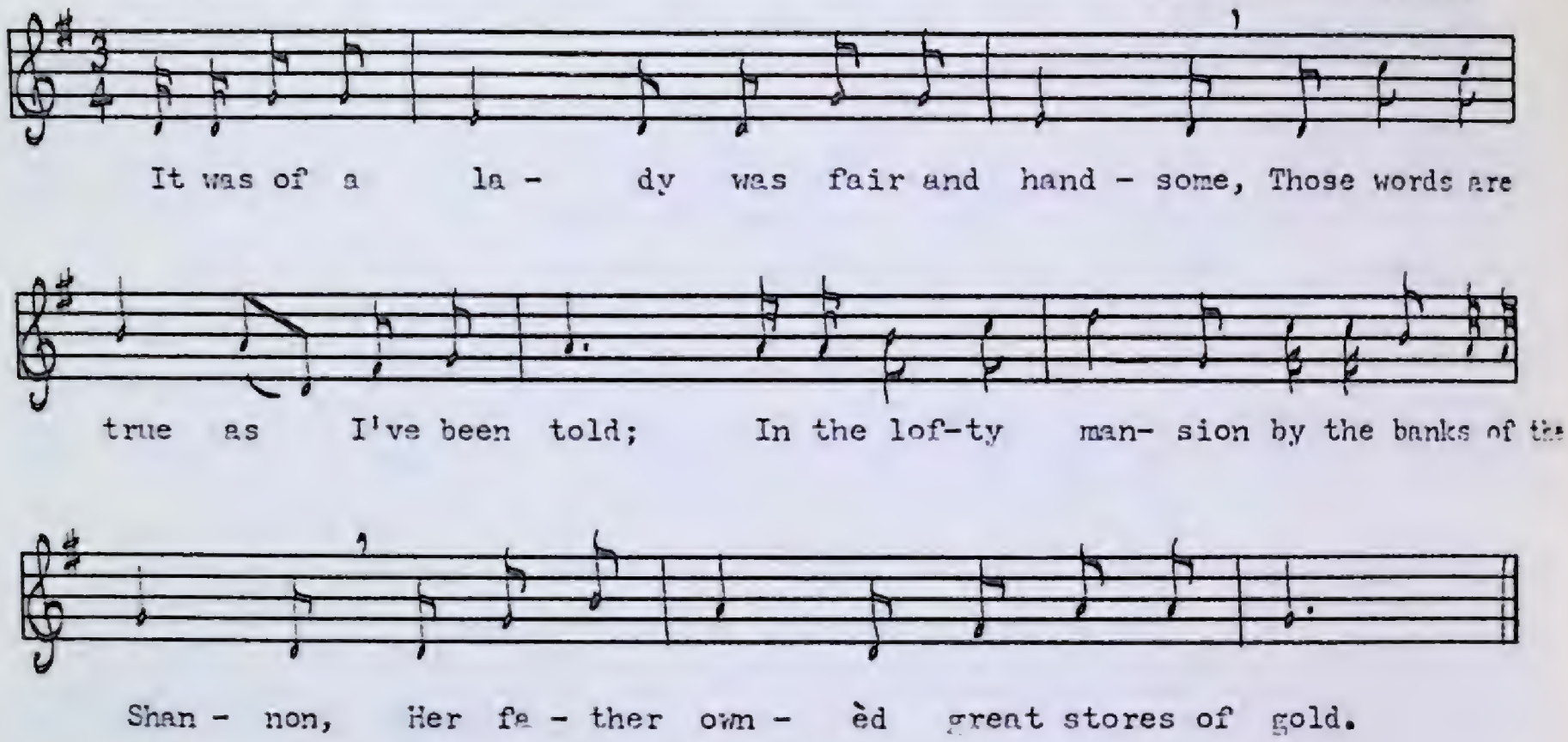
T'en souviens-tu, Germine? Tes anneaux d'or uni . . .
Je t'ai serré' si fort, si fort dedans mes bras,
Que ton anneau cassa. Germine, le voilà!

The Dark-Eyed Sailor tells exactly the same story of lovers who broke a gold ring and were parted for seven years. All the Newfoundland variants of *Seven Years I Loved a Sailor* are similar, except Mr. Osborne's *Flowery Garden,* which carries the story beyond the simple betrothal vow into more highly-charged emotional states, bringing both lovers to their tragic deaths. This ending seems to have been borrowed from a ballad called *Oxford City,* a popular nineteenth century broadside which was later collected from oral tradition in the south of England by Vaughan Williams and others.

Since Love Can Enter an Iron Door

PEA 71 No. 661
Mrs. Thomas Walters
Rocky Harbour, July, 1958

Moderately slow



1. It was of a lady was fair and handsome,
   Those words are true as I've been told;
   In the lofty mansion by the banks of the Shannon
   Her father ownèd great stores of gold.

2. Her hair was black as the raven's feathers,
   Her form and features describe who can;
   Although her folly belonged to nature
   She fell in love with her servant-man.

3. As Mary Ann and her love was walking
   Her father heard them and nearer drew;
   And as those lovers were fondly talking
   Her father home in great anger flew.

4. And as those lovers were fondly planning
   Her cruel old father contrived a plan.
   He said: "In spite of all the nation
   I'll free my daughter from her servant-man."

5. To build a dungeon was his intention,
   A flight of stairs that lay underground;
   On bread and water he fed his daughter,
   The only cheer that for her was found.

6. Three times a day he did cruelly beat her,
   And to her father she then began:
   "If I've disgraced now my own dear father
   I'll lie and die for my servant-man."

7. When Edmund found out her habitation
'Twas well secured by an iron door;
He swore in spite of all the nation
He'd free his dear one or else no more.

8. So at his leisure he toiled with pleasure
To gain releasement for Mary Ann.
He gained his object and found his treasure,
She said, "You faithful, young servant-man."

9. 'Twas men's apparel he brought his lover,
She dressed herself in men's disguise.
"Depart," said Edmund, "I'll face your father,
To see me here it will him surprise."

10. Her cruel old father brought bread and water,
And to his daughter he then began.
"Enter," said Edmund, "I freed your daughter
The one in fault is your servant-man."

11. When he found that his daughter had vanished
'Twas like a lion then he did roar.
He said, "From Ireland you shall be banished,
Or with my broad-sword I'll spill your gore."

12. "Agreed," said Edmund, "now at your leisure,
Since her I freed now do all you can,
Forgive your daughter, I'l die with pleasure,
The one in fault is your servant-man."

13. When he found that he was so loyal
'Twas down he fell on the dungeon floor.
He said, "True lovers will never be parted
Since love can enter an iron door."

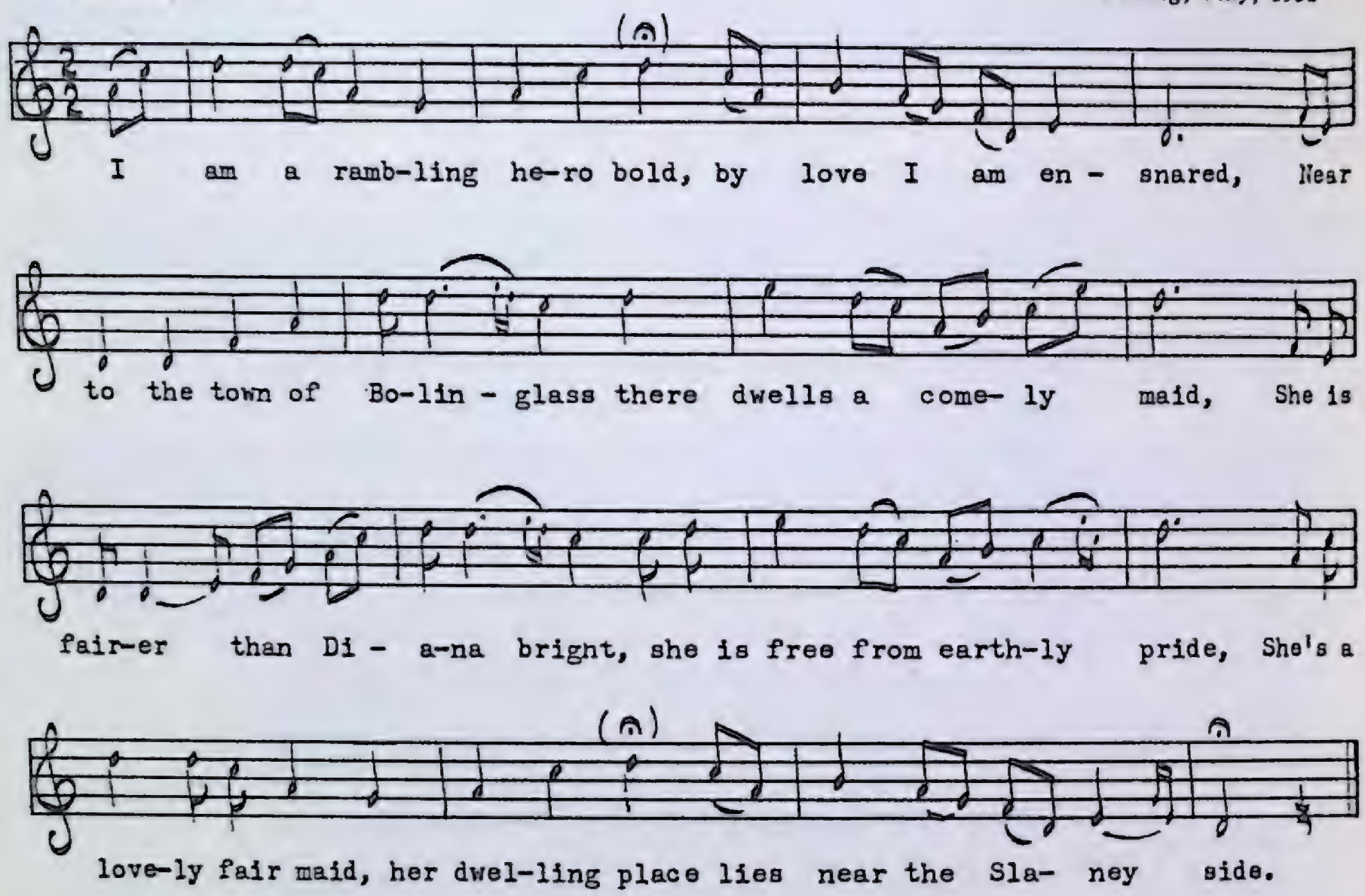
The 'literary' flavour of this ballad indicates a broadside origin. However, the tale itself is probably quite old—fathers who locked their daughters in dungeons or towers were quite a menace in medieval times (See also *Flambeau d'amour*).

The Slaney Side

A

MS 105
Phillip Foley
Tilting, July, 1952

Moderate, strict time



1. I am a rambling hero bold, by love I am ensnared,
   Near to the town of Bolinglass there dwells a comely maid;
   She is fairer than Diana bright, she is free from earthly pride,
   She's a lovely fair maid, her dwelling place lies near the Slaney side.

2. I stood in meditation, I viewed her o'er and o'er,
   I thought she was Aurora bright descending down so low.
   "Oh no, kind sir, I'm a country girl," she modestly replied,
   "I labor daily for my bread down by the Slaney side."

3. The golden ringlets of her hair hung o'er her snow-white neck,
   The killing glances of her eyes would save a ship from wreck,
   Her clear brown sparkling eyes, and her teeth like ivory white,
   Would make a body become her slave down by the Slaney side.

4. For twelve long months we courted till at length we did agree,
   To consult her aged parents and married we would be,
   But still her cruel father to me he proved unkind,
   Which makes me sail across the sea and leave my love behind.

5. Farewell my aged parents to you I'll bid adieu,
   I'm crossing the wide ocean, dear, for the sake of you,
   And if ever I return again I will make you my bride,
   And I'll roll you in my arms down by the Slaney Side.

The texts of both variants are virtually identical, except, of course, for the title phrase. They follow closely the texts in Herbert Hughes' *Irish Country Songs* and Manus O'Conor's *Irish Com-All-Ye's*. Unlike many of the English texts, these Irish songs show a surprising similarity from country to country and from collection to collection, even in orally-transmitted variants. It is probably the result of over-publication; or, rather, the saturation of rural areas with popular Irish song books. English, Canadian, and American song books of this type have only recently enjoyed a renaissance, whereas the Irish ones have been with us since the nineteenth century. The dissemination of traditional material by printed texts seems to run in cycles, and at the present time we are in the midst of the largest boom in history.

B

(The Tanyard Side)

PEA 201 No. 1171
Patrick W. Nash
Branch, October, 1961

Moderate, strict time

I am a ramb-ling he - ro, by love I am en -

snared, Near to the town of Bo-lin-glass there

dwells a come - ly maid, She is fair - er than Di -

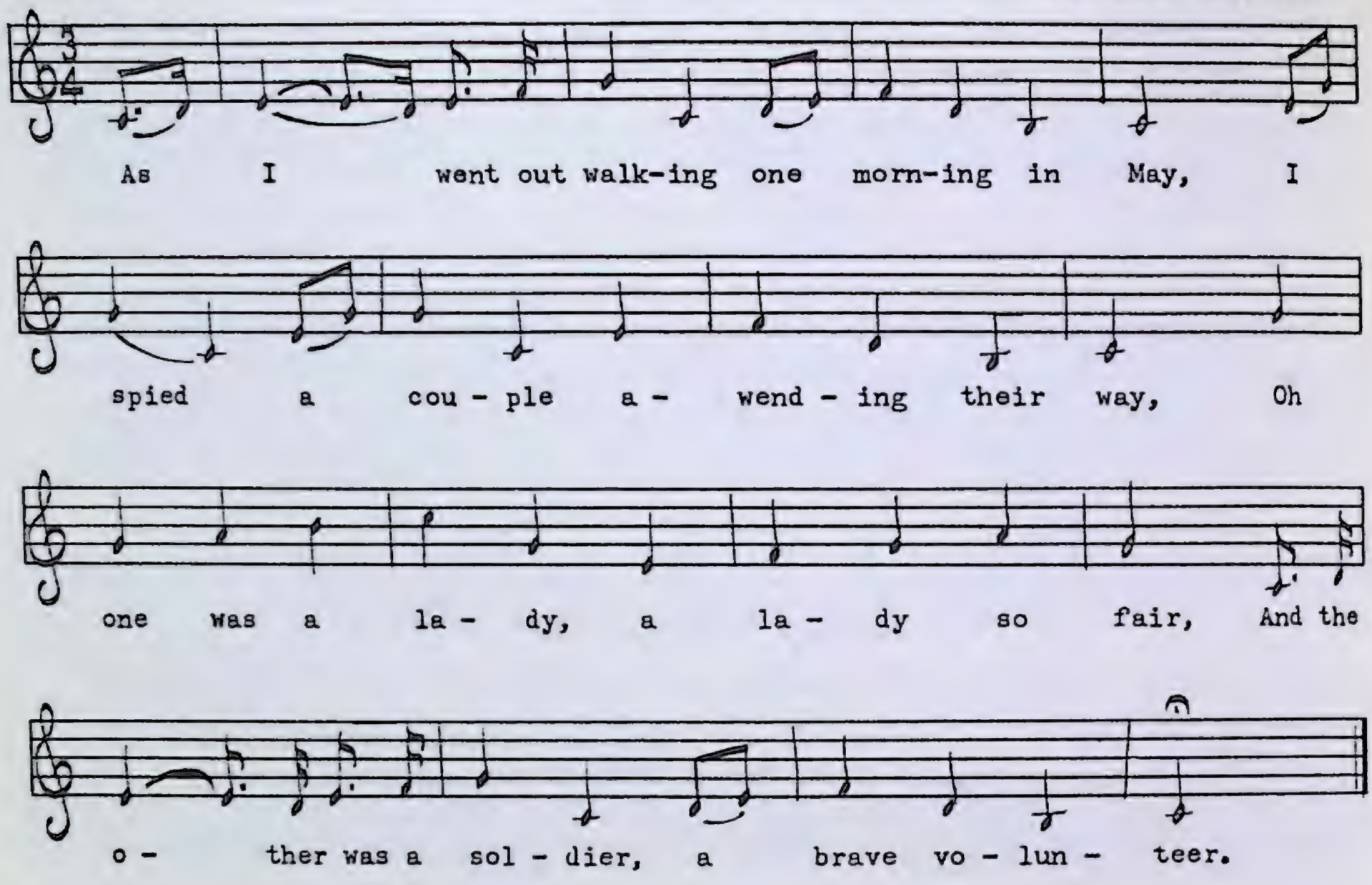
a- na bright, she's free from earth - ly pride, She's a

come- ly maid and her dwel-ling place lies near the Tan-yard side.

The Soldier and the Lady

PEA 10 No. 68
Howard Morry
Ferryland, July, 1951

Moderate



1. As I went out walking one morning in May,
   I spied a couple a-wending their way,
   Oh one was a lady, a lady so fair,
   And the other was a soldier, a brave volunteer.

2. Oh they walked along together for an hour or two,
   When out from his knap-sack his violin he drew;
   And he played such sweet music, made the valley all ring,
   While the waters did glide and the nightingale sing.

3. Said the soldier to the lady: "It is time to go o'er?"
   "No, no," said the lady, "play just one tune more,
   For I'd rather one tune on that beautiful thing,
   Than hear the water glide and the nightingale sing."

4. Said the lady to the soldier: "Will you marry me?"
   "No, no", said the soldier, "such a thing couldn't be,
   For I have a dear one and children twice three,
   And two wives in the army are too many for me."

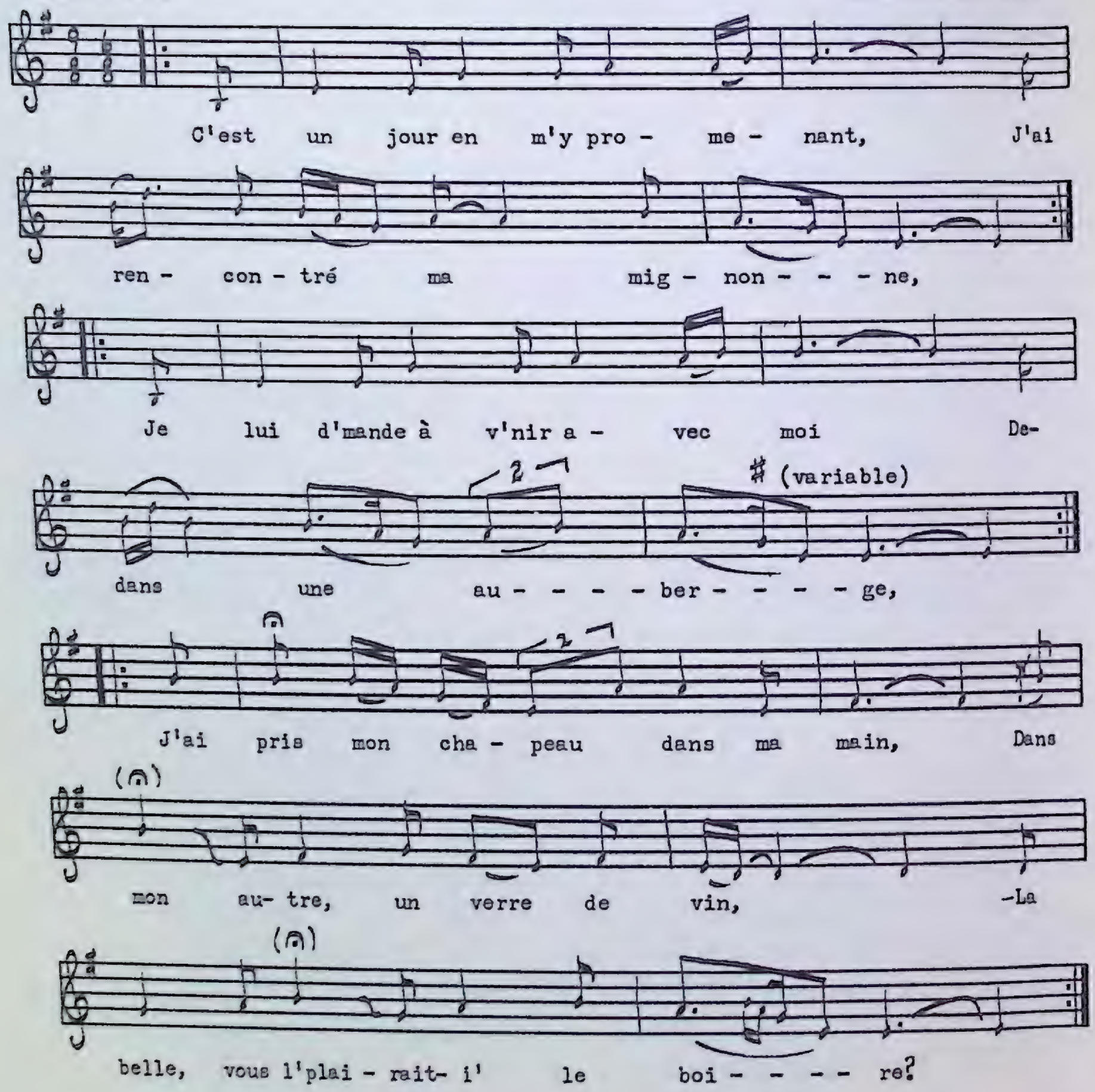
This little ballad is descended from *The Nightingale's Song,* which appeared in the seventeenth century Roxborough Collection. Sometimes known as *The Brave Volunteer,* it was collected in the Southern Appalachians by

Cecil Sharp as *The Nightingale*. Double entendre songs of this type have been popular ever since Elizabethan times. In *The Banks of the Roses,* also in this Newfoundland collection, the young man entertains his lady friend with his 'flute.'

Le soleil s'en va se coucher

(La bergère refuse les présents)

PEA 141 No. 954
Mme Joséphine Costard
Loretto, juillet 1959



C'est un jour en m'y promenant,
J'ai rencontré ma mignonne. } (*bis*)
Je lui d'mande à v'nir avec moi
Dedans une auberge } (*bis*)
J'ai pris mon chapeau dans ma main,
Dans mon autre, un verre de vin,
—La belle, vous l' plairait-i' le boire? } (*bis*)

Le premier verre, a l'a bien bu,
Le deuxième, son cœur, il refuse. } (*bis*)
Le beau galant s'est aperçu
Que la belle avait quelque chose } (*bis*)
—Le soleil s'en va se coucher,
Et moi je m'en vais m'en aller
Car maman elle serait en gêne. } (*bis*)

—Oh! il n'est pas si tard, la belle,
Pour votre maman soit en gêne. } (*bis*)
N'auriez-vous pas changé d'amant?
Et moi, j'aurai perdu mon temps?
Grand Dieu, je n'ai plus de maîtresse. } (*bis*)

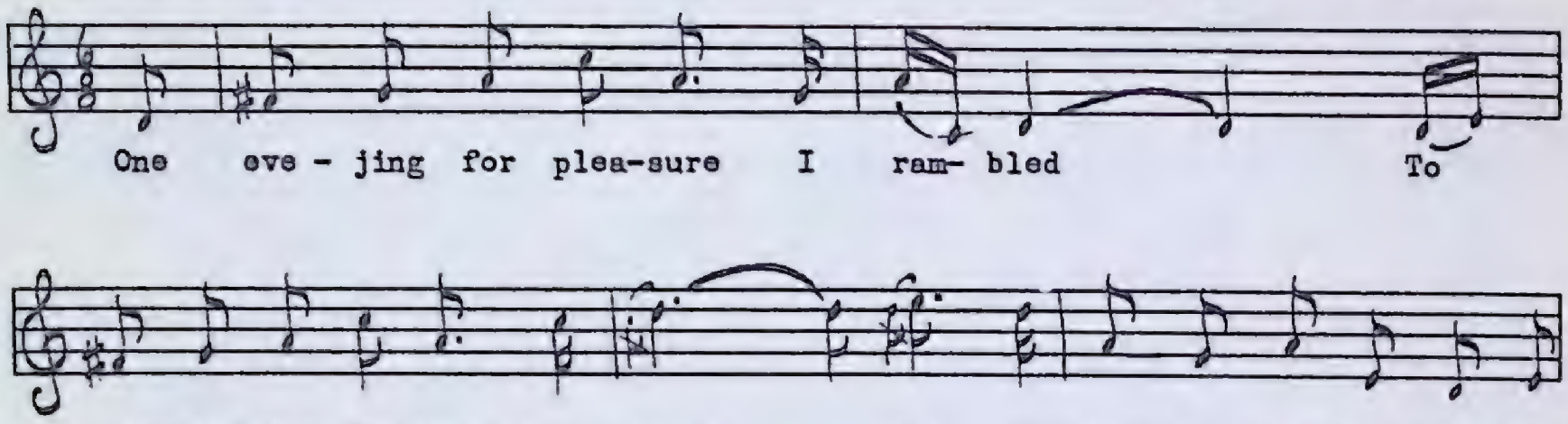
—Beau galant, si j' vous ai laissé,
Cher amant, c'est de votre faute. } (*bis*)
J'espérais trois ans, tout au plus,
Sans revoir aucune nouvelle. } (*bis*)
Le temps commence à s'avancer,
Un autre amant j'ai fiancé
Car je n' voulais plus rester fille. } (*bis*)

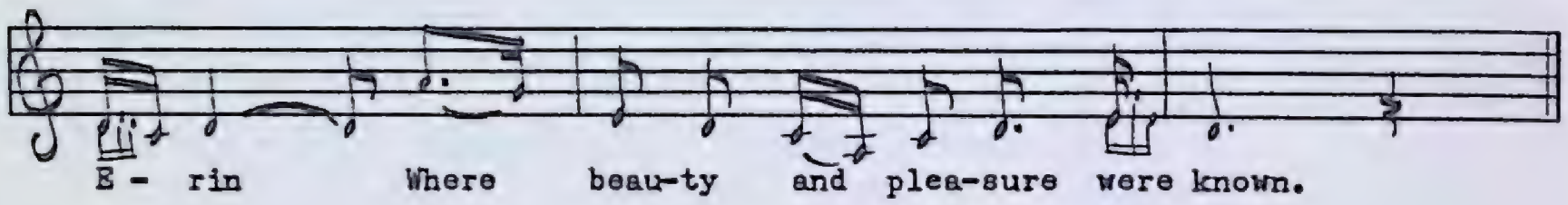
This is one of Mme Costard's favourite songs, and she makes a really beautiful dramatic production of it. The variable third tone of the mode gives the melody a fascinating ambiguity. The crucial sixth tone is missing. The title given is the singer's.

The Star of Belle Isle

MS T11
Michael Aylward
King's Cove, July, 1952

Moderately slow





1. One evening for pleasure I rambled
   To view the fair fields all alone,
   It was down by the banks of Loch Erin
   Where beauty and pleasure were known.

2. I spied a fair maid at her labor,
   Which caused me to stay for awhile;
   I thought her the goddess of beauty,
   The blooming bright star of Belle Isle.

3. I humbled myself to her beauty:
   "Fair maiden where do you belong?
   Are you from the heavens descended
   Abiding in Cupid's fair throng?"

4. "Young man, I will tell you a secret,
   It's true I'm a maid that is poor,
   And to part with my vows and my promises,
   'Tis more than my poor heart can endure.

5. "Therefore I'll remain at my service,
   And go through all hardship and toil,
   And wait for the lad that do love me,
   Alone on the banks of Belle Isle."

6. "Young maiden I wish not to banter,
   It's true I came here in disguise;
   I came to fulfill my last promise,
   And hope to give you a surprise.

7. "I own you're the maid I love dearly,
   You've been in my heart all the while;
   For there's no other damsel in this wide world
   Than my blooming bright star of Belle Isle."

8. This couple they both got married,
   In wedlock and soft unity;
   May the great God above them protect them,
   And give them long life in the land.

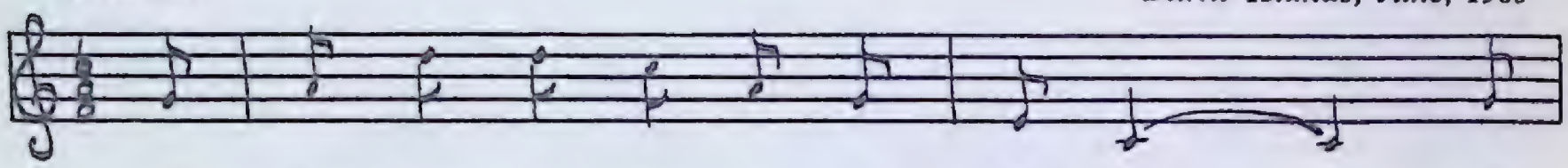
9. May the great God above them protect them,
   And loyalty be theirs all the while,
   And honey may sweeten their comfort,
   Along on the banks of Belle Isle.

This lovely lyric is generally considered to be of local origin, possibly because of its reference to Belle Isle. Although I have done no sleuthing, I would strongly suspect an Old World original for this Newfoundland variant. The dialogue form and rather flowery language is pure eighteenth, or perhaps late seventeenth century (see *Bright Phoebe* as one of many lyrics of this type). It has appeared in the Greenleaf-Mansfield collection *Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland* with a different tune. The lovely Mixolydian tune of the present variant is very similar to the tune of another Irish-inspired native love song *The Green Shores of Fogo*. As a matter of fact, Michael Aylward learned all his best songs in the strongly Irish Fogo – Joe Batt's Arm area and probably picked the tune up there. It was his sensitive style of singing which led me to its source among the talented singers of Fogo, Joe Batt's Arm, and Tilting.

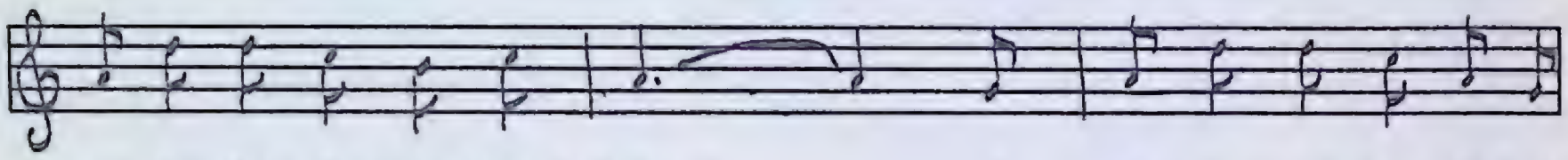
The Sweet Mossy Banks of the Wey

PEA 169 No. 1069
Jim Keeping
Burnt Islands, June, 1960

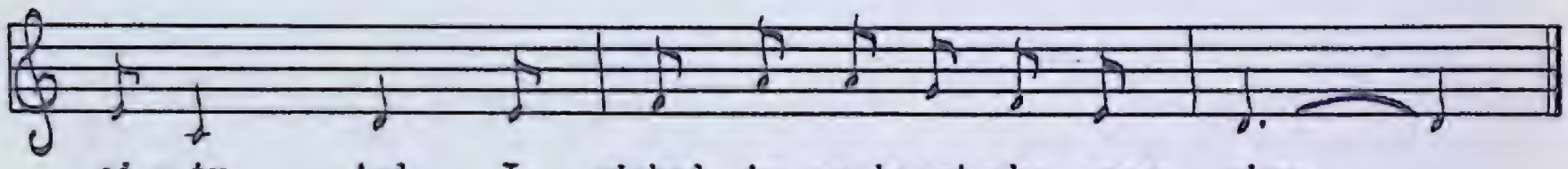
Moderate



I first took a trip to old Eng - land To



view the fair flowers that did shine, I met a young girl from the



ci - ty And I wished in my heart she were mine.

1. I first took a trip to old England
   To view the fair flowers that did shine,
   I met a young girl from the city
   And I wished in my heart she were mine.

2. I boldly stepped right up to her,
   Those words to her I did say:
   "Kind girl, do you need any guardian
   On the sweet mossy banks of the Wey?"

3. "Kind sir, I don't need a guardian,
   Besides, you're a stranger to me,
   My father's down yonder a-coming
   On the sweet mossy banks of the Wey."

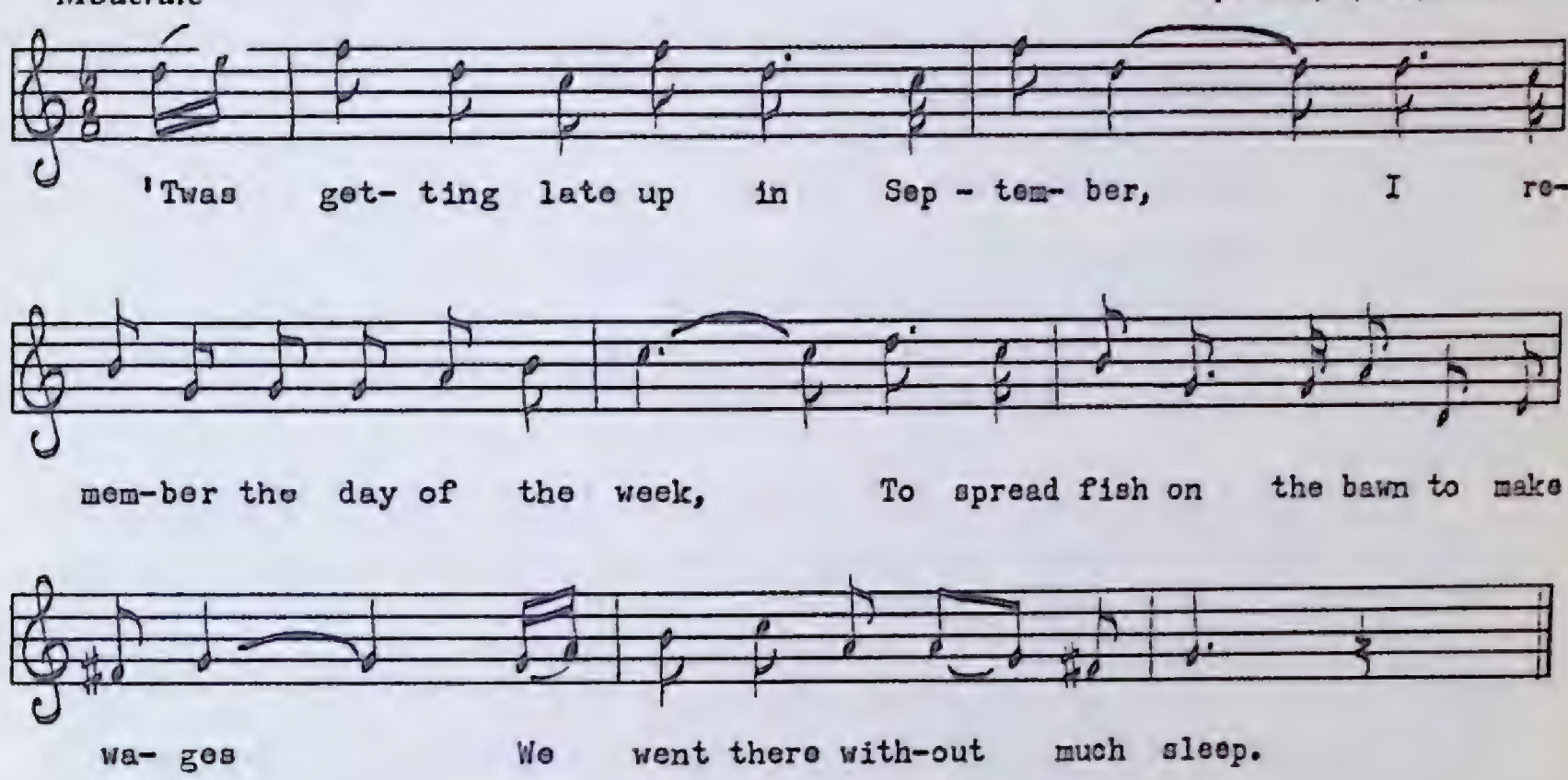
4. Her father soon came up beside us,
   I plucked up my spirit once more,
   "Kind sir, if this is your daughter
   She's the beautiful girl I adore.

5. "Ten thousand pounds will be her portion,
   A lady your daughter will be,
   Have horses and carriages to ride in
   On the sweet mossy banks of the Wey."

6. He took her right home to his cottage
   And soon in wedlock was tied,
   You can see how a miracle stranger
   Lives so happy with his little bride.

'Twas Getting Late Up in September

PEA 6 No. 35
Jim Rice
Cape Broyle, July, 1951



1. 'Twas getting late up in September,
   I remember the day of the week;
   To spread fish on the bawn to make wages
   We went there without much sleep.

2. 'Twas early I arose in the morning,
   And sped to the brow of the hill;
   Where I spied a fair girl in the valley,
   She came, her buckets to fill.

3. Now her buckets she lowered in the fountain,
   A-counting the moments being past;
   A-smiling I gazed all upon her,
   As she threw down her buckets at last.

4. I says, "My handsome fair one,
   Why is it you're out in the dawn?
   Just give me one drink of cold water,
   Before I go out on the bawn."

5. My heart it had sank in my bosom,
   I thought I was losing my mind;
   I said, "Will you marry and save me,
   I'll die if you prove so unkind."

6. She said, "My handsome young man,
   No longer need each fare alone;
   For here is my hand now, embrace it,
   And gladly with you I will roam."

7. A priest he came up on the steamer,
The furls flew high to the mast;
He joined us together in wedlock,
And tied up the knot tight and fast.

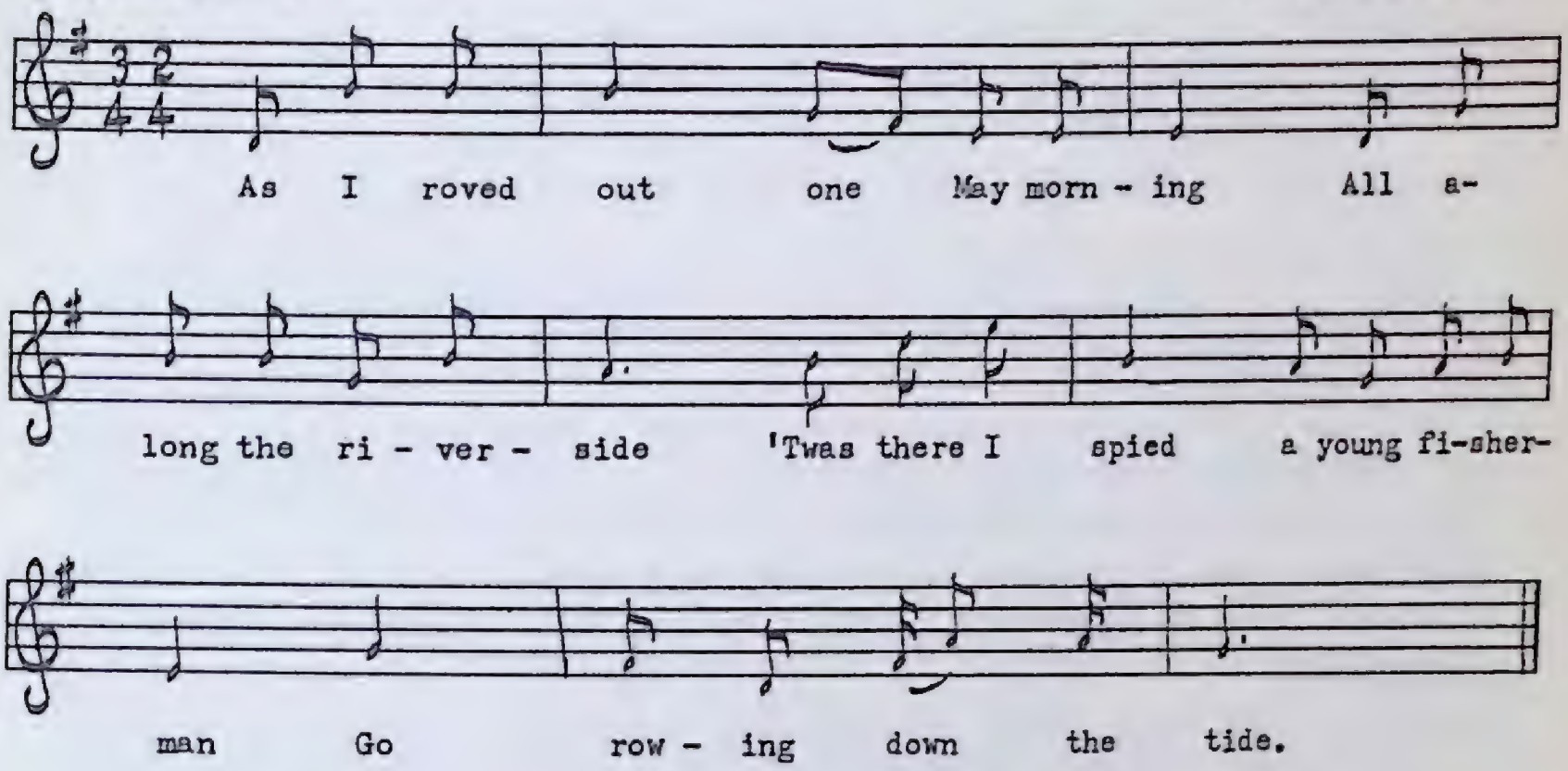
8. And now we are married and happy,
As happy as happy can be;
We live in a nice little cottage,
Down by the side of the sea.

9. And now to conclude and to finish,
My song I won't sing any more;
For 'tis getting late up in September,
Down on the white Labrador.

This native love lyric is one of the few songs which originated in Labrador. The word 'bawn' is a general term for any piece of land by the shore, usually a stony beach, where fishing operations are carried out. The tune is of more than passing interest. Mixolydian at the beginning, it becomes Ionian (major) when the Fs are raised towards the end. It also sounds well with the F's natural all the way through. This is another of the many native songs from the National Museum's collection previously published by the late Gerald S. Doyle of St. John's in his 1955 booklet *Old-Time Songs of Newfoundland.*

The Young Fisherman

PEA 185 No. 1121
Leonard Hulan
Jeffrey's, July, 1960



1. As I roved out one May morning
   All along the riverside
   'Twas there I spied a young fisherman
   Go rowing down the tide.

2. He rowed his boat unto the shore
   And tied it to a stake,
   For there he heard a maiden weep
   As if her heart would break.

3. He boldlye steppèd up 'long side
   When to his great surprise
   He saw 'twas his true lovyer fair
   Who wrung her hands and cried:

4. "Oh fisherman, young fisherman,
   How came you fishing here?"
   "I came for you young lady gay
   All down the river clear."

5. He then pulled off his morning gown
   And threw it on the ground,
   'Twas there she beheld three chains of gold
   Around his neck hung down.

6. She then fell on her bended knee
   Saying, "Pardon, pardon me
   For calling you a young fisherman
   Not knowing who you be."

7. He took her round her middle so small
   And sot her on his knee
   Saying, "We shall go to my father's house
   And married we shall be."

8. He took her by the lily-white hand
   And led her by his side
   Saying, "You shall have a young fisherman
   To row you down the tide."

In a 1915 issue of the *Journal of the Folk Song Society* (England) Lucy Broadwood suggested that this rare ballad might have originated as a medieval allegory. Reading through the text of this Newfoundland variant, I found the suggestion most stimulating. The fisherman would be Christ, the Son, who reveals Himself to a humble pilgrim, giving her self-Illumination (For an analysis of this psychological phenomenon see Jung's *AION: Contributions to the Symbolism of the Self,* especially chapter five: *Christ, a Symbol of the Self*). The allegory continues with the mystical marriage of the pilgrim-bride to the Bridegroom in His Father's House. Other prominent symbols are the River of Life and the Sea of Eternity (the tide). The three gold chains are obviously the most important agents of the Illumination but are rather more difficult to decipher. In another variant the chains are robes which might symbolize the three Vestures of Light.

Nowadays the ballad has lost all its mystical connotations and survives only as a charming love lyric, leaving it open to an equally interesting 'Freudian' interpretation, complete with fertility and sexual symbols. This latter interpretation was quite spontaneously arrived at by the singer himself whose eyes twinkled wickedly when he sang the phrase 'rowing down the tide.' The use of the tide as a female symbol is very old and has become almost a commonplace in contemporary love poetry. The following lines from Dylan Thomas's love lyric *Where Once the Waters of Your Face* illustrate the point beautifully:

Invisible, your clocking tides
Break on the love-beds of the weeds;

The poem ends with the prophecy:

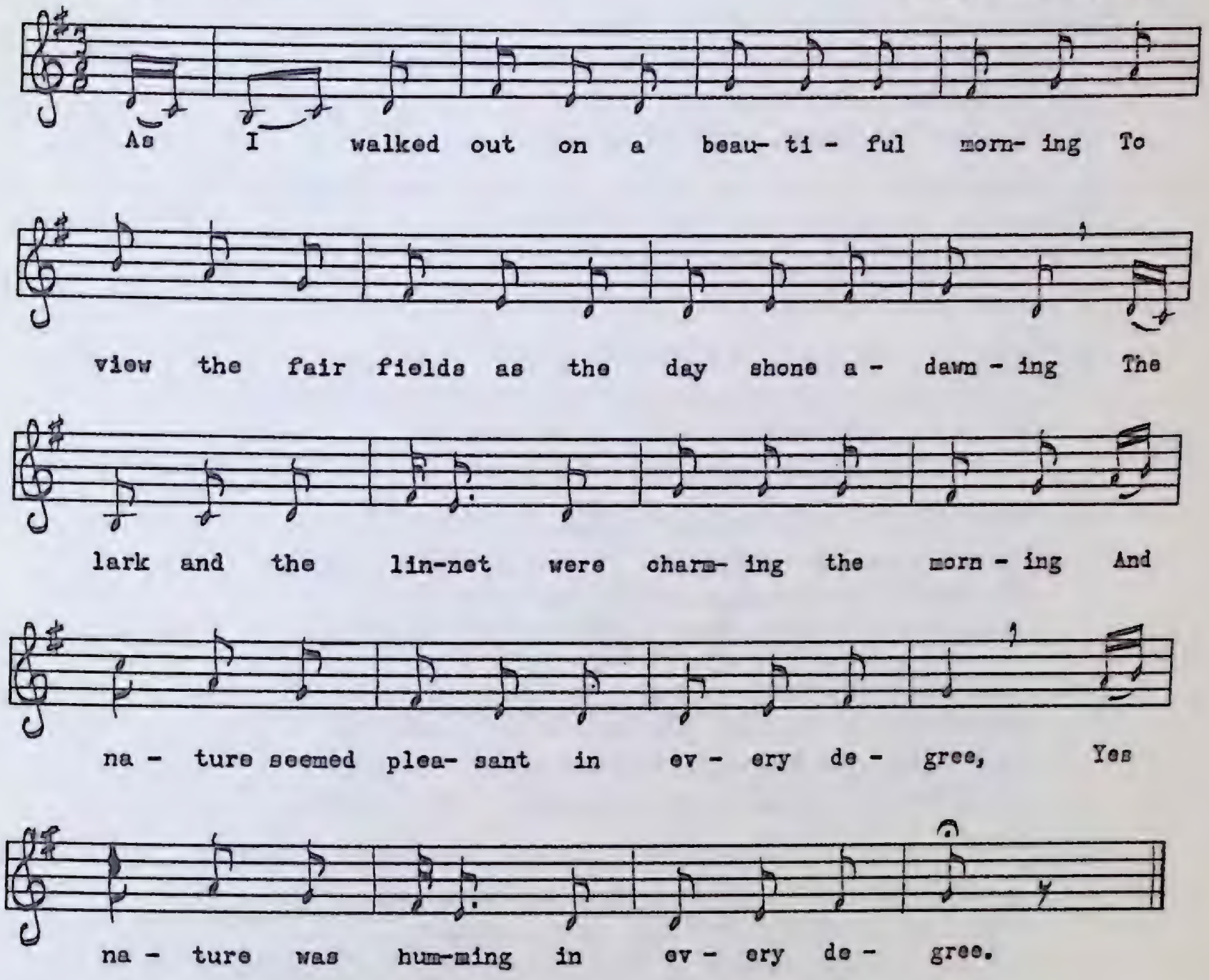
There shall be corals in your beds,
There shall be serpents in your tides
Till all our sea-faiths die.

Armed with this knowledge and with the information on fish symbolism in the note on *Bill Wiseman,* the reader will be able to follow for himself the symbolic aspirations of the young 'fisherman.' And even when viewed as a religious allegory, the ballad cannot successfully disguise its underlying eroticism.

Young Kitty Lee

MS 127
William Holloway
King's Cove, July, 1952

Moderate, free time



1. As I walked out on a beautiful morning
   To view the fair fields as the day shone a-dawning
   The lark and the linnet were charming the morning,
   And nature seemed pleasant in every degree,
   Yes, nature was humming in every degree.

2. It was under the tree she sat there warm and cosy,
   Picking the flowers that are called primrosies,
   And I said to young Kate, "Are you making a posy
   To take to your true love whoe'er he may be?" (*twice*)

3. I stopped for one minute or two hesitating,
   I found my old friend was shivering and shaking.
   I then thought to rise but in vain I was seated
   In under the shade of the sweet autumn tree. (*twice*)

4. "One kiss from you darlin' will cure my disorder,
You know what I mean and I'll never go farther
And if you deny me it won't be my fault,
You're that killing fair one they call Kitty Lee." (*twice*)

5. "Kind sir," she said unto me, "you are a stranger,
You may be a saint or you might be a ranger,
And before I expose myself to any of your dangers
I'd rather live single," said young Kitty Lee. (*twice*)

6. "Kind miss," I said, "all of your words I will smother,
If I am a stranger sure you are another,
It's by criticizing and love's simple butter,
I dote on you proper, that's plenty for me." (*twice*)

7. "Kind sir," she said, "I will submit to all reason,
Your arguments are strong, they're true and they're pleasin'
And if I should marry I think it no treason
To wed a young husband as well-learned as thee." (*twice*)

8. "The birds love the forest, the fish love the water,
The cats love new milk, and the mother her daughter,
The fire is now burning, but love it burns hotter,
It burns in my bosom for you, Kitty Lee." (*twice*)

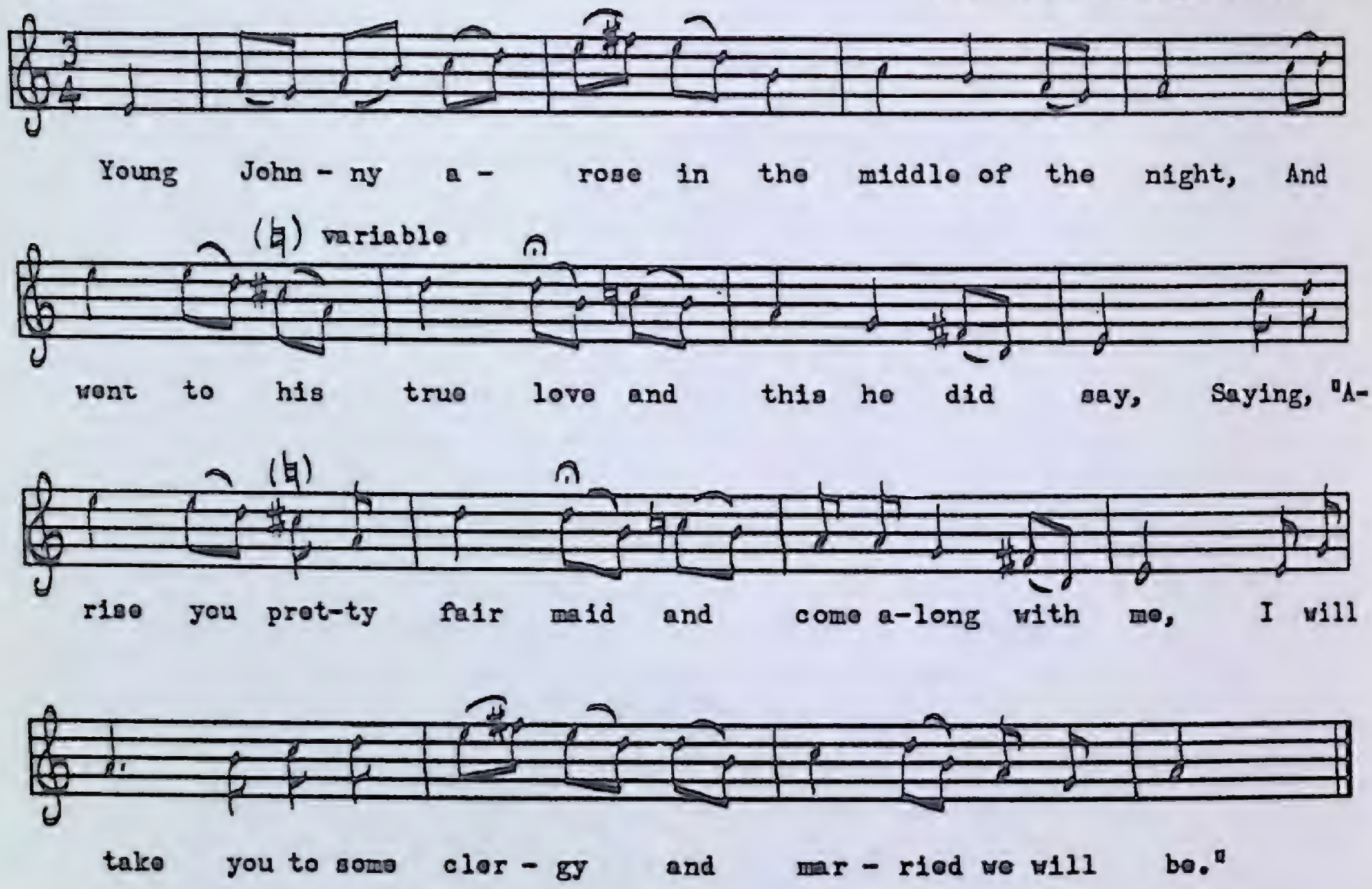
9. "If I had a husband, kind sir, he might beat me,
Destroy all his earnings likewise he'd ill-treat me,
And when I get old someday he would leave me,
I'd rather live single," said young Kitty Lee. (*twice*)

10. "But here is my hand, from my heart you have gained it,
Through life and to death I mean to obtain it,
And now if you'll marry and always sustain it,
I'll wed a young husband," said young Kitty Lee. (*twice*)

Love Murders

Fair Eleanor

PEA 109 No. 817
Mrs. Charlotte Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1958



1. Young Johnny arose in the middle of the night,
   And went to his true love and this he did say,
   Saying, "Arise you pretty fair maid and come along with me,
   I will take you to some clergy and married we will be."

2. Fair Eleanor arose in the middle of the night,
   And dressed herself like an angel so bright.
   He did lead her along till the greenwoods did appear,
   And he says, "My dearest jewel, some clergy draws near."

3. And when that he got her all in the greenwoods,
   He says, "Now you fair maid, come strip off your clothes,
   Come strip off your clothes, the fine garments that you wear,
   And I will be your butcher this good night I'll declare."

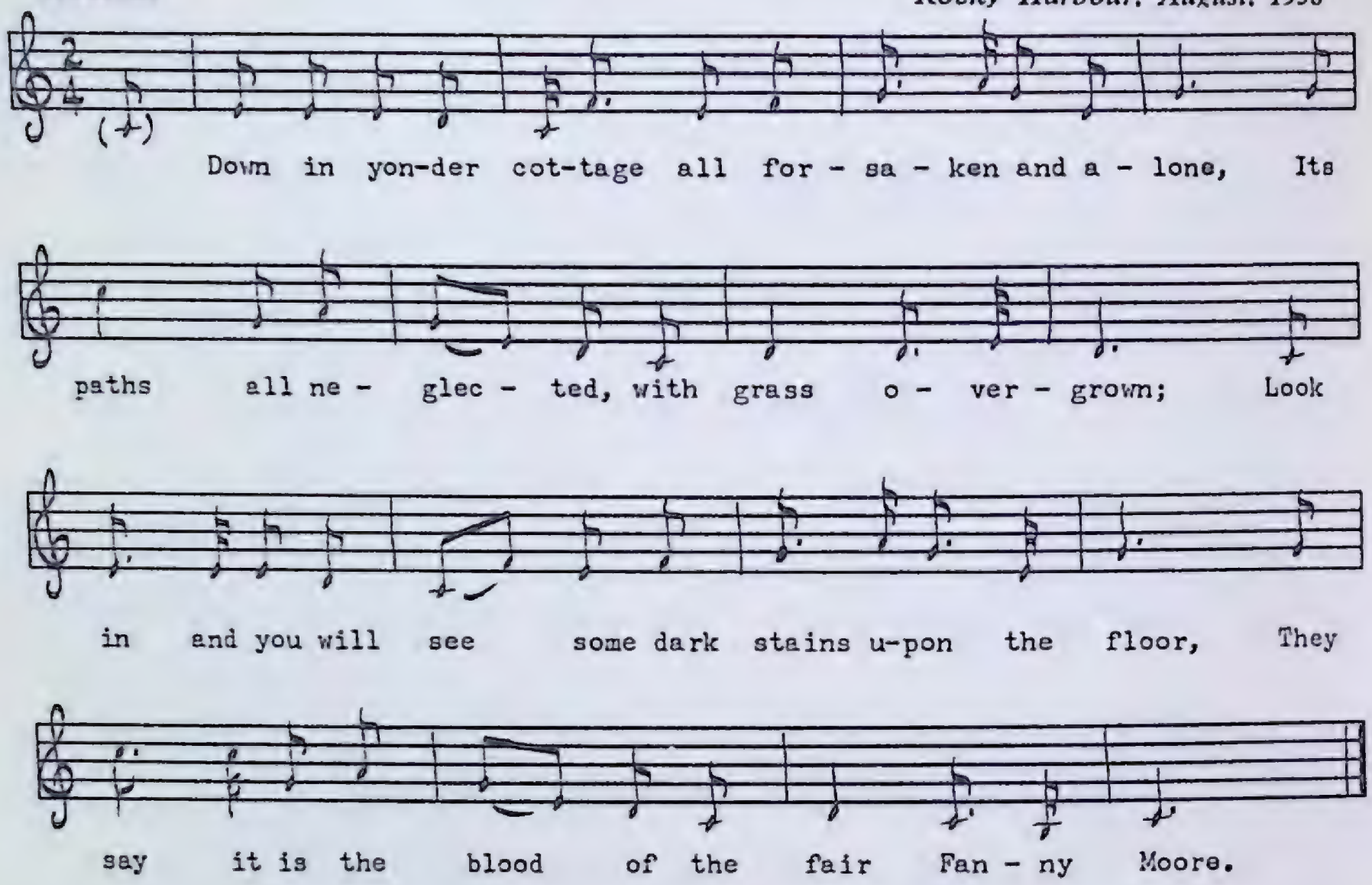
4. Down on her bended knees she fell and for mercy did cry,
   "Spare me, dear Johnny, for I don't want to die."
   No mercy at all this said villain did show,
   And he pierced her body through and the blood it did flow.

5. He covered her over and home he did go, (fly)
   Saying that cruel murder he ever would deny;
   But the power of Almighty was there for to see,
   To catch this sad villain at his cruelty.

6. Fair Eleanor was lost and could nowhere be found,
Went to this sad villain and did him surround,
Saying that cruel murder he never could deny,
In Castlebury jail this sad villain did die.

Fair Fanny Moore

PEA 116 No. 852
Mrs. Thomas Walters
Rocky Harbour, August, 1958



1. Down in yonder cottage all forsaken and alone,
   Its paths all neglected, with grass overgrown;
   Look in and you will see some dark stains upon the floor,
   They say it is the blood of the fair Fanny Moore.

2. To Fanny so blooming two lovers there came,
   One offered to Fanny his wealth and his fame;
   But neither his houses nor his lands could secure
   A place in the heart of the fair Fanny Moore.

3. The first was young Randal so bold and so proud,
   He to the young Fanny his haughty head bowed;
   But neither his gold or his silver could secure
   A place in the heart of the fair Fanny Moore.

4. The next was young Henry of the lowest degree,
   He gained her fond heart and in rapture was he.
   That night at the altar he was bound for to secure
   A place in the heart of the fair Fanny Moore.

5. As Fanny was sitting in her cottage one day,
   And business had called her fond husband away,
   Young Randal so haughty came in at the door,
   And clasped in his arms the fair Fanny Moore.

6. Saying, "Fanny, oh Fanny, reflect on your fate,
And grant me one favor before it's too late;
For there is one thing I am bound for to secure,
The love or the life of the fair Fanny Moore."

7. "Spare me, oh spare me," the fair Fanny cried,
While the tears swiftly flowed from her beautiful eyes.
"Go," said her traitor, "to the land of thy rest."
And he buried his knife in her snowy-white breast.

8. Fanny so blooming in her bloody beauty died,
Young Randal was taken, found guilty, and tried.
At length he was hung on a tree in front the door,
For shedding the blood of the fair Fanny Moore.

9. Young Henry the shepherd he ran 'stracted and wild,
And wandered away from his own native isle;
At length struck by death he was brought to the shore,
And laid by the side of the fair Fanny Moore.

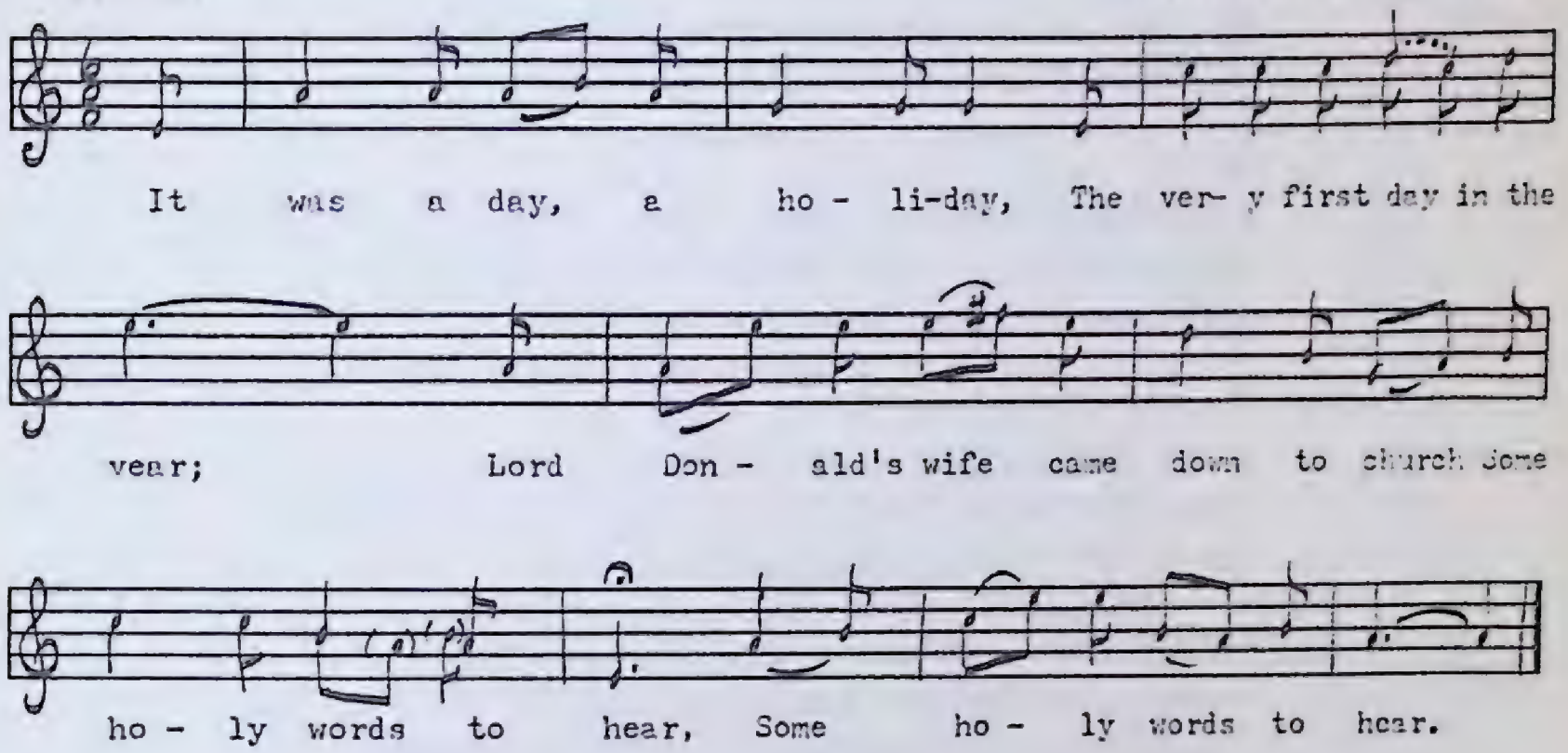
Mrs. Thomas (Annie) Walters, Rocky Harbour

Lord Donald

(Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard, Child 81)

A

PEA 75 No. 672
Mrs. Thomas Walters
Rocky Harbour, July, 1958



1. It was a day, a holiday,
   The very first day in the year;
   Lord Donald's wife came down to church
   Some holy words to hear. (*twice*)

2. Some came down in robes of green,
   Some more in robes of silk;
   Lord Donald's wife came down alone
   With her skin so white as milk. (*twice*)

3. She lookèd east and lookèd west,
   But no one could she see;
   At length she spied young Arthur Groves,
   Saying, "To-night you'll lie with me,
   To-night you'll lie with me."

4. "I can not, I dare not,
   I will not for my life;
   I can see by the rings on your fingers
   That you are Lord Donald's wife." (*twice*)

5. "If I am Lord Donald's wife,
   Pray what is that to thee?
   Lord Donald has gone to Weycastle
   King Henry for to see." (*twice*)

6. Young Arthur Groves then took his sword
And he plunged it in the ground
Saying, "Tonight you'll lie with the man you love
Before the sun goes down." (*twice*)

7. A little foot-page was standing by
And heard all they had said;
As soon as the bargain it was made,
He then jumped up and fled. (*twice*)

8. He ran till he came to the riverside
And then he did jump in;
He swam till he came to the other side,
And then jumped out again. (*twice*)

9. He ran till he came to the castle gate,
So loudly knocked at the ring;
And who should be there but Lord Donald himself
To let the young page in. (*twice*)

10. "What news, what news, my little foot-page,
What news have you brung unto me?"
"Bad news, bad news," the young page replied,
"The worst of news can be." (*twice*)

11. "Is there any of my bridges broke,
Or any of my towers undone,
Or is my gay lady put to bed
With a daughter or a son?" (*twice*)

12. "Oh no, there's none of your bridges broke,
Nor none of your towers undone;
But Arthur Groves in bed do lie
With your gay lady at home." (*twice*)

13. "If that's the truth you're telling of me,
Ride down," cried he,
"The finest present that's in London,
I will buy and give to thee. (*twice*)

14. "If that's a lie you're telling of me,
Well then," cried he,
"I'll order a gallows to be made
And hangèd you shall be." (*twice*)

15. He mounted on his milk-white steed
And placed his men in a row;
He gave them orders not to speak
Or neither an horn to blow,
And neither an horn to blow.

16. But one of Lord Donald's men,
In spite of Lord's Donald's will,
He put his horn unto his mouth
And he blew it loud and shrill,
He blew it loud and shrill.

17. "I thought I heard Lord Donald's voice,
I thought I heard him say,
'It's you that's in bed with another man's wife
The time is jogging away.' (*twice*)

18. "You did not hear Lord Donald's voice,
You did not hear him say,
'It's you that's in bed with another man's wife
The time is jogging away.' (*twice*)

19. "So cuddle me high and cuddle me low
And keep me from the cold;
It is my father's old blind shepherd
A-driving his sheep to the fold." (*twice*)

20. He cuddled her high and cuddled her low,
They both fell fast asleep;
And in the morning when they woke,
Lord Donald stood at their feet. (*twice*)

21. "Oh how do you like my bed," he said,
"Or how do you like my sheets,
Or how do you like my gay lady
That lies in your arms asleep?" (*twice*)

22. "So well I likes your bed," he said,
"So well I likes your sheets,
More better I likes your gay lady
That lies in my arms asleep." (*twice*)

23. "Arise, arise young Arthur Groves,
Some raiment you put on;
It will never be said by anyone
That I killed a naked man." (*twice*)

24. "I can not, I dare not,
I will not for my life;
You have two swords all by your side
And I haven't so much as a knife." (*twice*)

25. "If I have two swords all by my side,
They cost me money in purse,
And you can take the best of them
And I will take the worst." (*twice*)

26. The very first blow Arthur Groves gave him
He wounded Lord Donald full sore;
The very first blow Lord Donald gave him
He sank to rise no more. (*twice*)

27. Taking his gay lady out of bed,
He placed her on his knee.
"And now, my dear," he said, "take choice
Between Arthur Groves and me." (*twice*)

28. "So well I likes his lips," she said,
"So well I likes his chin,
More better I likes his little finger
Than you and all your kin." (*twice*)

29. The birds they all sang for joy,
The bell they all rang for sorrow;
Lord Donald has killed his wife to-day
And he's going to be hung to-morrow. (*twice*)

This is one of the great classics of the traditional ballad repertory and was found in Newfoundland in a truly amazing state of preservation. The tune is especially attractive with its *Greensleeves*-like third phrase. The ballad was very popular in Elizabethan times, and stanzas from it appear in various plays of the period. One of Fletcher's plays, for example, *Monsieur Thomas*, contains two stanzas very similar to verses 12 and 13 of this Newfoundland variant. The double negative in the fourth line of *B* is typical of songs and ballads coming from the Elizabethan and pre-Elizabethan eras.

B

(*Lord Daniel*)

PEA 123 No. 877
Mrs. Wallace Kinslow
Isle aux Morts, June, 1959

Moderate

A lit-tle clothes boy was stan- ding near, He heard all what was

said, "I must go and tell my mas-ter," he said, "And I'll

make not no de - lay, And I'll make not no de - lay."

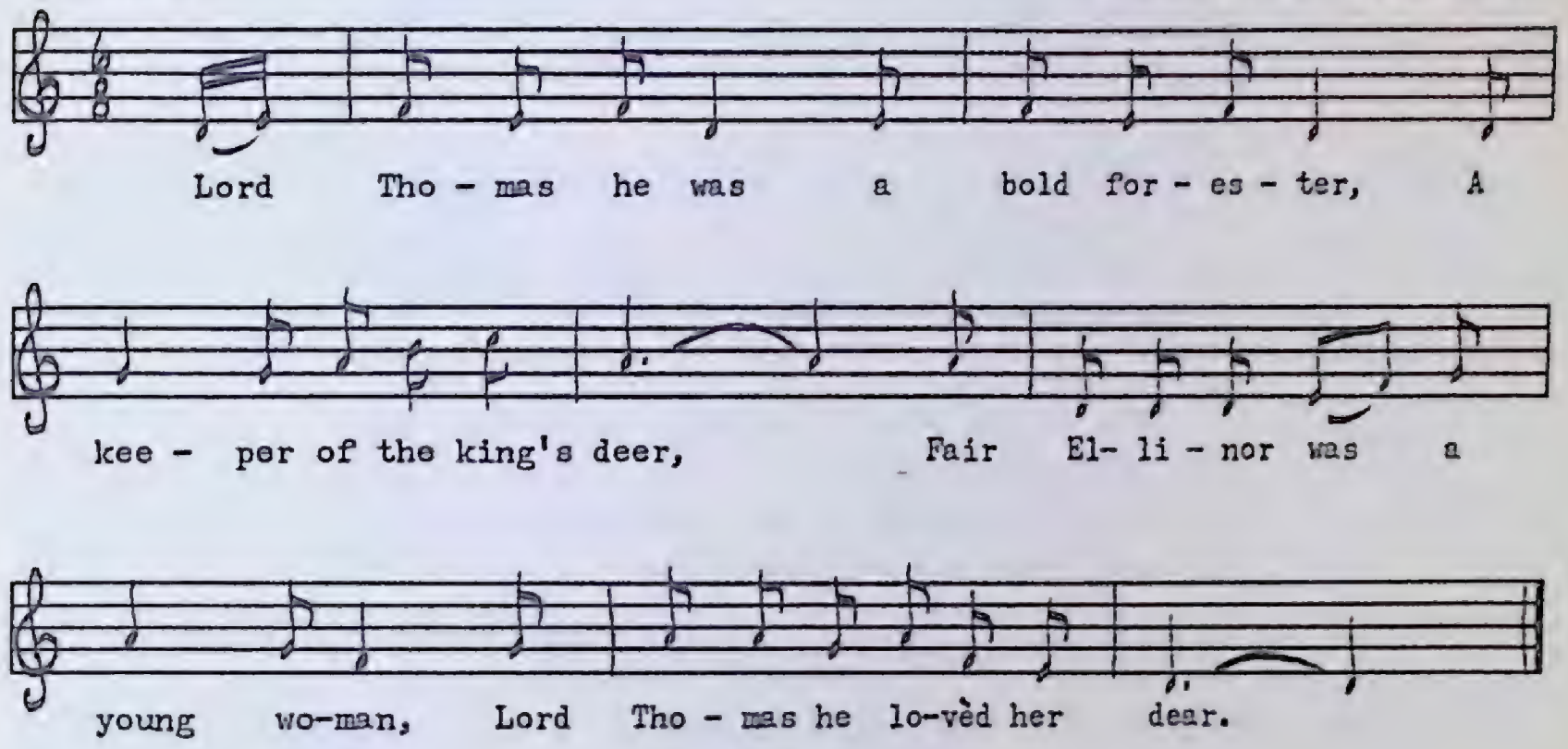
Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor

(Child 73)

A

PEA 152 No. 992
James Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1959

Moderate



1. Lord Thomas he was a bold forester,
   A keeper of the king's deer,
   Fair Ellinor was a young woman,
   Lord Thomas he lovèd her dear.

2. "Oh riddle it over, dear mother," he said,
   "Oh riddle it over to me
   Whether I must wed with fair Ellinor
   Or with the brown girl be."

3. "The brown girl she's got houses and land,
   Fair Ellinor she has got none,
   And therefore I charge you with my blessing
   To bring the brown girl home."

4. Lord Thomas he went to fair Ellinor's court,
   He dingled at the ring,
   And who came down down but fair Ellinor herself
   To let Lord Thomas in.

5. "What news, what news, Lord Thomas," she said,
   "What news have you brought for me?"
   "I've come to bid you to my wedding,
   And I think it's bad news for thee."

6. "Oh God forbid, Lord Thomas," she said,
"That any such thing should be done,
I thought to be your bride myself,
And thee to be my bridegroom."

7. "Oh riddle it over, dear mother," she said,
"Oh riddle it over to me
Whether I must go to Lord Thomas's wedding
Or tarry at home with thee."

8. "Oh some will be your friends, daughter,
And thousands be your foe,
And therefore I charge you with my blessing
To Lord Thomas's wedding don't go."

9. "If some would be my friends, mother,
Or thousands be my foe,
To be tied to my life or be tied to my death
To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go."

10. She dressed herself in richest attire,
Her mantle being all in green,
And every town that she rode through
They took her to be a queen.

11. She rode till she came to Lord Thomas's court,
She dingled at the ring,
And who should come out but Lord Thomas himself
To let fair Ellinor in.

12. He took her by the lily-white hand,
He led her through the hall,
He placed her in the noblest chair
Amongst the company all.

13. "Is this your bride, Lord Thomas," she said,
"That looks most wonderful brown?
And you might have had so fair a woman
As ever trod English ground."

14. "Despise her not," Lord Thomas he said,
"Despise her not unto me,
For better I like your little finger
Than I do her whole body."

15. The brown girl took out her wee pen-knife
That was both long and sharp,
Between the small ribs and the long
She pierced fair Ellinor's heart.

16. "Oh what is the matter?" Lord Thomas he said,
"You look so pale and wan,
And you used to have so fresh a color
As ever the sun shone on."

17. She said, "Lord Thomas, are you blind,
Or can't you very well see?
And don't you see my own heart's blood
Come running down over my knee?"

18. "Oh dig me a grave, dear mother," he said,
"Dig it long, wide, and deep,
And place fair Ellinor by my side
And the brown girl at my feet."

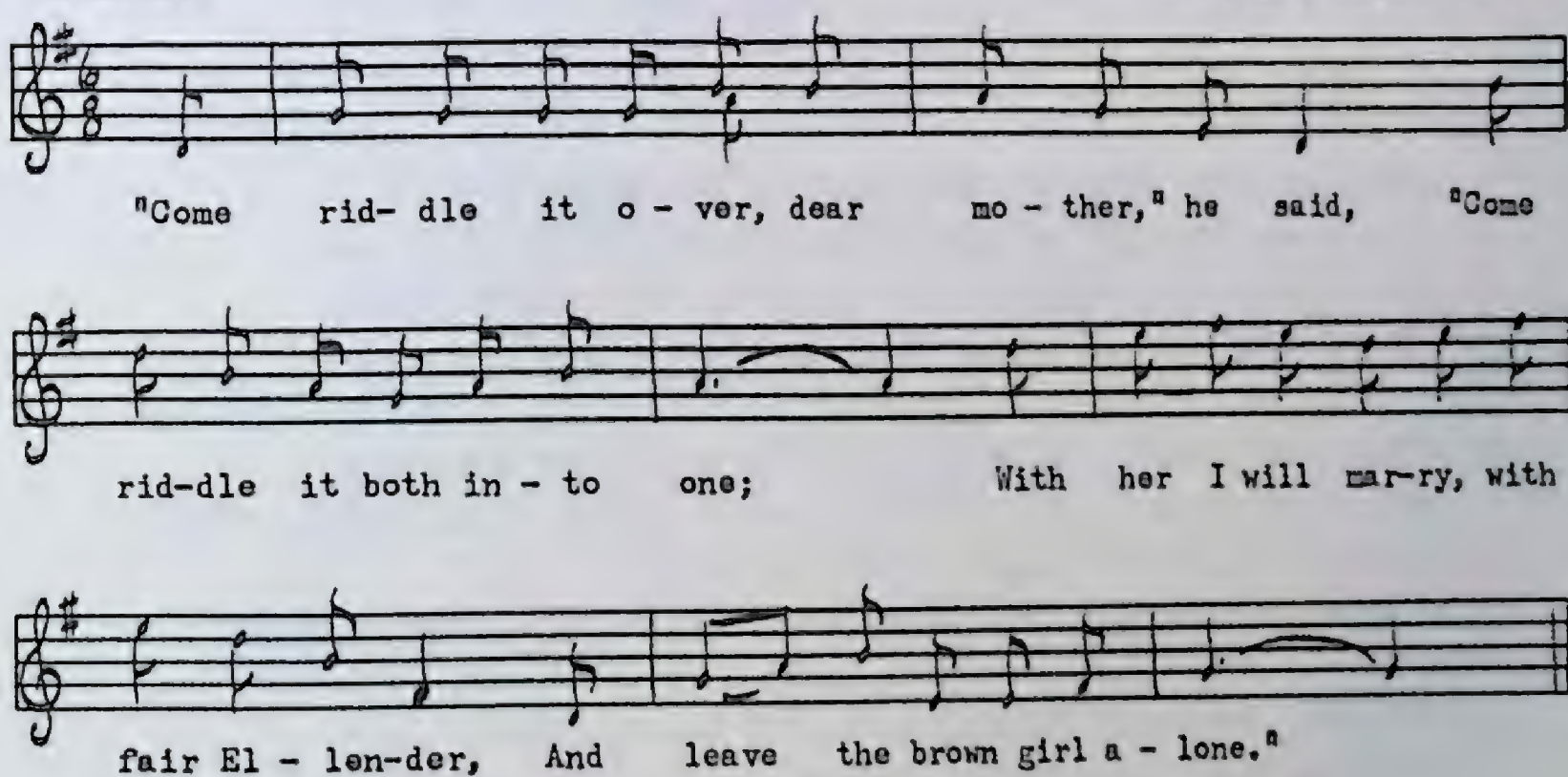
19. Lord Thomas cut off the brown girl's head,
He hove it against the wall,
He took a sword and he killed himself,
And that put an end to them all.

Though very similar in style to *Lord Donald,* this ballad has not the convincing characterization of the former. Still, the story carries well when sung to either of the quite dissimilar tunes. This particular text is the English version of the Scottish *Lord Thomas and Fair Annet* and was a broadside during the reign of Charles II. Similar ballads have been noted by collectors in Norway.

B

PEA 114 No. 840
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

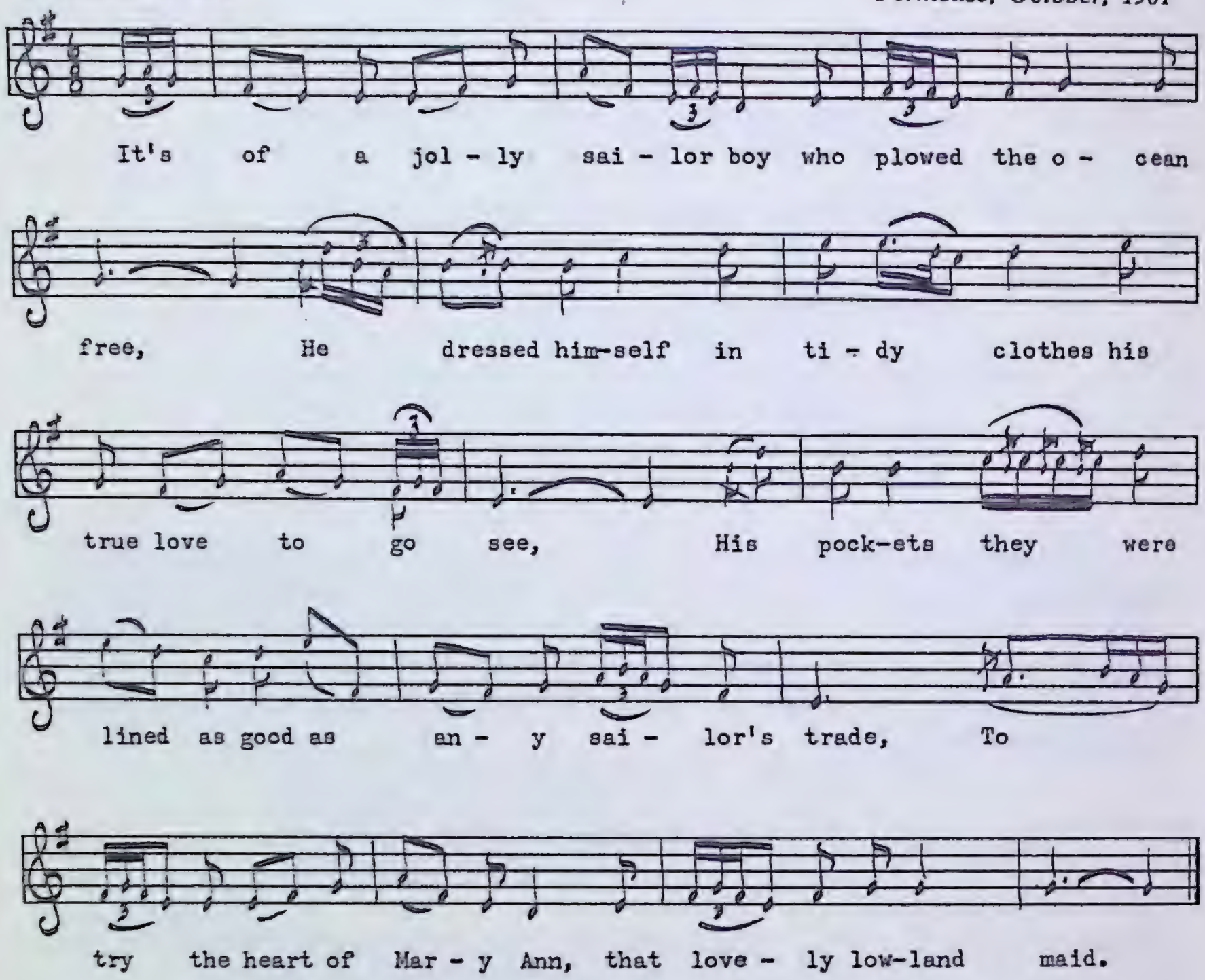
Moderate



The Lovely Lowland Maid

PEA 206 No. 1182
Patrick Rossiter
Fermeuse, October, 1961

Moderately slow



1. It's of a jolly sailor boy who plowed the ocean free,
   He dressed himself in tidy clothes his true love to go see,
   His pockets they were lined as good as any sailor's trade,
   To try the heart of Mary Ann, that lovely lowland maid.

2. "Good morning to you Mary Ann, I'm glad I met with you,
   Have you forgot your old true love or changed the old for new?
   What is your inclination?—come tell to me I pray."
   "Begone from me," cried Mary Ann, that lovely lowland maid.

3. As Mary Ann one evening sat in her cottage door
   She frowned on her sailor because he looked so poor.
   "Oh what is your intention?—come tell to me I pray."
   "I pray begone," cried Mary Ann, that lovely lowland maid.

4. At those feeling words the lady spoke the sailor cried, "Behold!"
When from his pants pocket hauled out a purse of gold.
"Excuse me now," cried Mary Ann, "excuse me what I said,
You're welcome to my cottage and the lovely lowland maid."

5. "Begone deceitful Mary Ann, your way it is well paid,
Sure I can stay till morning in some lonely barn or shed,
Sure I can stay till morning in some lonely barn or shed."
And he wandered to a stable from that lovely lowland maid.

6. 'Twas at the hour of twelve o'clock false Mary Ann did say
Unto another suitor, "We will have him betrayed."
'Twas with their dark glances and daggers in their hand
They crossed that briny meadow till they reached that battle stand.
And when they reached the stable wherein the sailor lay,
"Oh slay him in his slumber!" cried the lovely lowland maid.

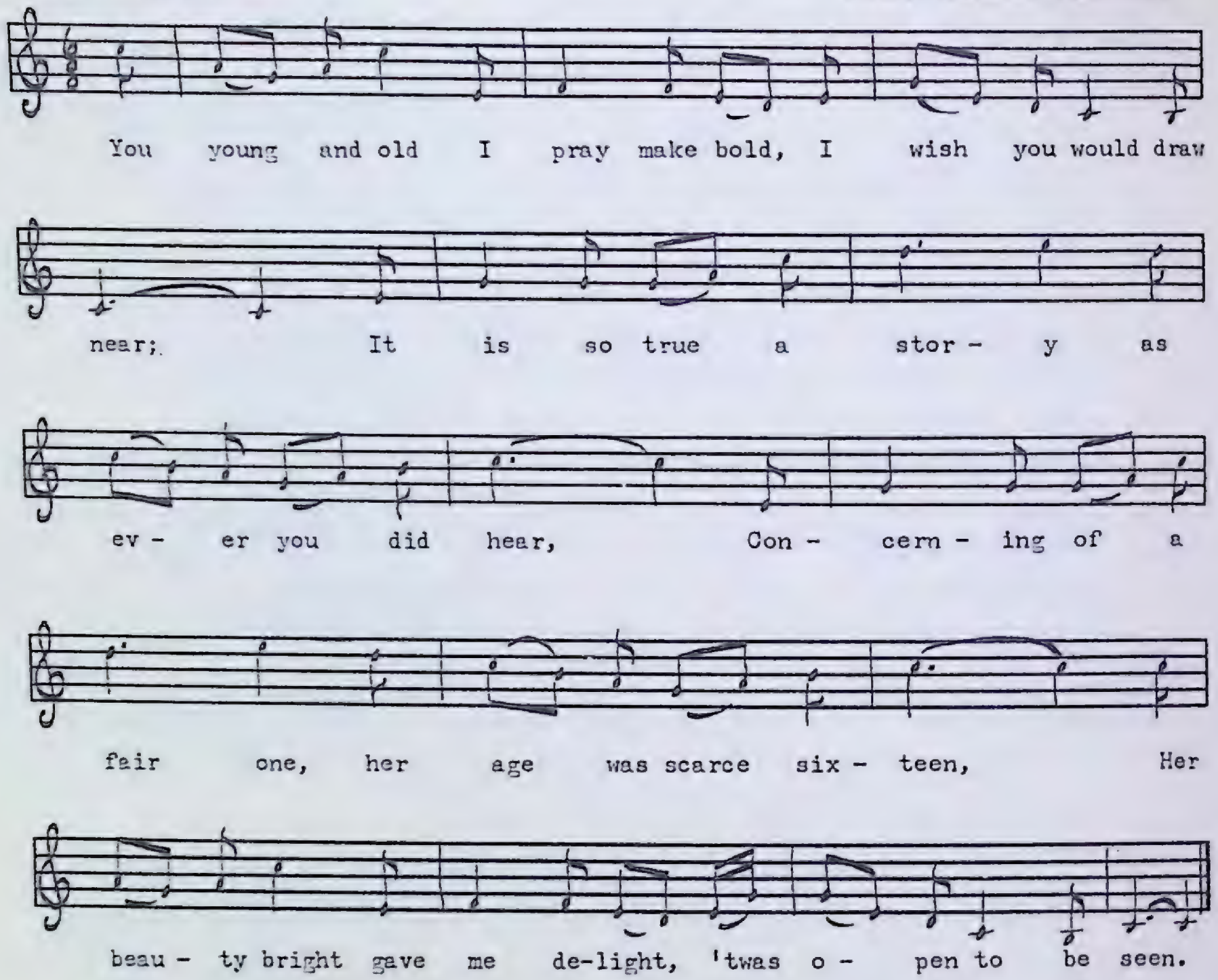
7. They plunged their fatal daggers within the sailor's breast,
They robbed him of his glittering gold and laid him there to rest.
A keeper he being watching all from the wood he strayed,
He swore against that villyan and the lovely lowland maid.

8. This villyan he was taken, those words I heard him say:
"I would not have killed the sailor, only for being persuade."
They both looked at each other upon their trial day,
This villyan was condemned to die with the lovely lowland maid.

The Murder of Ann O'Brien

PEA 75 No. 671
Mrs. Thomas Walters
Rocky Harbour, July, 1958

Moderately fast



1. You young and old I pray make bold, I wish you would draw near;
   It is so true a story as ever you did hear,
   Concerning of a fair one, her age was scarce sixteen,
   Her beauty bright gave me delight, 'twas open to be seen.

2. I courted her in private, I courted her a while,
   I courted her both day and night till I got her with child,
   And how to take her precious life, I act a scheme was wild.
   I said, "Dear Ann if you'll consent, to Lumsford town we'll go,
   It's there we will get married, I'm sure no one will know."

3. 'Twas late that night we both set out to cross the country,
   'Twould bring the tears down from your eyes what Ann had said to me.
   And when we got about mid way, I made her this reply,
   Saying, "Ann, you'll go no further, it's here you've got to die."

4. "Oh Jim, think on your infant young and don't give me a fright,
And don't commit any murder this dark and stormy night;
I'll pray to God, here on my knees, if you'll spare me my life,
I'll never come here to trouble you nor ask to be your wife."

5. For all of her crying it was in vain for I struck her full sore,
With a heavy-loaded weapon I laid her in her gore,
Her blood and brains did stain the ground, her groans would
pierce your heart,
And when I had her murdered, 'twas from her I did part.

6. She being alive next morning, just by the dawn of day,
When a shepherd's only daughter, by chance, did come that way;
She saw her in her bleeding gore and went to her relief;
She told her of the guilty one and sent for the police.

7. The doctors and policemen were all sent for and jurymen likewise,
They all got information and walked out in disguise;
So quickly they surrounded me and soon were on my trail,
A prisoner I was taken and lodged in Lumsford jail.

8. It's here I lies in prison until my trial-day,
The judge have passed my sentence that I should die to-day
For murdering of young Ann O'Brien, the country girls go see,
On the eighteenth day of April, I'll swing on the gallows-tree.

9. Come all young men and maidens, a warning take by me,
Don't never murder your own true love, you'll die a death like me,
You'll die a public scandal all on the gallows-tree.

The second line of verse 5, missing in this version, was taken from another variant by Mrs. Freeman Bennett of St. Paul's. Mrs. Bennett's last verse is quite different and worth reproducing:

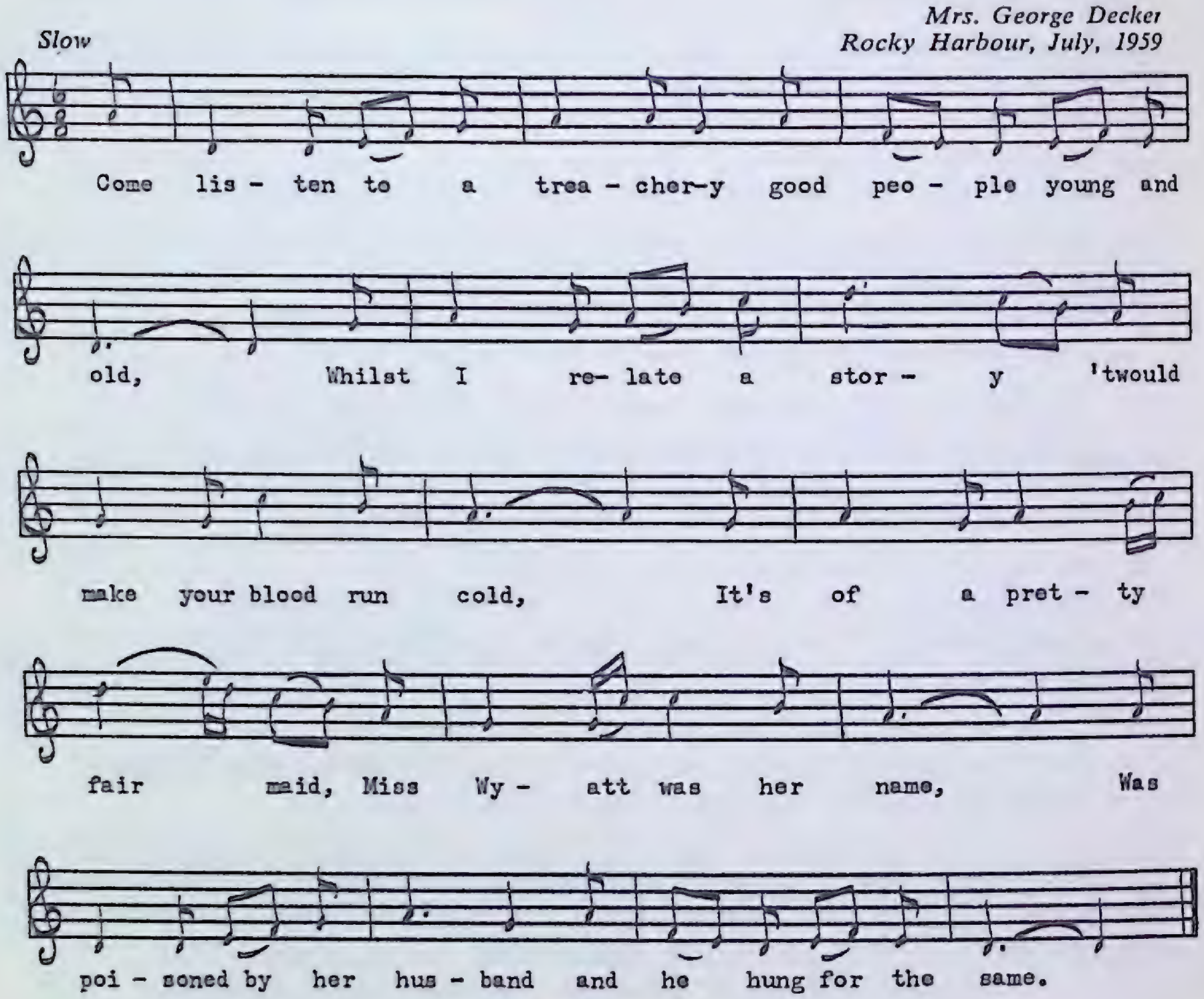
My name is James MacDonald, from life I now must part,
For murdering of young Ann O'Brien I'm sorry to the heart;
I hope the Lord will pardon me all on the Judgement Day,
And when I'm on the gallows, good Christians for me pray.

Mrs. Bennett sang another murder song called *Daniel Sullivan* whose girl friend back home is also called Ann O'Brien. Daniel is in a Liverpool jail. The text is badly mixed up and is not included in this collection. Helen Hartness Flanders collected a short variant of *The Murder of Ann O'Brien* from an Elmer George of East Calais and included it in her *Country Songs of Vermont* (Schirmer's American Folk Song Series, Set. 19). The ballad is called *James MacDonald* in Vermont.

The Murder of Miss Wyatt

A

PEA 147 No. 975
Mrs. George Decker
Rocky Harbour, July, 1959



1. Come listen to a treachery good people young and old,
   Whilst I relate a story 'twould make your blood run cold,
   It's of a pretty fair maid, Miss Wyatt was her name,
   Was poisoned by her husband and he hung for the same.

2. Miss Wyatt she being beautiful but not of a high degree,
   Young Henry Green being wealthy as plain as you may see,
   He said, "My pretty fair maid, if you'll become my wife
   I will guard you as a parent throughout this course of life."

3. "To become your wife, dear Henry, you have got my consent,
   Before we are long married I'm afraid you will repent,
   Before we are long married you will think me a disgrace,
   For I'm not so rich as you are, that ofttimes being the case."

4. They scarce being three weeks married Miss Wyatt she took ill,
Three doctors they were sent for to try their noble skill,
Three doctors they were sent for her precious life to save,
And soon it was pronounced by all she must go to her grave.

5. Her brother hearing of that news straightway to her did go,
Saying, "Sister dear, you are dying, the doctors tell me so,
Saying, "Sister dear, you are dying, your life is to an end,
Why have you been poisoned by one you thought a friend?"

6. Young Henry Green was sent for, his dying wife to see,
Saying, "Mary, lovely Mary, have you been deceived by me?"
Three times she called out "Henry!"—and fell back in a swoon.
He gazed on her indifferently, in silence leaved the room.

7. "Young Henry Green has poisoned me, now my poor heart is broke,
And brother, when I'm dead and gone don't have my Henry hung,
So freely I do forgive him," as she turned upon her side,
"I never will meet my Henry,"—she sweetly smiled and died.

B

PEA 10 No. 67
Howard Morry
Ferryland, July, 1951

1. Come all ye people, young and old and ye will understand
About the dreadful murder committed in our land,
Miss Wyatt I'm told was handsome but of a low degree,
Young Henry Blair was wealthy, so wealthy as could be.

2. He came into her dwelling place and unto her did say:
"What time will we be married?—I pray you name the day."
"Oh Henry, dearest Henry, such a thing I couldn't do
For your proud relations, I'm not as rich as you."

3. "Oh Mary, dearest Mary, when we're married hand in hand
All my land and all my riches they will be at your command."
"But when your parents find it out they'll turn us from their door,
I'd sooner you get some other young girl with gold laid up in store."

4. "Oh Mary, dearest Mary, do not torment me so,
I swear by all that's sacred that forever I'll prove true."
But little did she ever think or did she ever expect
That he would shortly take her life he had sworn to protect.

5. They had scarce been three weeks married when this fair one was taken ill,
The doctors they were sent for to try their utmost skill;
They tried their best in every way her poor life for to save,
It was certified by all doctors that she'd go down in the grave.

6. Her brother heard all of it straight way to her did go,
Said: "Sister are you dying, pray tell me is it so?
Is there anyone who has murdered you, who once you thought your friend?
Do not deny before you die, do not the guilty defend."

7. "As I am on my death bed and knowing I must die
I know I'll have to face my God the same I'll never deny,
Young Henry Blair has poisoned me who once I thought my friend;
But still I like him just the same, come quickly for him send."

8. Young Henry he was summoned his dying wife to see.
Three times she said: "Dear Henry, were you ever deceived by me?"
Three times she said: "Dear Henry," and sank into death's swoon.
He gazed on her with tearful eyes and in silence left the room.

9. An inquest on the body was held according to the laws,
'Twas certified by all doctors that poison was the cause.
Young Henry he was taken and brought up to the jail
For to await his day trial, the court would take no bail.

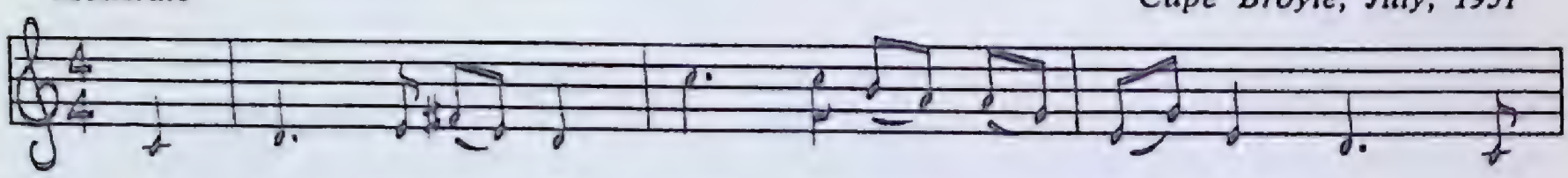
10. And when his day of trial came up he was brought up to the stand
To answer for the blackest crime committed in our land;
Three times he pleaded innocent, he did his guilt deny,
He was taken by Judge Parker and condemned for to die.

The events described in this American murder ballad took place in February of 1845 in a town called Berlin in New York State. Mary Wyatt was an actress who travelled about with a small troupe playing 'temperance dramers' in New England. During their stay in Berlin, Henry Green fell for the pretty Miss Wyatt and even joined the company for a time just to be with her. At the time, however, he was unofficially betrothed to a local belle named Alinza Godfrey, who became furiously jealous of her rival. At the wedding party she and Henry had some sort of quarrel, and whatever was said apparently had a bearing on his decision to get rid of his bride, Mary. As luck would have it, Mary developed a cold at the wedding party (during the sleigh ride) and this offered the perfect opportunity for Henry to give her some 'medicine.' She died a week later of arsenic poisoning (not three weeks as in the ballad). These two variants would appear to come from different sources. Verse 6, missing from Mrs. Decker's version, is taken from a similar variant sung by Everett Bennett of St. Paul's.

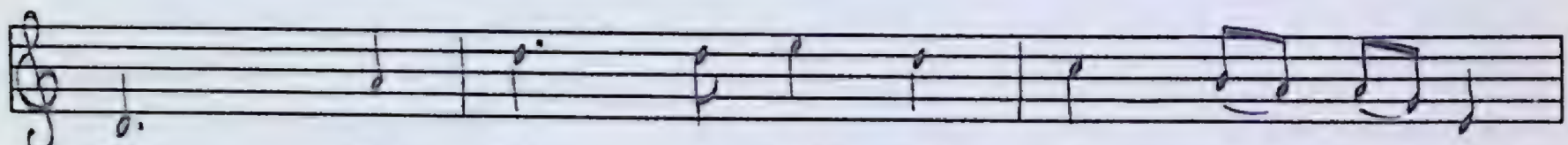
The Old Oak Tree

PEA 4 No. 24
Mike Kent
Cape Broyle, July, 1951

Moderate

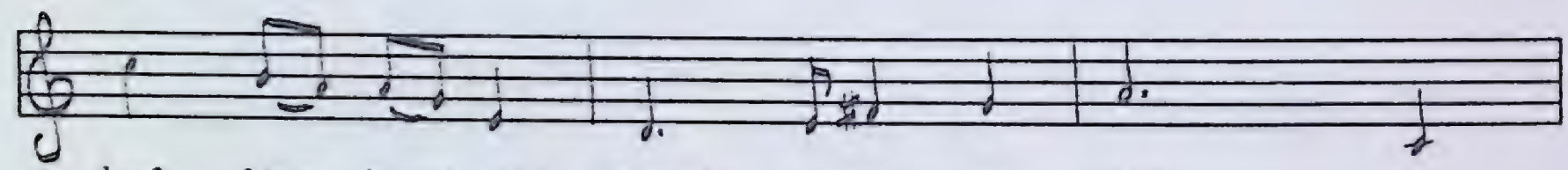


Dark was the night, cold blew the wind, and fast came down the

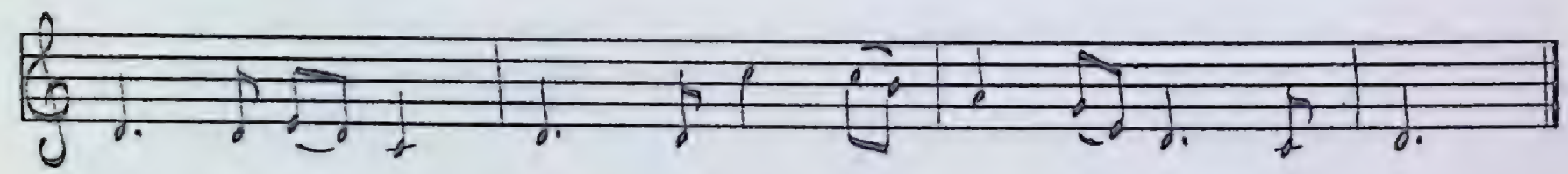


rain, When Bet - sy left her own true home ne'er

to re-turn a - gain; She left her fa - ther's



dwel - ling house, she feared no wet or cold, For



she was young and fond of fun, 'twas love that made her bold.

1. Dark was the night, cold blew the wind, and fast came down the rain,
   When Betsy left her own true home ne'er to return again;
   She left her father's dwelling house, she feared no wet or cold,
   For she was young and fond of fun, 'twas love that made her bold.

2. At ten o'clock that very night beneath the old oak tree,
   She promised James her own true love that with him she would be;
   She did not fear the drenching rain, the tempest's threatening pour,
   She threw her cloak around her neck and walked quickly from the door.

3. The night passed on and morning rose and Betsy came not home,
   It grieved her parents more and more to know where she was gone.
   Her mother arose, put on her clothes, and cried in actions wild:
   "This country I will travel through to find my darling child."

4. For three long weary weeks she spent in searching this country 'round,
At length it proved to no avail for Betsy was not found;
And for to reach her lonely home so saddened with her trial,
And pressed with grief she then knelt down and broken-hearted died.

5. It was three weeks later the owner of this ground,
When Squire McCallion he went out to search with all his hounds;
O'er hills, down dales they quickly rode with gallant company,
At length by chance they spied a fox down by the old oak tree.

6. The hounds began to sniff and snort and then to tear the clay,
'Twas more than all those whips could do to drive those hounds away.
The gentlemen then all gathered 'round and called for pick and spade;
They dug the ground and there they found that murdered missing maid.

7. The grave did show its horrid works, that was a shocking sight
To see the worms eat through her eyes that once was shining bright;
And in her side a knife was found to my sad grief and shame,
And on the knife this gentleman read Squire McCallion's name.

8. "I done the deed," McCallion cried, "my soul is food for hell,
Oh hide that cold corpse from my eyes and I the truth will tell;
It's true I've loved young Betsy the same as I did my life,
A thousand times I've told her that I'd make her my wife.

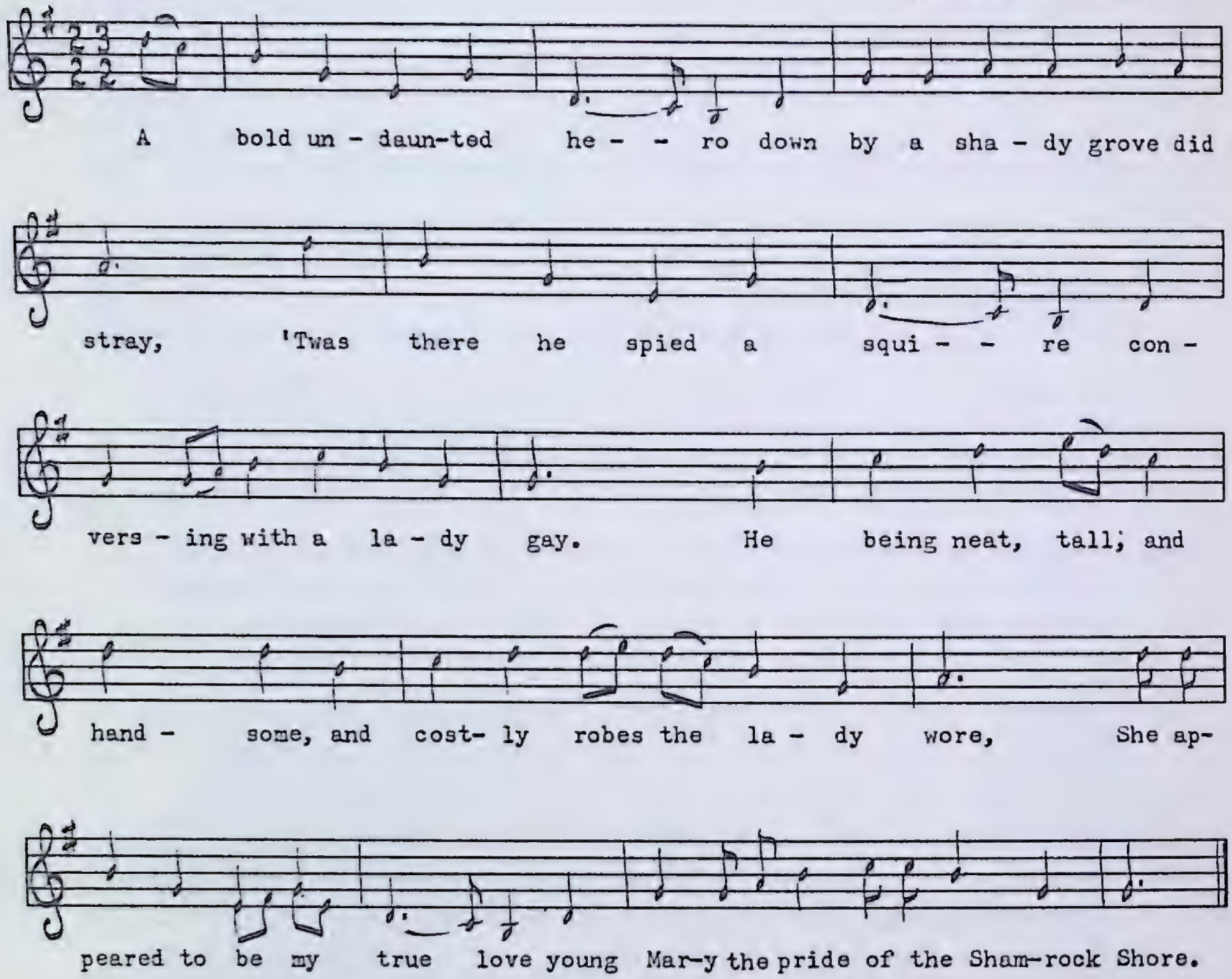
9. "And as she pleaded on her knees these words were said to me,
The devil whispered, 'take her life and then you will go free';
The knife I cut my dinner with I plunged it through her breast,
'Twas with my staff I knocked her down, I need not tell the rest.

10. "And from that dreadful hour to this she appears before my eyes,
I think I sees her bleeding ghost and hears her dying cries."
He drew a pistol from his belt and he fired it through his breast;
Right where he fell they buried him no Christian grave had he,
For none was found to bless the ground down by the old oak tree.

This murder ballad originally came from Ireland where it was once published as a broadside. A similar ballad may be found in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, I, 186–7. Greenleaf and Mansfield collected it previously in Newfoundland as *Squire Nathaniel and Betsy*.

The Pride of the Shamrock Shore

PEA 202 No. 1176
Peter Ryan
Aquaforte, October, 1961



1. A bold undaunted hero down by a shady grove did stray,
   'Twas there he spied a squire conversing with a lady gay.
   He being neat, tall, and handsome, and costly robes the lady wore,
   She appeared to be my true love, young Mary the pride of the Shamrock Shore.

2. I boldly stepped up to her and this to her I then did say:
   "I think I'm quite forgotten since I have been so long away,
   But if you will prove constant and try to change your love once more
   I vow I never would be parted from Mary the pride of the Shamrock Shore."

3. "Young man oh stop your fretting, for really I don't know what you mean,
   For the squire is my true love and I am his precious queen;
   But once I had a sweetheart and now, alas, he is no more,
   Young man do not insult us," said Mary the pride of the Shamrock Shore.

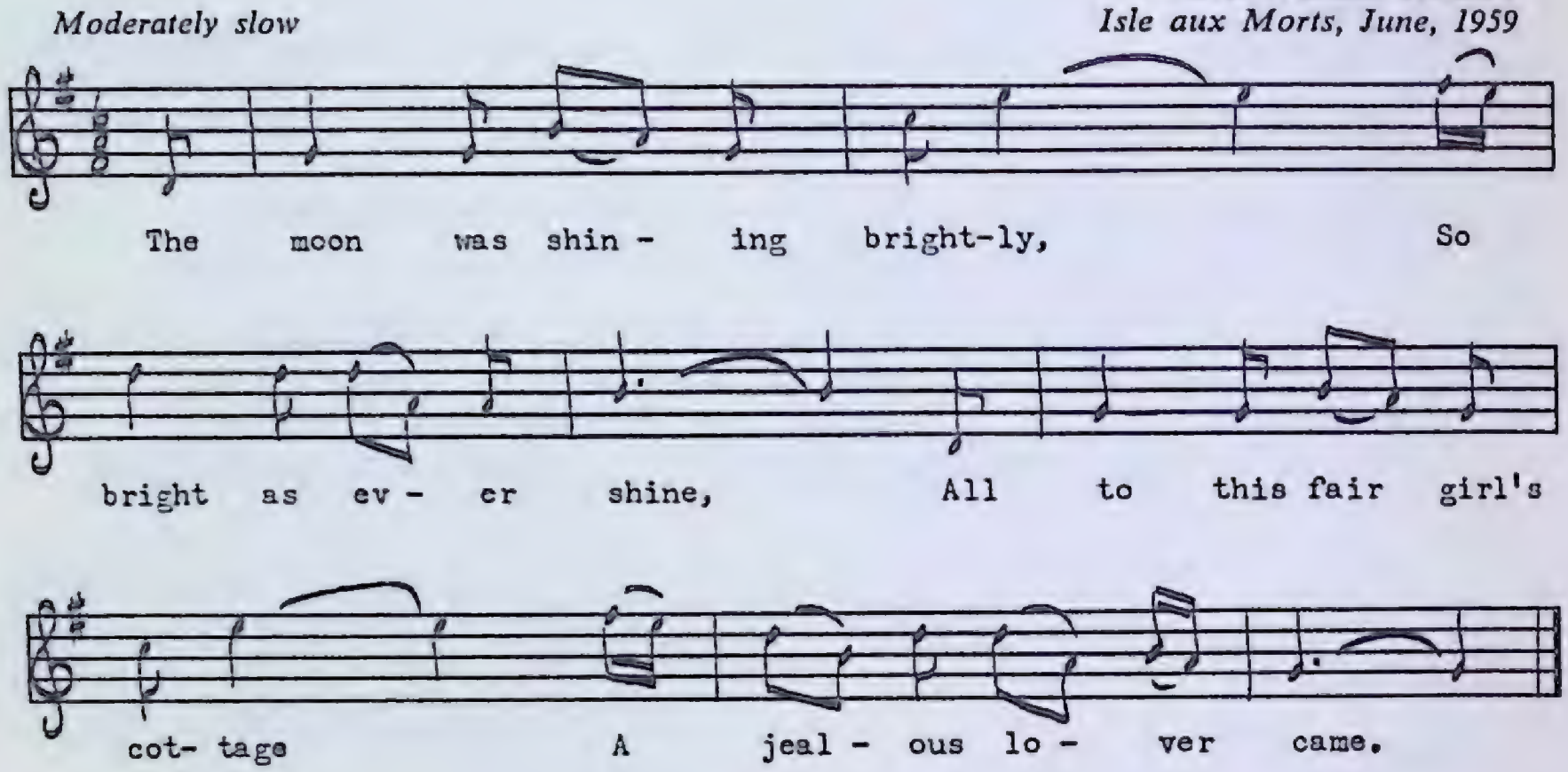
4. The squire raged with anger saying, "I have powder if your skill you'll try,
A brace of loaded pistols I carry on the lonesome way,
And if you say you love her it's instantly you are no more,
So let us fight for true love and Mary the pride of the Shamrock Shore."

5. 'Twas then the battle did commence and tears from Mary's eyes did flow.
Young Henry being so valiant the squire he fell with a deadly blow.
'Twas with the squire's weapon young Mary fired undauntedly;
She fired and killed her true love, so mortally she gave the wound.

6. 'Twas by one private token that instantly her love she knew,
She kissed his lips quite cold and over the plain distracted flew.
And there she lies in dark dungeon, young Mary lies forevermore,
With prison walls around her lies Mary the pride of the Shamrock Shore.

Sweet Florella

PEA 123 No. 875
Mrs. Wallace Kinslow
Isle aux Morts, June, 1959



1. The moon was shining brightly,
So bright as ever shine,
All to this fair girl's cottage
A jealous lover came.

2. Saying, "My sweet Florella
Will you take a walk with me
Down by the dark green river
To fix our wedding day?"

3. The walk being long and weary,
The night being coming on,
Said she, "I'm tired of walking,
I wish I could return."

4. "Oh no, my sweet Florella,
You never will return,
Through those dark woods I have brought you,
No one but you and me."

5. 'Twas on her knees she bended
Crying, "Spare me oh my life!"
And in her snowy-white bosom
He splunged the dreadful knife.

6. "Go home and tell my parents
That I am dying here,
And they may come and see me
And read one only prayer."

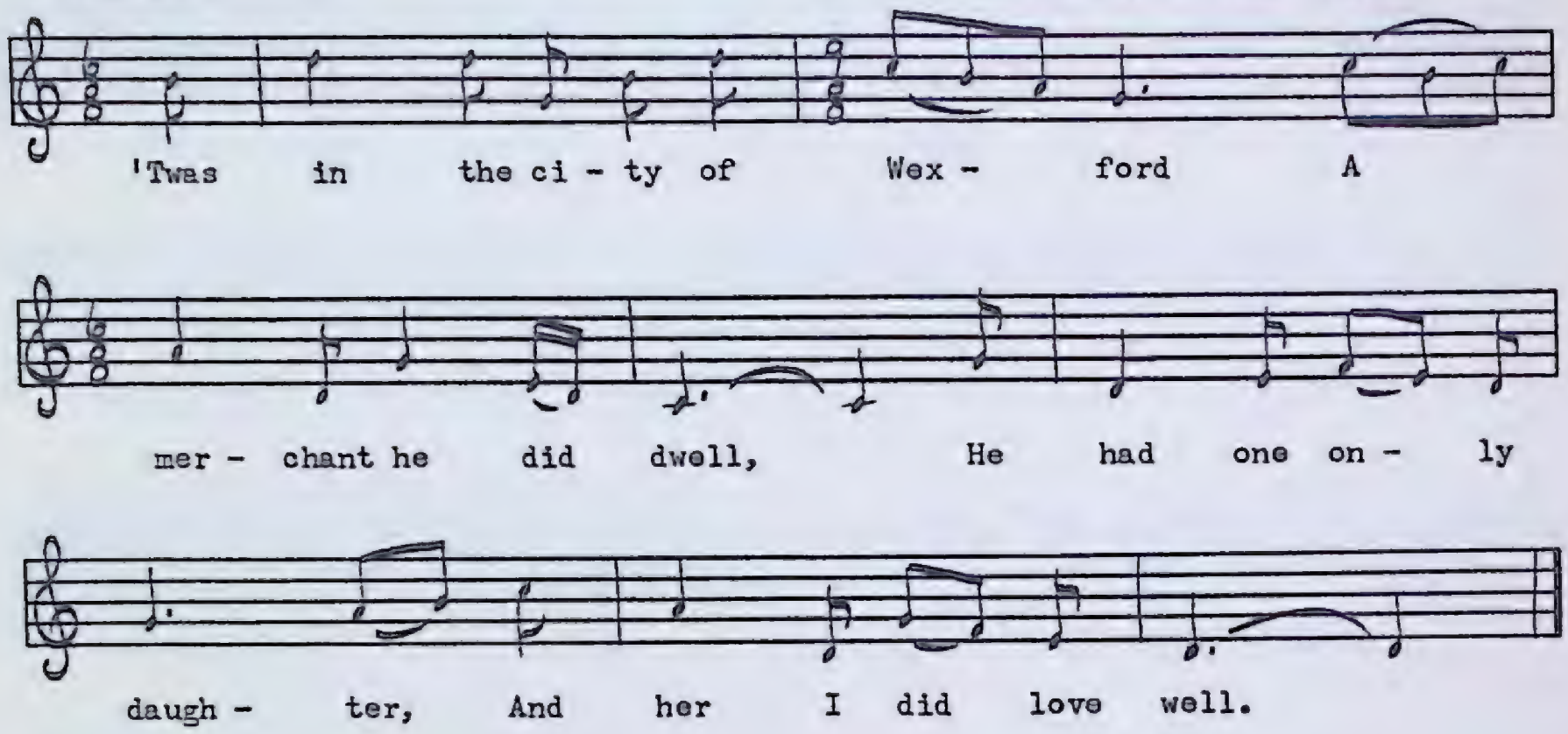
7. "Oh Jimmy I'll forgive you
If you'll spare me my life,
But since you showed no mercy
My eyes are closed in death."

This is an American ballad freely based on an English broadside and a sentimental English song by T. H. Bayly called *She Never Blamed Him,* written in the 1820's and widely popular during the American Civil War.

The Wexford Girl

A

PEA 115 No. 848
Arthur Nicolle
Rocky Harbour, August, 1958



1. 'Twas in the city of Wexford,
   A merchant he did dwell,
   He had one only daughter,
   And her I did love well.

2. She was neat, tall, and handsome,
   With a dark and a rolling eye;
   I promised I would marry her,
   And that I can't deny.

3. 'Twas going to her sister's house,
   At the hour of eight o'clock,
   It was his full intention,
   For to meet his heart's delight.

4. He says, "Come take a walk with me,
   For to view those meadows gay,
   That we might have a walk and a talk,
   And to appoint our wedding day."

5. They walked along both hand in hand,
   Till they came to level ground;
   He got a stake all from edge,
   And he knocked this fair maid down.

6. In rising on her bended knee,
   Oh for mercy she did say,
   "Oh Willie dear, don't murder me,
   For I'm not prepared to die."

7. He took her by the yellow locks
And he dashed her to the ground,
He throwed her into the river
That flows from Wexford Town.

8. "Lay there, lay there, you Wexford girl,
For you thought you would be mine;
I never intended to marry you,
And that I can't deny."

9. 'Twas going home that very same night
At the hour of twelve o'clock;
He woke his aged mother,
Got up all in a shock.

10. "Oh son, dear son, what have you done?
For the blood-stains on your clothes."
He silently made answer,
"It's a bleeding from the nose."

11. He asked her for a candle,
For to light himself to bed,
And all that night the Wexford girl
Come trembling 'round his head.

12. He twisted, turned, "No peace for you,
No peace for you," said she,
"For the gates of hell are wide open
All naked for to see."

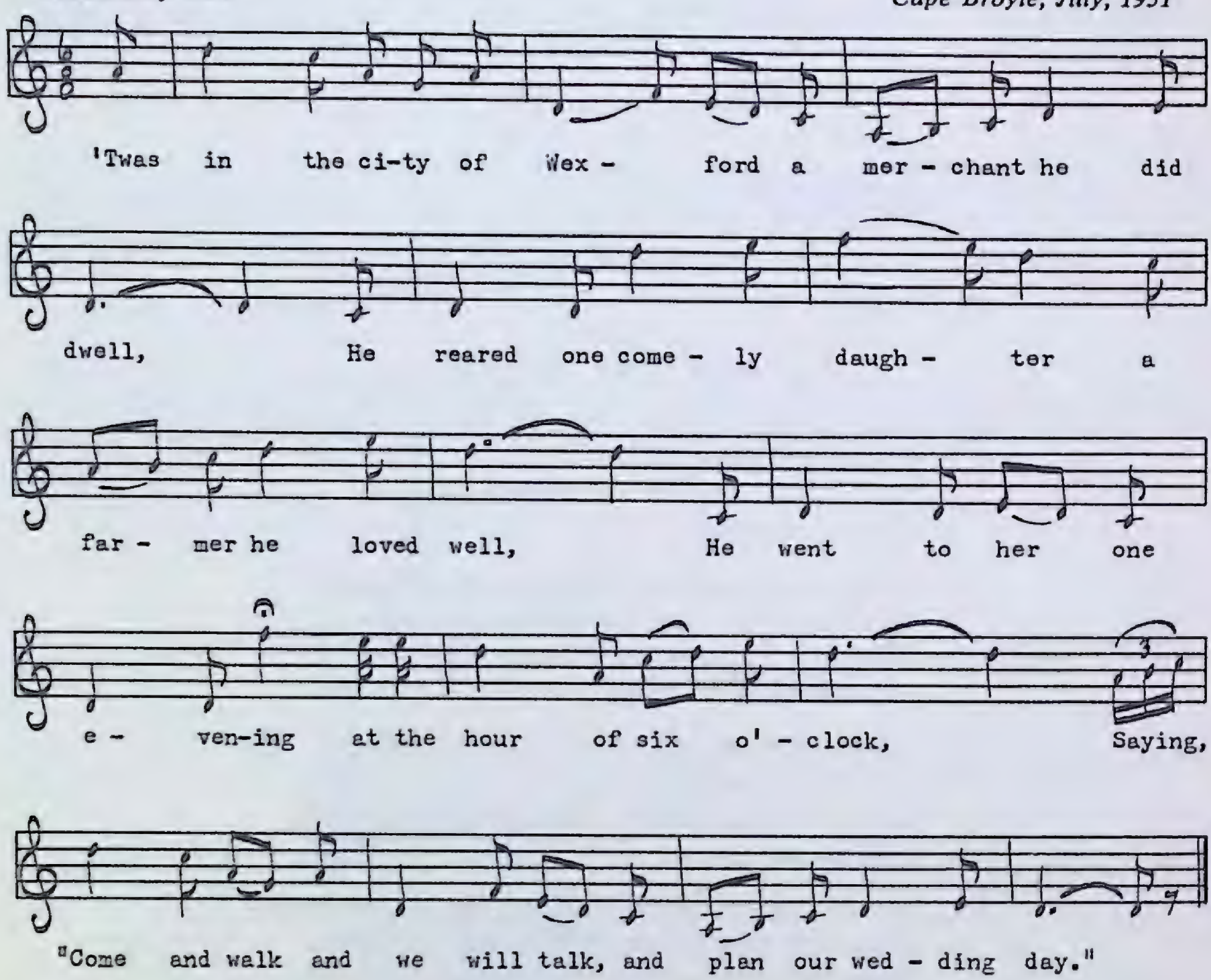
13. Come all you poor and country lads,
A warning take by me;
Don't never murder your own true love,
Makes no matter who she be.

14. But if you do you'll surely rue,
You will find yourself like me;
You will die a public scandal,
All on the gallows tree.

B

(Wexford City)

PEA 3 No. 21
Mike Kent
Cape Broyle, July, 1951



1. 'Twas in the city of Wexford a merchant he did dwell,
   He reared one comely daughter a farmer he loved well;
   He went to her one evening at the hour of six o'clock,
   Saying, "Come and walk and we will talk, and plan our wedding day."

2. They walked along together not thinking any harm,
   He took a stick all from the ground and beat his true love down.
   "Oh Willie, lovely Willie, oh Willie," she did cry,
   "Oh Willie dear, don't murder me, I'm not prepared to die."

3. He took her by her yellow locks and gently threw her down,
   And he threw her in the river that flows through Wexford town;
   Returning home that very night at the hour of twelve o'clock
   He saw his mother getting off all in a purple shawl.

4. "Oh son, dear son, what have you done? There's blood-stains on your clothes."
He quickly made an answer he bleeding from the nose,
He asked her for a candle to light himself to bed,
And all that night this Wexford girl was trembling over his head.

5. For twisting and for turning no peace nor rest could find,
The gates of hell were open, before his eyes did shine.

.....

.....

6. In less than three weeks after this Wexford girl was found
A-floating down the river that flows through Wexford town.
Then I was taken prisoner and into prison cast,
With no one dear to pity me or hear my mournful cries.

7. Come all ye young maidens and warning take by me,
Don't ever trust your first true love whoever he may be,
For if you do you'll surely rue to find yourself like me,
For to die a public scandal upon some gallows tree.

This murder ballad is probably the Irish version of *The Worcester Tragedy*. Other Irish variants give Waterford as the locale. See note on *The Worcester Tragedy*.

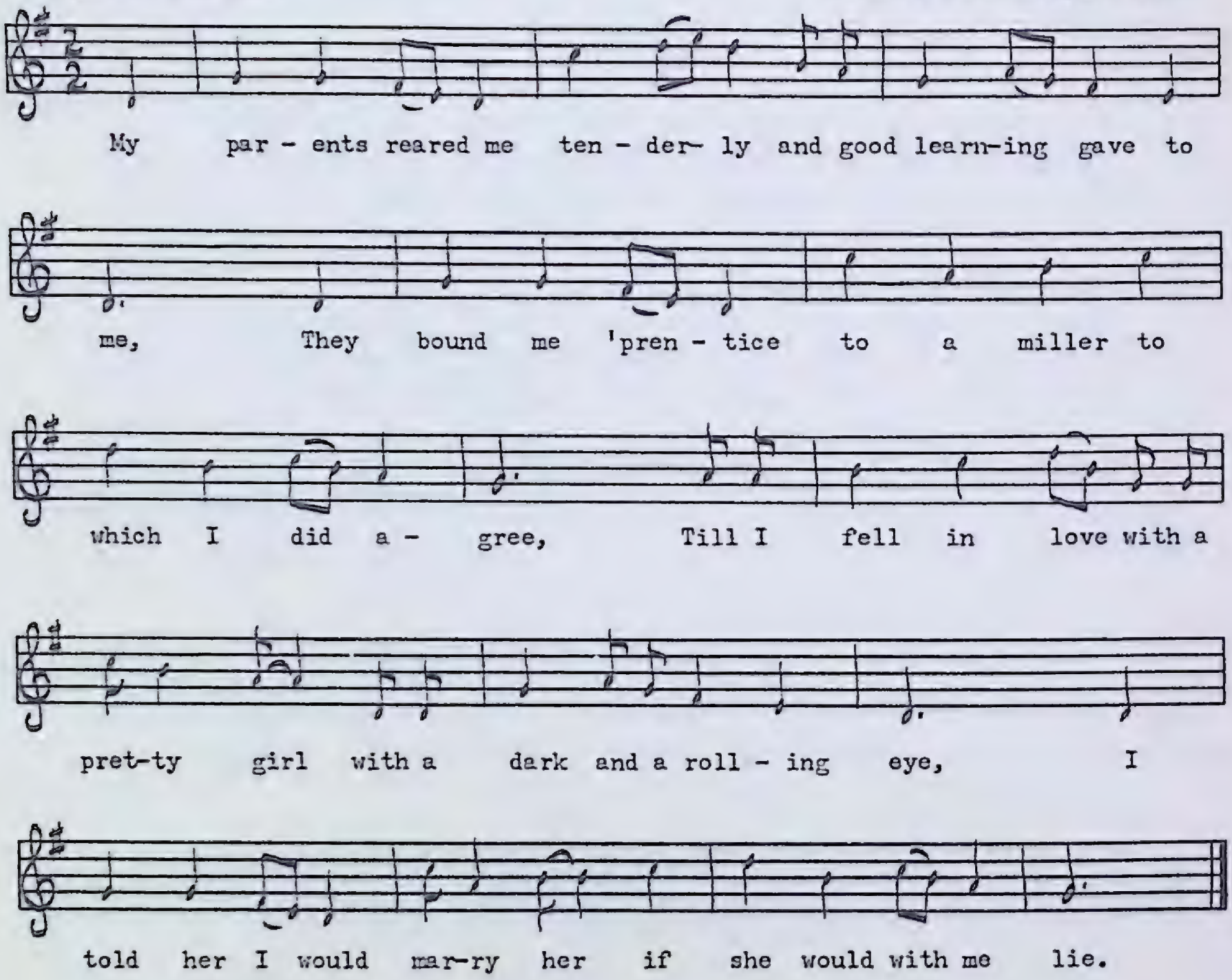
The Worcester Tragedy

(The Cruel Miller)

A

PEA 155 No. 1008
Mrs. Charlotte Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1959

Moderate, free time



1. My parents reared me tenderly and good learning gave to me,
   They bound me 'prentice to a miller to which I did agree,
   Till I fell in love with a pretty girl with a dark and a rolling eye,
   I told her I would marry her if she would with me lie.

2. I courted her for six long months, a little now and then,
   How shamed I was to marry her I was so young a man,
   Till at length this fair girl proved with child and unto me did cry,
   "Oh Jimmy dear come marry me, or else for you I'll die."

3. I rod' unto her sister's house about eight o'clock that night,
   But little did that poor girl think I owed her any spite.
   I askèd her to take a walk down in the meadows gay,
   And there we'd sit and talk a while and fix our wedding day.

4. In taking a stake of hewn ash I fell her to the ground,
And soon the blood of innocence came trinkling from her wounds.
Now with the blood of innocence my hands and clothes are dyed,
Instead of being a breathless corpse I wish she were my bride.

5. I rod' unto my master's house about twelve o'clock that night,
My master he arose and for me he struck a light.
He askèd me and he questioned me what stained my hands and clothes,
And this to him I answered ready, "It's the bleeding of my nose."

6. I callèd for a candle to light myself to bed,
And knowing at that same time my true love she lay dead.
And now with the blood of innocence my hands and clothes are dyed,
Instead of being a breathless corpse I wish she were my bride.

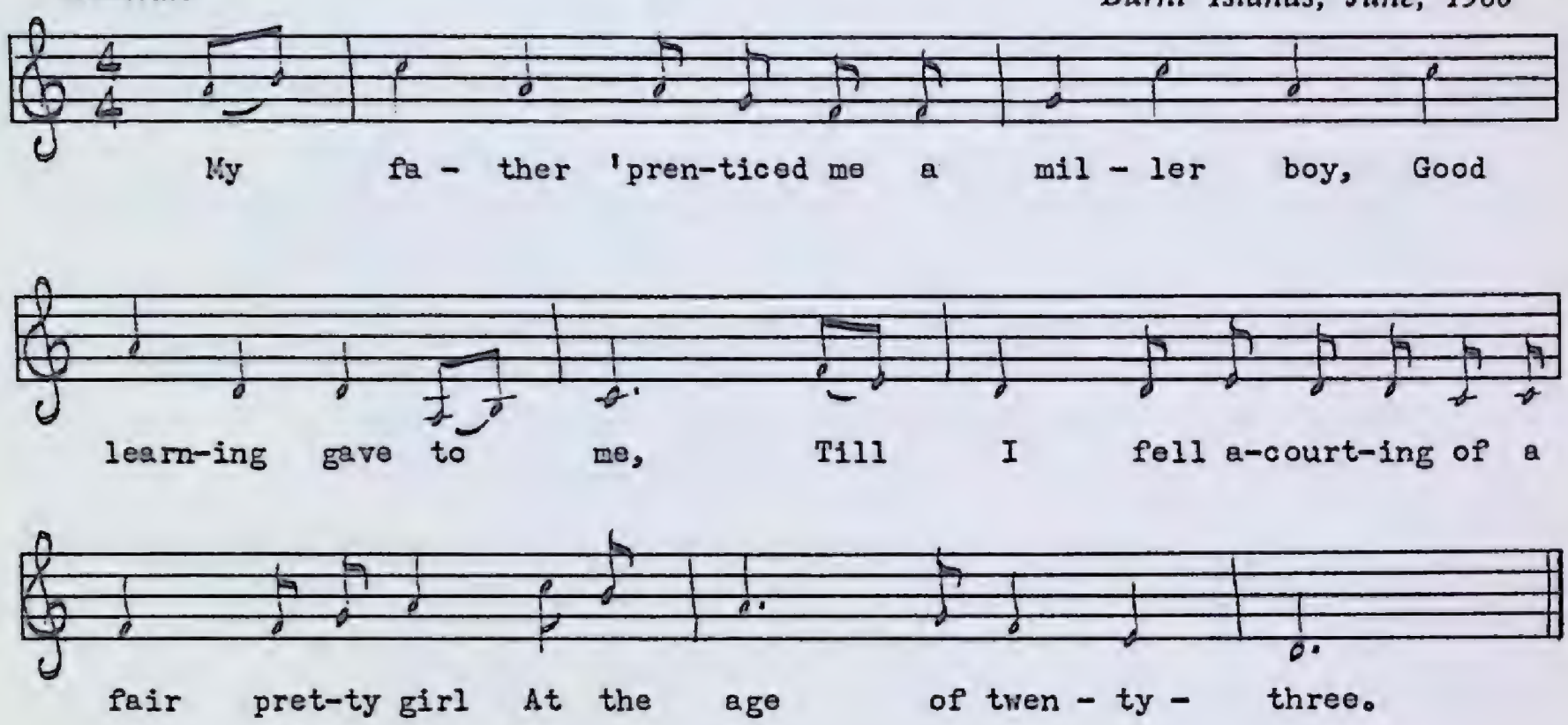
7. This cruelty is known by all, for this pretty girl was found
A-floating by her brother's door in fair Worcester town.
When I was taken prisoner both judge and jury agreed
For murdering of my own true love that hangèd I must be.

B

(The Miller Boy)

PEA 169 No. 1070
Jim Keeping
Burnt Islands, June, 1960

Moderate



1. My father 'prenticed me a miller boy,
   Good learning gave to me,
   Till I fell a-courting of a fair pretty girl
   At the age of twenty-three.

2. I courted her for several months,
   A little now and then,
   Till I felt ashamed for to marry her
   For I being so young a man.

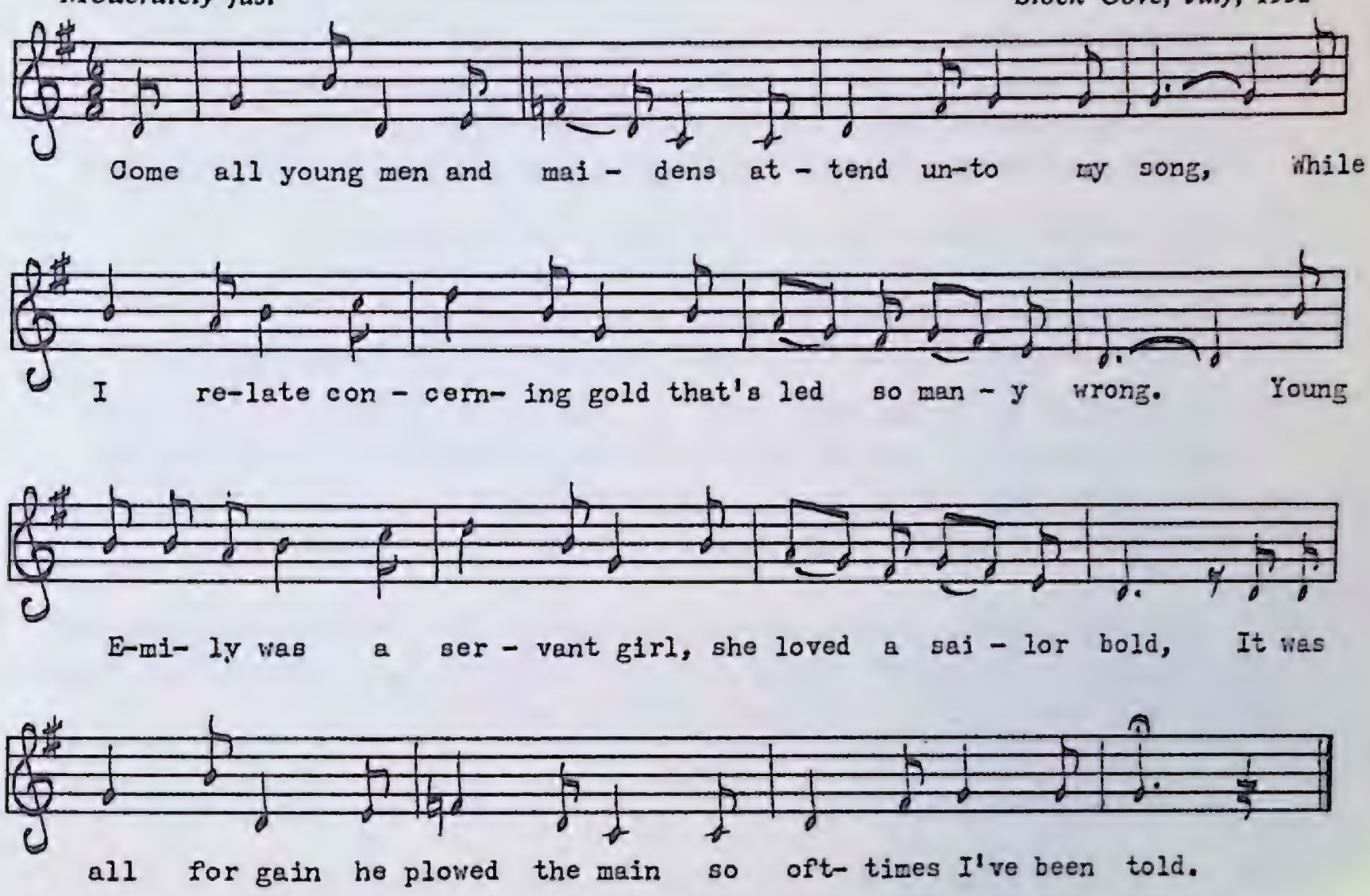
3. I said, "My dear, let's take a walk
   Down by some meadow gay,
   It's there we'll sit together
   And plan our wedding day."

For Irish variants of this murder ballad see *The Wexford Girl.* The *Worcester Tragedy* and *The Miller Boy* fragment appear to be based on an English broadside of about 1700 entitled *The Berkshire Tragedy;* or, *The Wittam Miller.* Variant *A* is much closer to the original than either of the Irish variants, which omit the young man's occupation and the reason for the murder ("by you I am with child"). Another possible source or influence is another English broadside describing a similar murder which took place in Reading in 1774.

Young Edmond of the Lowlands Low

MS 125

Mrs. Lucy Heaney
Stock Cove, July, 1952



1. Come all young men and maidens attend unto my song,
   While I relate concerning gold that's led so many wrong.
   Young Emily was a servant girl, she loved a sailor bold,
   It was all for gain he plowed the main so ofttimes I've been told.

2. It's been long years and better since Edmond was at home,
   Young Edmond came to Emily's house when she was all alone,
   Young Edmond came to Emily's house his gold all for to show,
   That he had gained upon the main above the lowlands low.

3. "My father keeps a public house down by the rolling main,
   You go there and enter in and there all night remain,
   I'll meet you in the morning, love, don't let my parents know
   That your name it is young Edmond that plowed the lowlands low."

4. Young Edmond he sat drinking till time to go to bed,
   'Twas little did he think or know that sorrow crowned his head.
   Said Emily's cruel father, "His gold will make a show,
   We'll send his body a-floating down in the lowlands low."

5. Young Edmond he soon went to bed and there fell fast asleep,
   When Emily's cruel father into the room did creep,
   He stabbed and dragged young Edmond down to the beach below,
   And sent his body sinking down in the lowlands low.

6. Young Emily in her bed-chamber she dreamt a restless dream,
She dreamt she saw her true-love's blood flowing in a stream.
She rose up in the morning, to her father's house did go,
Because she loved young Edmond who plowed the lowlands low.

7. "Oh father where is that stranger came here last night to dwell?"
"He's murdered," replied her father, "and you no tales must tell."
"Oh cruel-hearted father, you'll die a public show,
For the murdering of young Edmond who plowed the lowlands low."

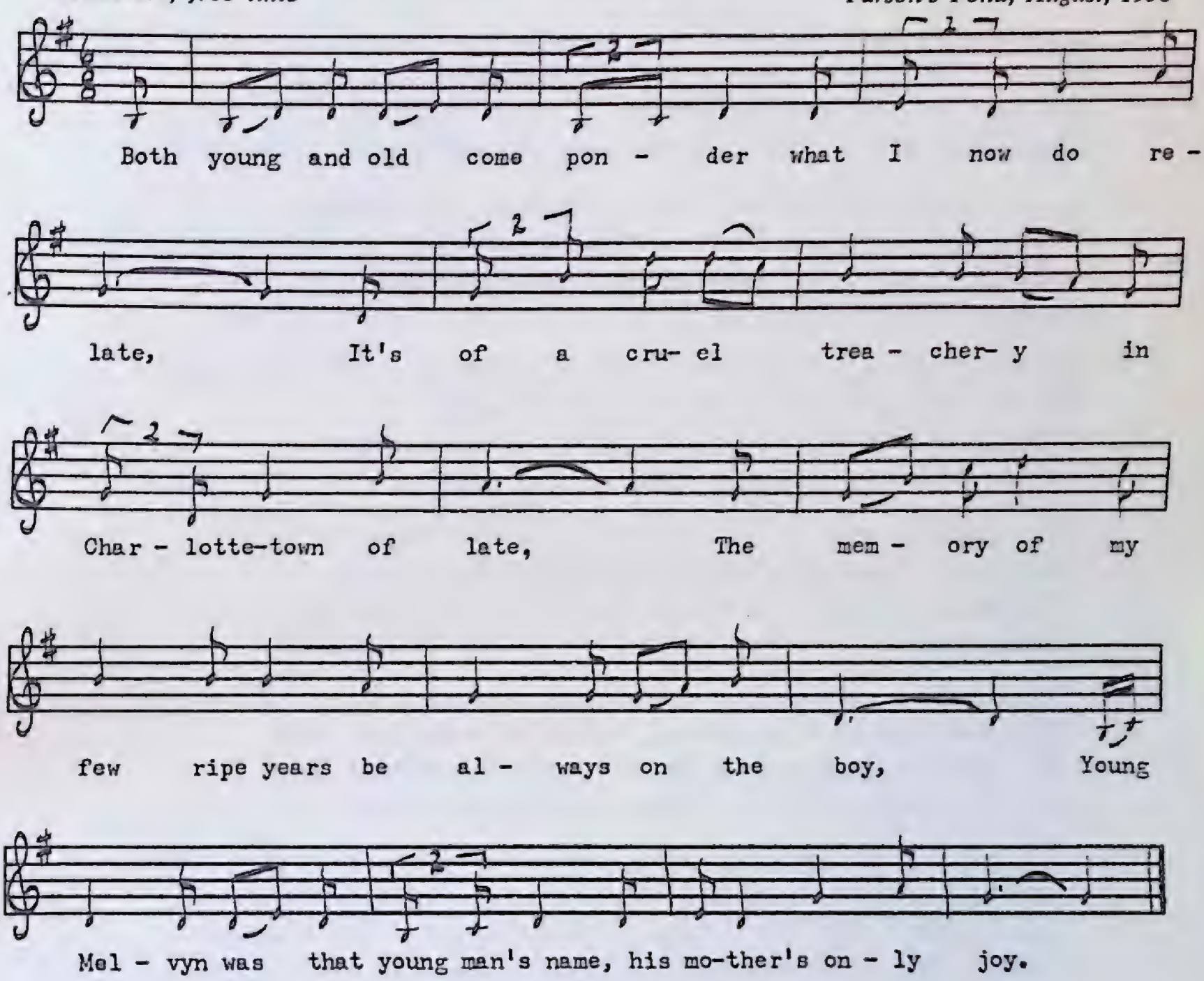
8. A squire was living handy, her story she made known,
They took him to the justice, his trial it soon came on,
The jury brought against him, and hanged he was also
For the murder of young Edmond who plowed the lowlands low.

9. I'll go down to yonder grove where the leaves they shade so green,
Where once my honoured true-love's blood went flowing in a stream,
The ships that sail the ocean, their sails go to and fro,
It reminds me of my Edmond who plowed the lowlands low.

Once issued as a broadside by Jackson & Son of Birmingham, this ballad of love and murder, which achieved widespread popularity in Great Britain, has been noted many times in North America.

Young Melvyn

PEA 107 No. 808
Mrs. Charlotte Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1958



1. Both young and old come ponder what I now do relate,
   It's of a cruel treachery in Charlottetown of late,
   The memory of my ripe few years be always on the boy,
   Young Melvyn was that young man's name, his mother's only joy.

2. The memory of that much-loved son his mother's eyes behold,
   The murder of the deepest fall on his immortal soul.
   To gaze upon that fair young man no one would ever thought
   So horrible a crime as this would enter his young heart.

3. 'Tis of her I now must speak that cruel death was o'er,
   The broken-hearted parents dear, the saddest of them all,
   Their hearts were filled with sorrow, they were mourning for their son,
   And when the tears was falling fast that cruel deed was done.

4. Mary being tall, young, and fair, so proud her beauty bore,
Went forth to meet with one she loved as she ofttimes did before,
And as she tripped along the road one look back home she cast,
But little in her heart she dreamt that it would be her last.

5. Her thoughts was sad on her brother dear was buried that same day,
She stood beside the silent grave and seen him ebb away,
The tears was fresh upon her cheeks as she went on her way,
Expecting to meet with one she loved to wipe those tears away.

6. She met further what horrid fate, anguish, and despair,
If that poor wretched corpse would speak, alas, what would we hear!
Anguishing cries, and bow to him, and bid her life to spare,
Standing with a weapon in his hand he seized that pistol near.

7. Her fresh young life he took away, the breath of life was gone,
He took her to a river, tied to a heavy stone,
And as he cast her body in he slowly looked around,
Saying, "No one will ever think of this, she never will be found."

8. The watchful eyes of God was on that every movement there
And soon before the justice they loudly did declare:
"Shame on that beastly villain who led that girl astray,
And cruelly to hide his shame he took her life away."

9. Now come young girls a warning take before it is too late,
Be careful in your friendship, and chose a proper mate,
For when in company of men be prudent and take care,
Put no temptation in their way, of flattering beware.

10. As they will say kind and loving words, they'll whisper in your ear,
Seek the vows of those you love and judge for their sinceres,
And mothers who got children dear pray every day and hour,
Pray to that Lord who reigns above to keep them by His power.

11. Come young men, a warning take by friends who wish you well,
Think on young Melvyn as he lay locked in his lonesome cell,
Think on the anguish and despair when told that he must die,
That he must pay the penalty for the love he has denied.

12. Young Melvyn's eyes did stream with tears, with bitter anguish fell,
When to his parents and those he loved he bid a last farewell.
"Now cover up my eyes," he said, "that I might never see
That gallows in the dreadful spot that now do wait for me."
Young Melvyn paid the penalty, he sleeps beneath the sod,
We'll leave him to the mercy of our everliving God.